SPECIAL 7th ANNIVERSARY ISSUE
FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD
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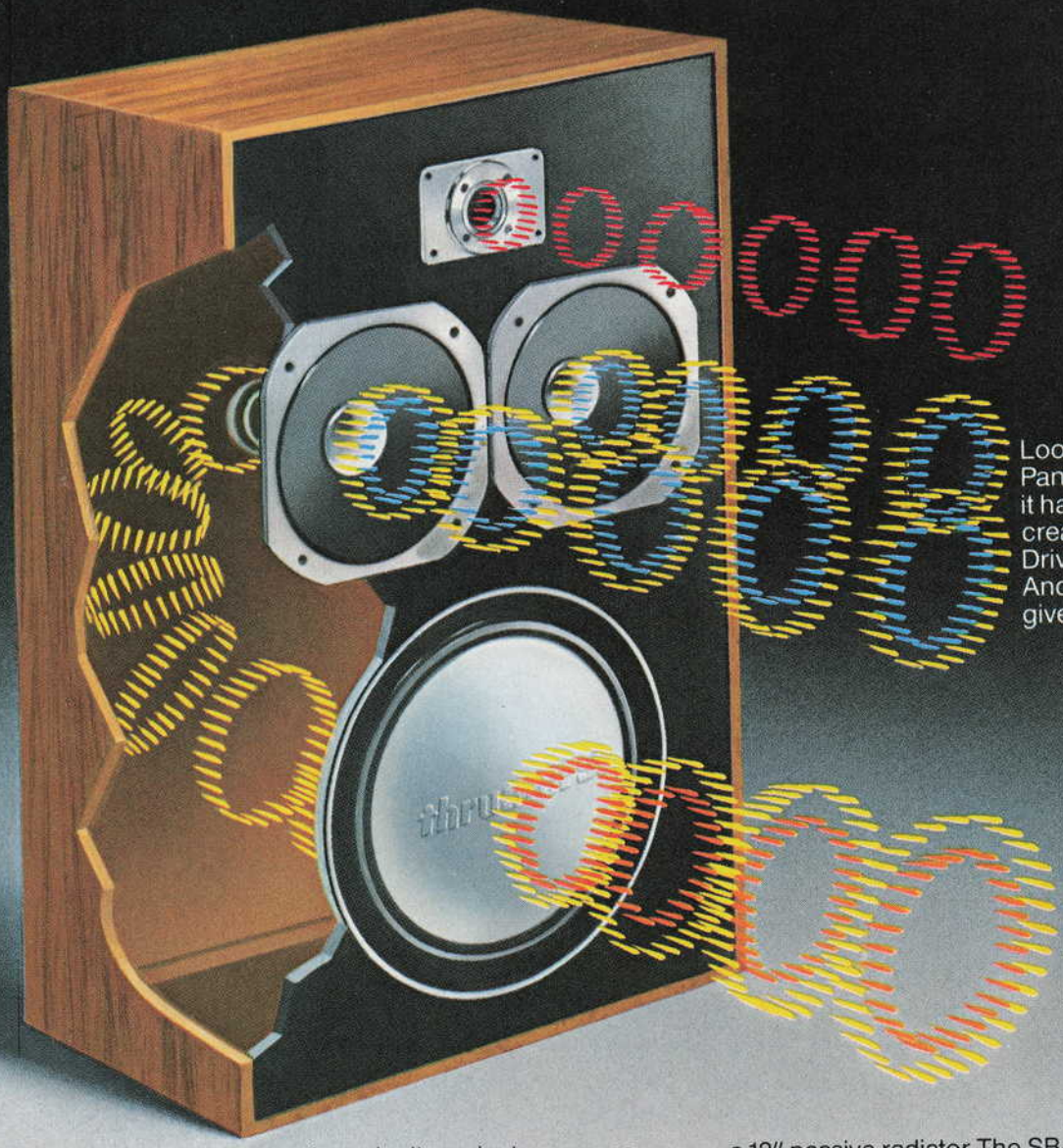
OCTOBER 1979 $2.00
LENNY & SQUIGGY THE INTERVIEW OF THE DECADE
OUI'S ALL-TIME FAVORITE GIRLS
OUI'S "OFFICIAL" GUIDE TO COLLEGE FOOTBALL
FAIL SOFT HOW TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE HER VIBRATOR
PAT McCORMICK TEACHES YOU THE ART OF DROPPING TROU

Panasonic Thrusters.® Here's why look-alikes won't be sound-alikes.



Look-alikes won't sound like the Panasonic SB-800. Because it has a 1" soft-dome tweeter to create crisp highs. 8" Double Drivers for a wide, full midrange. And a 12" passive radiator gives a big, extra thrust of bass.

When you're buying speakers don't use just your eyes. Today, many speakers are designed to look like Thrusters. But they don't sound like Thrusters. Especially our best, the SB-800.

It gives you a big, extra thrust of bass, because it has a 12" passive radiator. The SB-800 also has highly efficient 8" Double Drivers that make the music sound full, rich and clean. They combine both low distortion and the ability to handle high power. Plus there's a new 1" soft-dome tweeter to create crisp highs. And, it's specially designed to disperse them evenly throughout the room. The result is three-dimensional sound.

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Panasonic Thrusters can be matched with a variety of systems. Including our most powerful: the RA-7700 with AM/FM stereo and cassette. Match it with the performance of Panasonic direct drive, the SL-H401 turntable, and you'll have sound that look-alikes can't match.

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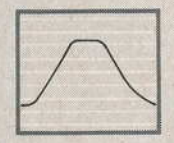
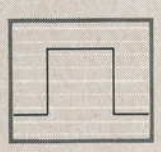
And each Hi-Speed receiver has unique individual features that make a real difference in the tonal quality of music. Like dual power supplies that eliminate crosstalk distortion. Or a pulse count detector that digitally reduces FM distortion by half while significantly reducing background noise. Or a built-in equalizer with ten turnover frequencies for full acoustic control.



Distorted waveform response produced by conventional receiver.



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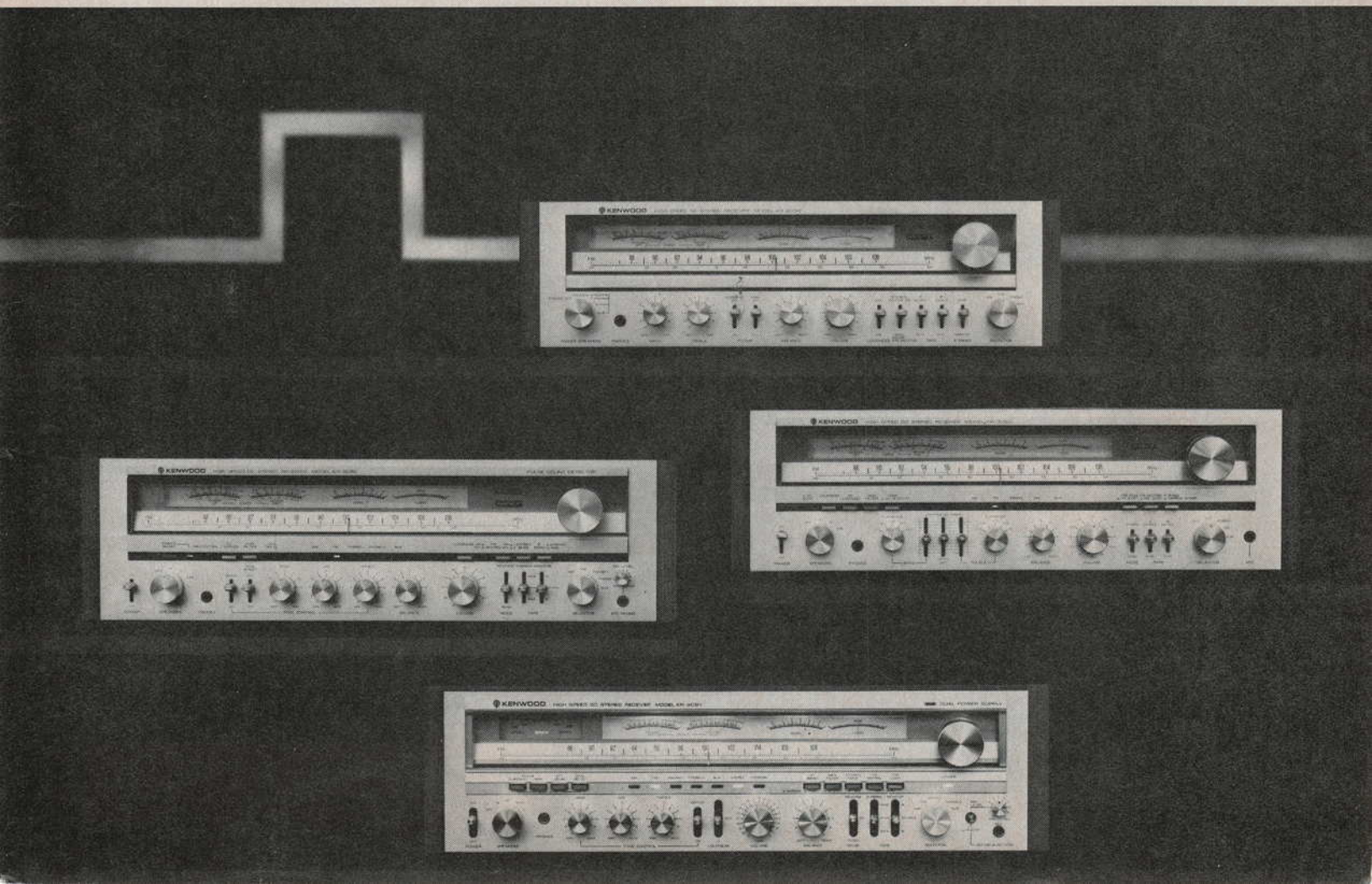

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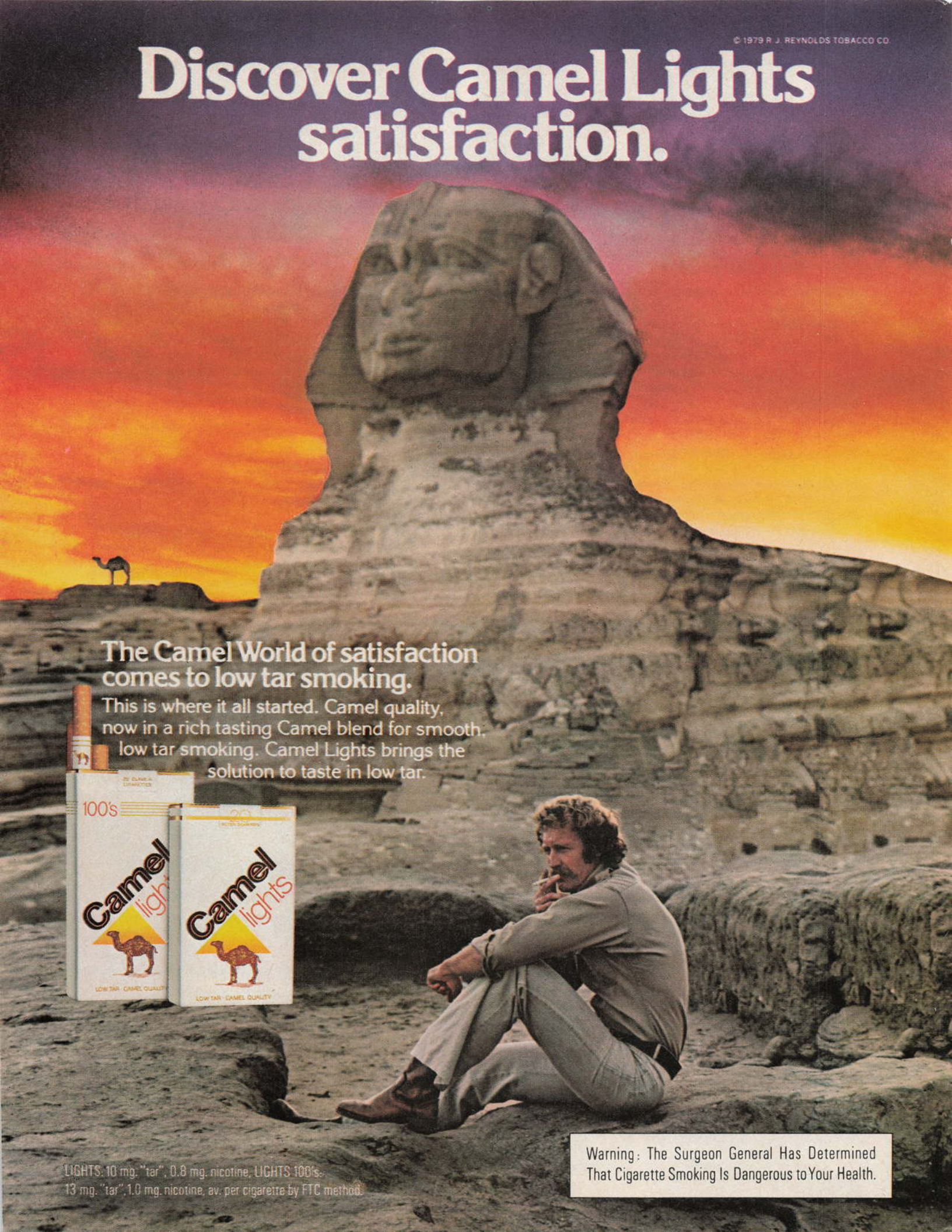

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For the past seven years, our photographers have sought out beautiful women from every corner of the globe. And while that's a tough job, it's not nearly as hard as picking our seven favorites. Herewith The Best of OUI.

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COVER
Some girls find God in L.A., but Greta Blackburn came even closer. No sooner did she deplane here than she met ex-evangelist Marjoe Gortner, and they've lived together ever since. Greta, who definitely belongs on a cover with our favorite girls, says she wasn't the local beauty queen in Indiana. "I was called 'the brain.'" Beauty and brains? Hallelujah!

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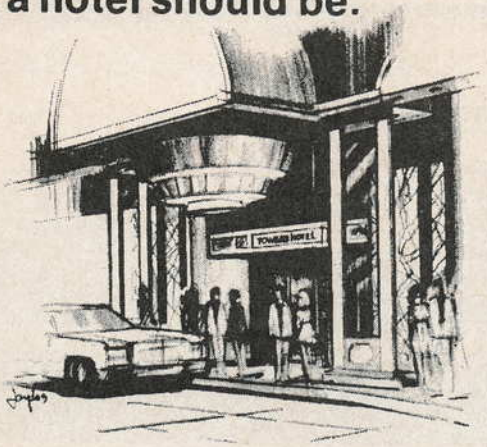

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NICARAGUAN NIGHTMARE

Incredible is the only word that could adequately describe Ron Ridenour's reportage on Nicaragua (*Running with the Revolution,* June). I abhor the policies of the Somoza regime. What made me particularly ill was the U. S. participation in those affairs. To think that the gory revolution of this poverty-stricken country is due in part to American big business and their investments.

Why is it that it takes a magazine like OUI—an entertainment magazine—to get an exclusive on Nicaragua? I've heard bits and pieces about that revolution on the news and in the papers, but your article was the first time the situation was completely explained to my satisfaction. I salute you for a job well done.

JOHN SCOTT
Garland, Texas

At last the public has been made aware of the ongoing atrocities in Nicaragua. And Jimmy Carter continues to make his free-speech racket (oh, what a noise!) about human rights. (Pardon me while I choke on Carter's "sincerity.")

Perhaps your President's permission to allow Somoza and his gestapo guard to continue puts him in a league with Amin, Hitler, Robespierre and Napoleon. Hey, folks, why don't we all just ignore Nicaragua, Iran and any other place the President's hypocritical support of dictatorship prevails.

And you Americans thought Vietnam was embarrassing! It ain't nothing compared to Nicaragua!

JOEL SIMMONS
Toronto, Ontario

GIVING RINAH A BIG HAND

Ken Marcus' photos of *Rinah* were exquisite. This wonderful, full-breasted woman deserves even more exposure—if that's possible. I'm sure many of your readers join me in pleading with you (and Rinah) for an encore. How about it?

J. HAGAR
Chicago, Illinois

First Delilah, then Salome and now Rinah. Is it any wonder that an unknown poet of almost three thousand years ago praised the great beauty of his lover in the famed *Song of Solomon*? Rinah is what legends are made of.

J. GROSSMAN
Stamford, Connecticut

I'd like to know if the lovely lady who appeared as a beauty contestant on the TV pilot *Young Guy Christian* was in fact the beautiful Rinah of your June issue.

D.T.
Kalamazoo, Michigan

We called the producers of that pilot but, unfortunately, they were unable to verify that fact. So we have to leave it up to you. Isn't it hard to forget a pretty face?

When I picked up your June issue, I was amazed, to say the least! Your pictorial of Rinah was such an eyeful that I could look at her all day and not see the same spot twice.

COCO A.
Syracuse, New York

Rinah is what I call a beautiful woman. Only why didn't you have any pictures of her smiling? I'll bet she has a gorgeous smile, too. In fact, most of the girls you print have sort of a mean look. But Rinah is beautiful, nonetheless.

By the way, where's the nearest Israeli recruiting office?

VINCINZO PEPETTI
El Centro, California

Wow! Rinah is phenomenal! I'm a breast man, you see; so Rinah can set her shoes under my bed anytime. Her body is lovely, too—and her hair! She's become my idol.

E.L. MATTHEWS
Iron Gate, Virginia

I have never written to any magazine. But when I discovered the land of "pure milk and honey," I had to send a letter of appreciation.

I'd love to have a weekend pass with Rinah. Maybe someday I'll get to Tel Aviv.

T.W.B.
Baltimore, Maryland

I worship, unashamedly, at the altar of bounteous, well-shaped breasts, and I have found a new goddess. Rinah is breathtaking.

Please, *do not* print any more pictures of her. I'm afraid I might collapse from uncontrollable ecstasy.

HARRY SKINNER
San Francisco, California

Just purchased your June issue and have nothing but praise for the fine pictorial of Rinah. I live for busty women; so please keep 'em coming!

A. ADAMS
St. Petersburg, Florida

Ah, Rinah. What a lovely girl. A vision. If only her breasts, as lovely as they are, were the same size. It's frustrating to desire perfection.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Denton, Texas

GETTING IT UP

I must say I haven't missed an issue of OUI since you started running your *Sex* column last January. There is something refreshingly honest about the topics the column presents—from penis size to what you say after making love. They've helped me tremendously. My girlfriend and I

ILLUSTRATION BY JIM HEIMANN

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want to let you know that we like the *Sex* column better than *Sex Tapes*. The discussions we've had about the topics have more than helped us.

GEORGE ORTIZ
Downey, California

Your June *Sex* column tackled another previously taboo topic—men faking orgasms ("Faking It: The Big O for Men"). Personally, I can't say I ever have, but I do know that men fake on occasion. I have to admit there have been a few times when I wish I *could* have. You guys must know how it goes: You pump away for hours, and your lady has come about a dozen times, but for some reason you just can't let it go. You think, "Christ, I wish I could just get it over with, so we both could get some sleep." At times like that I wish I could fake it. But is faking the answer? I mean, wouldn't it be more fun to be able to have multiple orgasms like she does?

M. HELLER
Beverly Hills, California

A FRENCH KISS

I've been reading your magazine for more than two years. When I receive my monthly issue, I usually flip through it quickly, look at the pictures and then get down to the serious reading. But that procedure wasn't the case with your June issue. When I came upon the first picture of *Marie-Claire*, I knew I wouldn't get to the rest of your magazine for a while.

What is it that makes those French women so irresistible?

D. SLONE
West Van Lear, Kentucky

Beats us. Maybe it's their native tongue. Or maybe it's their unabashedly open and honest attitude. Who knows? All we know is that it works.

Marie-Claire is delightful! How could any Frenchman turn her down for a modeling job? French designers may find her thighs too plump, but to me, the softer the better.

PAUL CASSARINO
Hartford, Connecticut

GOOD SAX

How informative your *Joy of Sax* (June) article was. Even though I play the saxophone, I had no inkling of its history. You should run more articles like that.

Once again, OUI has proved that its people are in step with the times. Indeed, the sax is making a comeback. Where would disco be without the sax to produce its primitive sexual sound? The sax is what's happening . . . and so is OUI.

RAYMOND CARR
Cincinnati, Ohio

Thank you for *The Joy of Sax*. As a music teacher, I particularly enjoyed it. I even referred to your article in a recent lecture to my students. I had copies mimeographed for my classes—it's become required reading since several of my students have decided to take up the instrument.

It's so nice that more and more people appreciate good sax.

DAVID BREWER
Dallas, Texas

What a straightforward, lyrical essay on a most taken-for-granted instrument. Believe me, being able to play the saxophone *is* sexy. Just ask the number of women I've seduced after playing a Coleman Hawkins exercise.

FRANK BIONDO
Detroit, Michigan

NOLTE *BENE*

I noticed in your June issue that you didn't run the usual questions and answers in your Nick Nolte interview (*A Conversation with Nick Nolte*). Instead, you ran a really interesting article that made me feel I was actually on the set of *Heartbeat* and in Nolte's home with the writer, Larry Wilson. Somehow I felt I got to know Nick Nolte better from your article, than from all the other interviews with the man.

JOHN EIDSON
Atlanta, Georgia

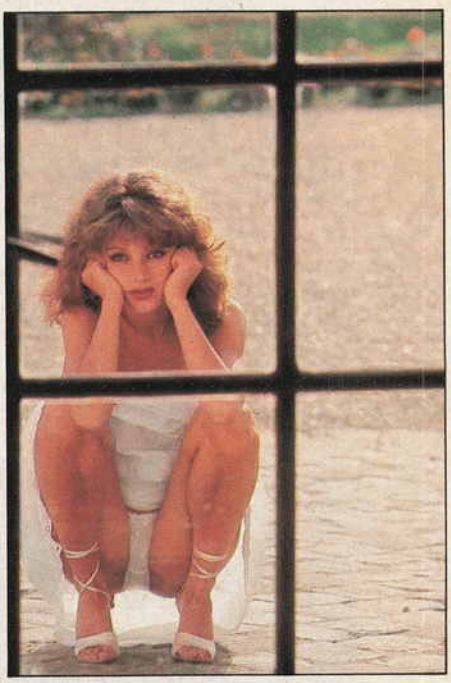
It's really good to know that all Hollywood stars aren't egomaniacal assholes. Nick Nolte seems like a guy I wouldn't mind playing poker with. Thanks for a great story on him.

JOHN GRABOWSKI
Cleveland, Ohio

MÄRTA-DOM

Your June center girl *Märta* is beautiful, but she says she doesn't need men. Could that be the reason she looks so sad? I'll bet if she met the right guy, he'd put a smile on her face. I know a nice guy in Cleveland who'd be perfect for the job.

TOM B.
Cleveland, Ohio



Says Märta: "Tell that nice guy to stay in Cleveland. I've already got my hands full with L.A.'s Peeping Toms." Here's your last chance to peep, Tom.

Märta is one of a kind! Pouty lips and perky breasts are my passion. Don't know where you get these women, but I'll keep buying OUI as long as you keep finding them.

RONALD WILLIAMS
Garland, Texas

THE PASSING OF A CRITIC

In your May 1978 issue, your music critic, Ed Naha, proclaimed the demise of New Wave rock (*Punk Rock Nostalgia*). Realizing the precipitous nature of his untimely judgment, I saved the article, and after one year, I believe the next obituary I read should be that of an ex-music critic. Blondie, a group written off by Naha, presently has a Top 100 album; the Talking Heads, another Naha lost cause, has had a Top 100 album for the last year, as have the Cars, Patti Smith, Cheap Trick, the Clash, the Boomtown Rats, Graham Parker, the Fabulous Poodles and Elvis Costello. I think I've proved my point. New Wave is far from down-and-out; it's here to stay.

BOB CZECHOWICZ
Kaneohe, Oahu, Hawaii

POET'S TALE

Rock Wars by j. poet in your May issue was just great. Since I also live in the Northern California area, the concert at the Wonderland Starship Arena in his story conjured up visions of the now-closed Winterland in San Francisco. The story's organ player, ZzzYd, came across as

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

the alien that David Bowie played in *The Man Who Fell to Earth*, sprinkled generously with Brian Eno.

As I also write rock satire and have enjoyed Mr. poet's writing in the past, I can only hope that promoters can enjoy reading *Rock Wars* as much as I did.

Woodstock II, anyone?

BILL VAN WORMER
Editor/Publisher, *New Vynyl*
Sacramento, California

Thanks for printing a realistic version of what goes on backstage at rock concerts. As a follower of j.'s since his days at the *Berkeley Barb*, I'm glad to see that somebody's finally paying him for his unique vision of rock 'n' roll.

BARBARA PEPE
New York, New York

HEIDI-HEIDI-HO

Receiving my June issue of OUI was a pleasant surprise. Heidi Klat has to be one of the most beautiful women ever to grace your cover.

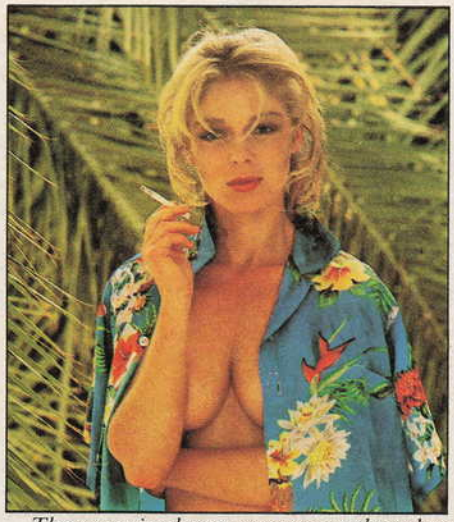
Could we please see Heidi one more time? Another picture could only give your circulation (and mine!) a boost.

G.S.
Kankakee, Illinois

I think I'm the only Puerto Rican who has ever written to your magazine, but I do so to let you know that here in Puerto Rico, you have a lot of fans. I don't miss an issue. So the addition of European girls to your magazine was noticed . . . and appreciated.

Congratulations on Heidi Klat. She just fascinates me. Please keep the European girls coming—and more of Heidi, please.

NOEL MENDEZ
Sabana Grande, Puerto Rico



The grass is always greener on the other side, isn't it, Noel? We always thought Puerto Rican women were beautiful, but if it's European women who turn you on, knock yourself out.

Congratulations. You have finally outdone yourselves with your June cover. You state that Heidi's husband is quite wealthy. I must agree; but he's wealthy in more ways than one. If I were her husband, I'd climb to the top of the Swiss Alps, pinch myself to see if I were dreaming and then let out with an official Swiss yodel. How about running one more shot of Miss Klat? Just to see if her parts are still running better than a fine Swiss clock.

ROBERT MCKENZIE
Hampton, Virginia

Just a note to tell you how much I appreciated your cover girl for June. Heidi Klat is the type of girl I get crazy over. She reminds me of a little lady who busted my heart once.

Thanks, and keep on doing the great job you've been doing.

MIKE LEHMON
Omaha, Nebraska

Heidi Klat certainly deserves much more coverage (or uncoverage) inside OUI. And make it soon! She's the most delicious-looking entrée I've seen in your magazine.

JACK MEYERS
Medford, Oregon

All fox hunters stop when they spot your June cover. Need they look any further?

KAHLÚA®
Black Russian
mmmm.
Simply mix one ounce of Kahlúa and two ounces of vodka on the rocks. And send for our Kahlúa recipe book. It's free. Because you deserve something nice.

Heidi Klat is the foxiest cover girl you've ever had.

R.W.
Monticello, Illinois

MOTHER, MAY I?

I found "Mind Over Motherhood" (*Openers,* June) really interesting and, as a result, am considering sending my girlfriend to be hypnotized. We've been trying for a while to come up with a safe method of contraception. My girlfriend can't take birth control pills, and I personally hate IUDs (the string scratches my cock).

I'll let you know if it works. We should know by the summer of 1980.

CHARLES HILL
Atlantic City, New Jersey

WISDOM OF THE BOWLARAMA

E.J. Kahn III, in his profile of Ernie Schlegel (June), had an opportunity to get inside a pro bowler, as well as the whole world of pro bowling. But, in my opinion, he failed miserably. Mr. Kahn approached the subject, the man and the sport with such pompousness, snobbishness and shallowness that his attitude defeated what could have been an excellent, in-depth piece.

It seems that Mr. Kahn is insecure if he thinks he must write a negative, cutesy-type story in order to gain attention. He had a unique opportunity to poignantly communicate the incredible dedication, the hard work and the "agonies and ecstasies" involved on the pro bowlers tour. Instead, he criticized almost everyone and everything he came in contact with at Lang's Bowlarama in Cranston, Rhode Island.

I saw Mr. Kahn following Ernie Schlegel around that week. Mr. Kahn referred to Lang's Bowlarama as a 64-lane bowling center. He was not even observant enough to know he spent those days in a 40-lane center! He knocked everything—the State of Rhode Island, the neighborhood surrounding Lang's Bowlarama, the drinking water at the Cranston Hilton (Rhode Island is known to have some of the best drinking water in the world), the Pro Bowlers Association, bowling as a sport, and even pro bowler B. Burton, whom he described as resembling "nothing more than a successful small-town insurance salesman—sincerely styleless." This is a sweeping criticism, not only of Burton, but of small towns and insurance salesmen as well. Mr. Kahn must really think he's above it all.

I could critique all his negative comments, but will just offer that B. Burton is an intelligent, sharp and warm human being, who is well respected and admired within his profession. Obviously, these are not qualities Mr. Kahn is familiar with or capable of appreciating.

As far as the story on Ernie Schlegel is concerned, Mr. Kahn told some of it, intermittently ridiculing Ernie as he went along, but never got inside Ernie. He never provided the answer to the most obvious of all questions—how Ernie *himself* feels about never winning a tournament.

BRUCE R. LANG
Vice President, Lang's Bowlarama
Cranston, Rhode Island

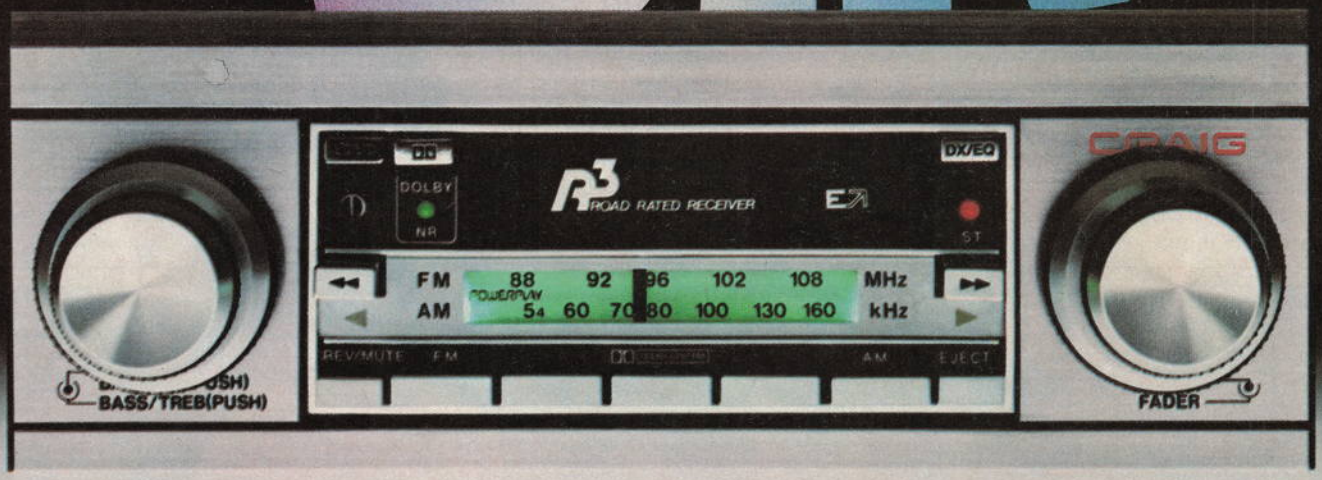
POOPER SCOOPER

I read Steven Dimeo's *Dog Days* (June) to my mongrel, Wag, and he commented, "Grr, grr, grr, grr, grr, grr, grr, grr." That is, of course, the only way he can say "Grr-eight." I thought it was a great tall tail.

R. FYRI
Asker, Norway

Address mail to: OUI *8560 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069*

FIGHT FADING



It's a jungle out there. Especially out on the street. That's why car stereos have it so rough. They're subject to attacks of Fading. Fuzzzz. Overlapping Stations. And something called "Picket Fencing"—the fft-fft-fft you hear when you drive past tall buildings.

To combat these problems, Craig engineers designed a line of receivers to deliver clear, clean reception in a moving car—The Road-Rated Receivers.® They're the first car stereos with "Moving Specs."

In other words, Fade, Fuzzzz and fft-fft no more.

Road-Rated Receivers from Craig. Test drive one at your Craig dealer.

CRAIG®
Road-Rated Receivers

Craig Corporation, 921 West Artesia Blvd., Compton, CA. 90220. In Canada: Withers, Evans Ltd., Burnaby, B.C. V5G 3E3.

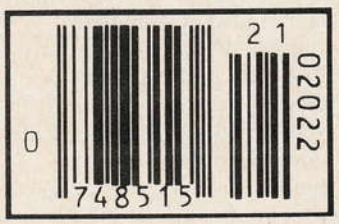
OPENERS

STIFF SENTENCES

From behind the Iron Curtain comes this report of a curious new torture. According to one Leo Parveh, a Soviet refugee, the KGB is currently using powerful sex stimulants on an experimental basis in torture and brainwashing sessions. At the infamous Lubyanka prison, arrested dissidents unwillingly receive shots of a mysterious solution known as Russian fly that creates huge erections in five minutes. Then the hapless prisoner, with his hands manacled behind his head, is laid down on the floor and left to stare at his painfully swollen member until it subsides—which takes from 40 minutes to an hour. After that, another injection is administered, and so on, for hours on end, until the desired information is obtained, or whatever needs to be signed is signed. Parveh tells *Openers* that Muscovites in the know attribute this latest assault on human rights to the Kremlin's desire to be hard on dissidents. Literally, *nyet*?

Faggots are English meatballs. Fags are English cigarettes. Queens are what rule their country. Jeez, it's no wonder the Irish don't want anything to do with them.

THE DEVIL'S BRAND?



Startling revelations on page 23

A SWITCH IN TIME

If Michelle Triola can lose her lawsuit and still be awarded $104,000 of Lee Marvin's dough, and if Dan White can play Son of Sam on two public officials and get off with seven years due to a "Twinkie overdose" defense, then, clearly, the trend in jurisprudence as we enter the Eighties, is not liberalism, or conservatism, or even strict constructionism. What it is, is creativity. In other words, experience and precedents won't carry you nearly as far as inventiveness and originality.

The latest evidence of this trend comes from verbatim notes taken by an observer in a West Coast courtroom during the recent arraignment of an unnamed gentleman for aggravated assault.

We quote the attorney for the defense:

"Your Honor, I'd like to request a continuance on the grounds that my client is presently in Sweden undergoing a sex-change operation

LIGHT ENTERTAINMENT

See the personalized disco hat. Aren't the blinking lights just the ginchiest? What's that? You can't see the blinking lights? Well, ah, you see, we had to make one tough editorial decision: Turn down the studio lights so you could see the little red suckers going blip-blip-blip, or leave them up so you could see Janie here. Actually, it wasn't such a tough decision after all. It's always better with the lights on, right?

and, frankly, we want to wait to see how he comes out. We feel that a woman will receive a more sympathetic hearing in court, to say nothing of a castrate."

Très comique, right?

Laugh this off: "Motion granted."

Our only question now is: Will this mean new trials for "Sarah" Sirhan, "Jane Pearl" Ray, "Carly" Manson and "Daisy" Berkowitz?

—R.S.W.

EVEN COWS GET THE BLUES

C'mon, admit it. You thought the Swiss were just a bunch of Vitabathed, cheese-eating, chocolate-sucking, sexless little gnomes with nothing better to do than tell time and weasel out of international conflicts. Well, we ran across this item in the *International Herald Tribune*, datelined Sierre, Switzerland: "It is dusty as the sun glares from a blue sky on the sweat-smooth, taut black bodies of Mignonne and Lisette, struggling to gain a winning hold on each other. They slip as they fight, sending up clouds of pale, sandy earth, low groans issuing from their drooling mouths, their bodies heaving and twisting as two formidable females engage in a fierce battle. Finally, cheers break out in the crowd as Lisette throws her opponent to the ground."

Now for the ol' Swiss letdown. This steamy paragraph describes a cow fight.

OPENERS UPDATE Five years ago this month, *Openers* published the above photo of eight-year-old Eva Ionesco. We now present a more mature Eva. Two soft-core movies and a genuine sexual experience later, the pubescent bombshell informs OUI from Paris that she'd like to get her high school diploma, "because you can't keep making a living showing your ass all your life."

UNSAFE AT ANY SWEDE

In an effort to convince cyclists that helmets aren't a pain in the ass, the Swedish National Safety Council published this poster depicting two bare-assed bikers out for a joyride.

The campaign was so successful that the government toyed with the idea of erecting full-scale billboards of the same shot. Unfortunately for outdoor-art enthusiasts, authorities scrapped the proposal. Even if cyclist deaths were cut by a third, the council felt it couldn't justify the predicted rise in fatalities caused by cycling Swedish meatballs suddenly pitching off the highway.

—HANK NUWER

KEEPING IT DOWN IN JAMAICA

Openers recently discovered the real reason Jamaica's notorious Rastafarians are always clutching huge spliffs of potent ganja in their hot black fists: to stop from masturbating, mon.

That's right. Rastafarians say you can toke your way to spiritual bliss, but it's definitely blood-clot down there.

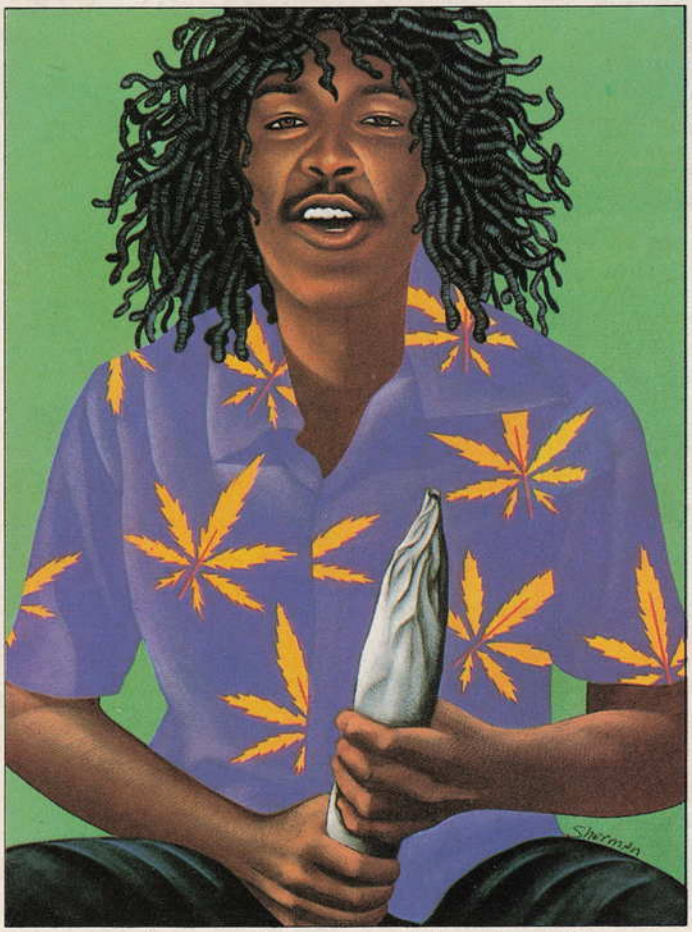
HAS THE PUSSY SCRATCHED YOU? ran a banner headline in a recent issue of *Coptic Times*, a Miami-based Rastafarian newspaper. "The young man has a problem," the story relates, "masturbating every day. He asks his older friend how to stop—and the friend says, 'Anytime your wood gets hard, just say, "Die-die," and it should stop.'"

Now, how could any cult hip enough to employ *sinsemilla* as a sacrament be so hung up on jerking off? Listen to Rasta logic: "Sex education sponsors these things by saying that beating your meat takes away pressure. This is a lie. Masturbation multiplies pressure." Hmmm. Rastafarians also have an aesthetic argument against the odious practice.

"First of all, you always have to hide to do it. You're always afraid of being discovered for what you really are—a little, fist-and-hand sex maniac. Then you have to dispose of your handkerchief, sock, pillowcase, underpants, glove, rubber, piece of

TALL TAIL

Following action by the city fathers of Hamilton, Ontario, all girly magazines on display within the city limits must be placed a minimum of six feet off the ground. These days it's hard to tell who's reaching more—the Hamilton city council or its short readers.



liver, watermelon, can of hamburg or whatever else you vainly try to breed. Then Moma asks you why the pages of the woman's fashion section of the Sears catalogue are stuck together or why the wastebasket is overflowing with damp Kleenex."

Piece of liver? Sears catalogue? Funny, but the Rastafarians aren't joking. Whacking your wood is a dread sin and scratching your pussy is just as bad. "The Scratch of the Pussy is Lust in your heart," they warn women. "You are not Free, you are the Servant of Sin."

I and I think the Rastas should be informed that all that Biblical stuff about not spilling your seed was actually referring to cleaning your stash without wasting the little round things.

SURPRISE ENTRY

Some girls want to win so bad they'll do just about anything. From St. Louis, Jeannine Stoops informed *Openers* that she entered a "sexy legs" contest at Joseph's Lounge in hopes of snagging the $50 first prize, but "realized my legs would look better on Toni Tennille. The way I saw it, there was only one way to win, and that was to flash a little peek for the judges." As it happened, the judges saw it Jeannine's way, and she went home half a yard richer. Which goes to show it's not whether you win or lose, it's how you bare your tit.

MEET MRS. ED

"A horse is a horse," the widow of the late television great told *Openers* at a recent Hollywood equestrian exhibition. "But a well-hung stud is something to put you in a lather." Of course, of course, we agreed. But we wish that the bereaved widow would have the sense to keep her four-footed opinions, like her face, to herself.

"So whaddaya want . . . a medal, or a chest to pin it on?"

GAS CRISIS SOLVED IN MINNESOTA

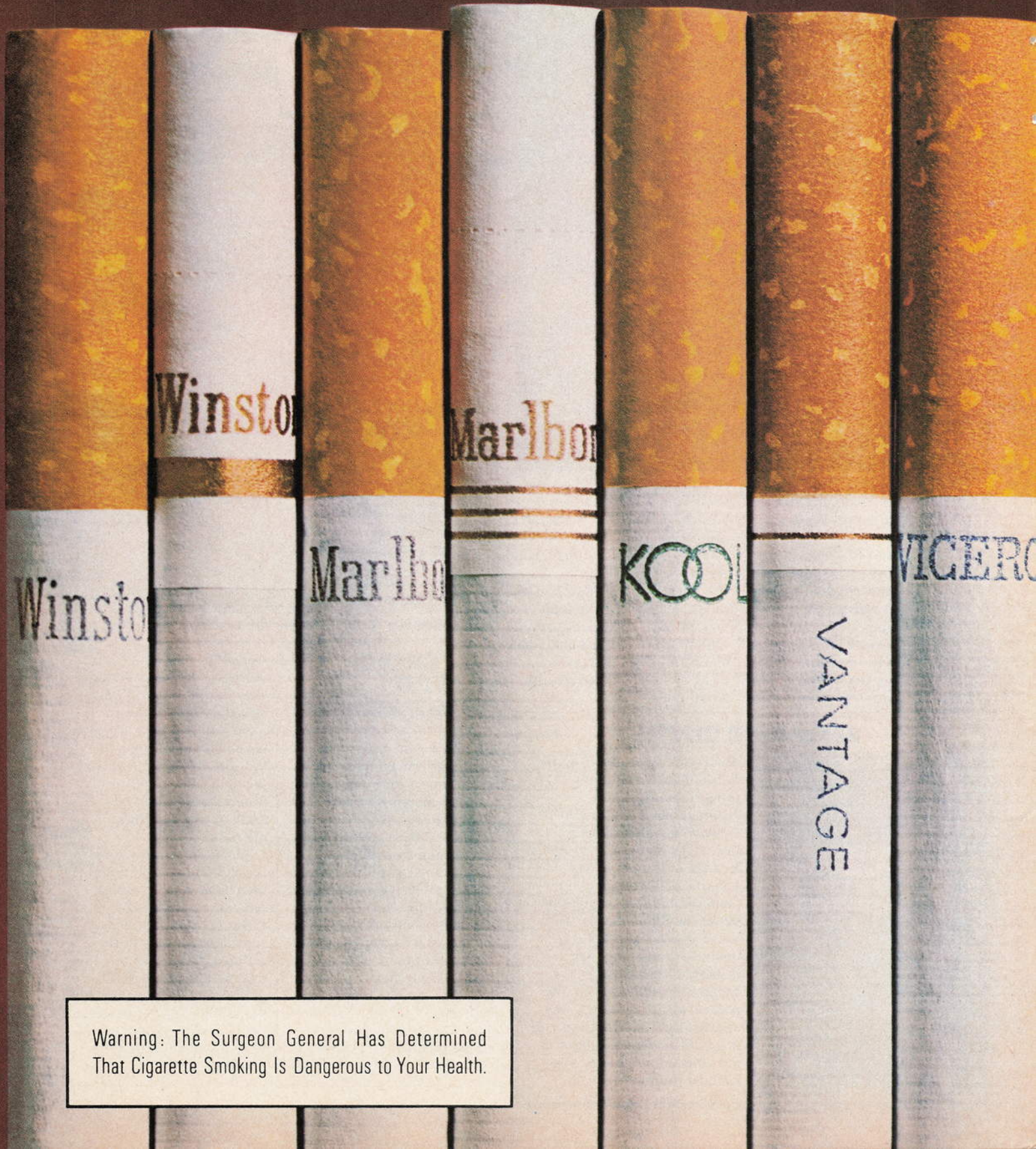
On the medical beat, meet Michael Levitt, a gastroenterologist from Minneapolis who's known for giving status to flatus and class to gas. You guessed it—a fart doctor.

Levitt's breezy bedside manner has helped patients improve their sex lives and overcome social ostracism. Dr. Levitt recently helped knock the wind out of a gentleman who came to him suffering from an average of 35 gaseous "incidents" a day. (The average for adult males is 13.) On one memorable occasion, this patient cut the provolone 111 times in one day and had one explosive volley of 70 hot shots during a four-hour period. (Levitt told *Maclean's* magazine that both of these figures are pending acceptance in the Guinness Book of World Records.) Levitt studied the man's diet and quickly found the solution: He told him to stop drinking milk.

As far as Levitt is concerned, a fart's a fart, and there is no proper term to serve as an equivalent. In fact, Levitt believes that widespread acceptance of the expression could inspire more openness in the medical profession when dealing with the problem of flatulence—a problem which, until now, has been a lot like farting into the wind.

Can you cut way down on tar and still get

20	13	17	12	17	11	16
MG. TAR 1.3 MG. NIC.	MG. TAR 0.9 MG. NIC.	MG. TAR 1.0 MG. NIC.	MG. TAR 0.8 MG. NIC.	MG. TAR 1.4 MG. NIC.	MG. TAR 0.8 MG. NIC.	MG. TAR 1.1 MG. NIC.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© Lorillard, U.S.A., 1979

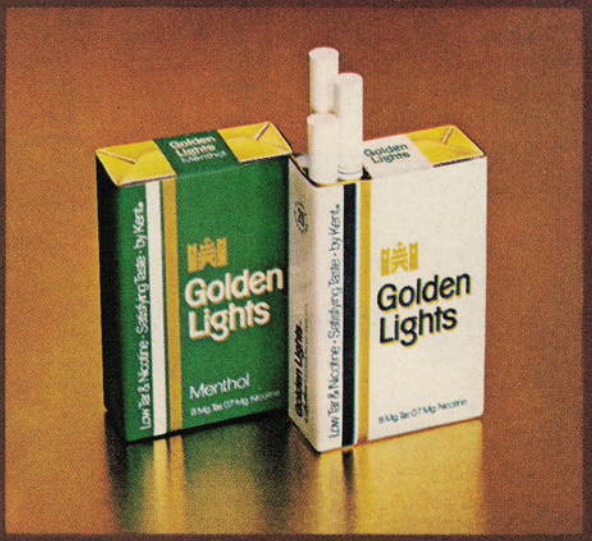
good taste? Yes.

16
MG. TAR
1.1 MG. NIC.

17
MG. TAR
1.2 MG. NIC.

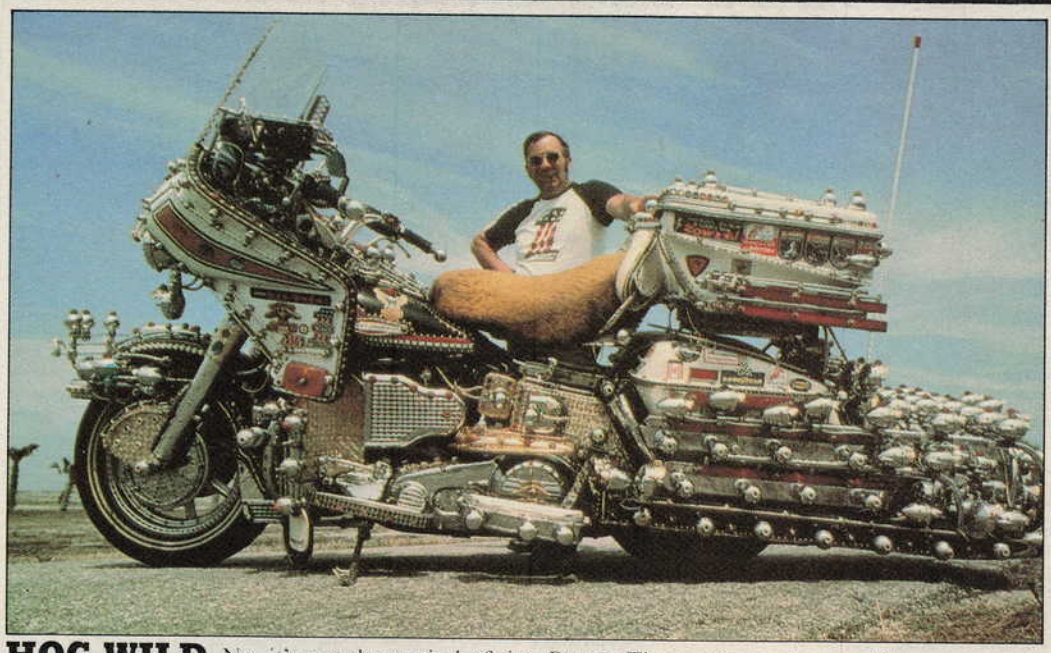
8
MG. TAR
0.7 MG. NIC.

Golden Lights.™



As low as you can go and still get good taste and smoking satisfaction.

Source comparative 'tar' and nicotine figures: FTC Report May 1978. **Of All Brands Sold:** Lowest tar: 0.5 mg. 'tar,' 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. **Golden Lights: Kings**—8 mg. 'tar,' 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.



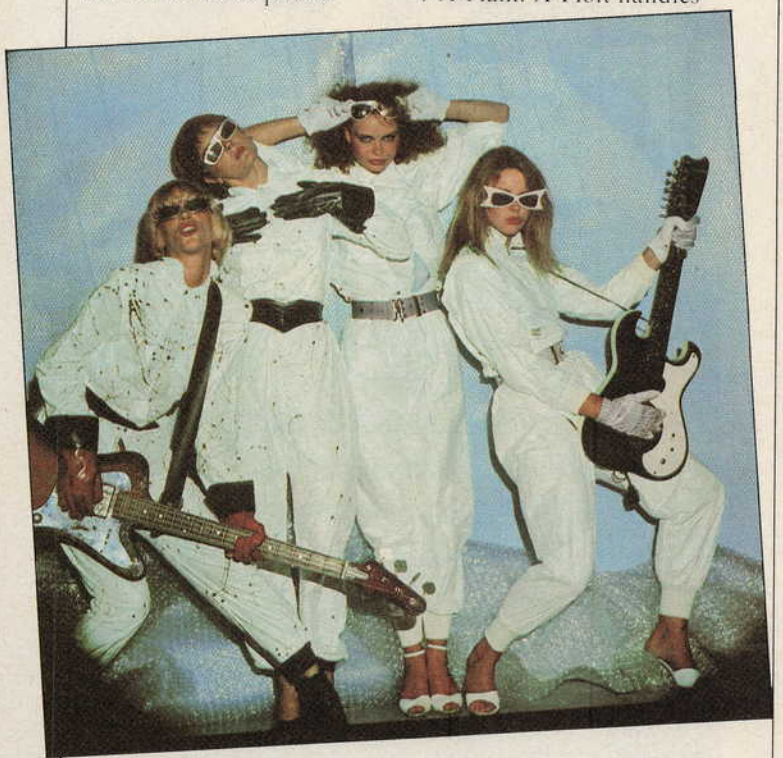
HOG WILD No, it's not the capital of tiny Puerto Tico you're gazing at; it's a chrome-plastered Harley-Davidson belonging to Philadelphia bus driver Jake Jacobs. The bike allegedly possesses the mysterious ability to make whoever is driving it disappear. But as you can see from the presence of our nude model Luanne on the driver's seat, the rumor is unfounded. Luanne? Luanne? Luanne!!!

MEET THE GIRL GROUPS, VOL. ONE

Introducing L.A.'s own Liars. Their names are X-Ploit, X-Plain, X-Pect and X-Plode. The daughters of a prominent Italian industrialist, they must hide their true identities to protect against kidnapping and extortion threats. Says vocalist X-Plain, "We have adopted the 'X' nominatives to illuminate our relative functions. I sing; therefore, I am X-Plain. X-Ploit handles our business; X-Pect is the sexiest; and we can just barely control X-Plode." The group—produced by Phil S. Teen and Geza X—features a unique sound and a rather untraditional marketing approach. Says X-Ploit, "Records and tapes are outmoded commodities; we plan to sell life-size dolls that sing our songs when you pull the string."

The Liars wear specially designed white-paper "libel suits." Says X-Plain, "Paper is the silk of the future. It also comes in handy when I get inspired to write onstage—I just write on my sleeve."

They have been described as "fanatic fashion mystics," and that mysticism is reflected in some of their songs: *Take a Shower, Kill the Cows, I Need a Magazine* and *Sodium Pentothal*. Synthesizer player X-Pect explains, "Our songs represent our deepest personal feelings. My favorite is *What's for Dessert?* You know, instant gratification is one of our biggest social problems." When asked who most influenced the band, redheaded X-Plode exclaims, "I don't speak English!"

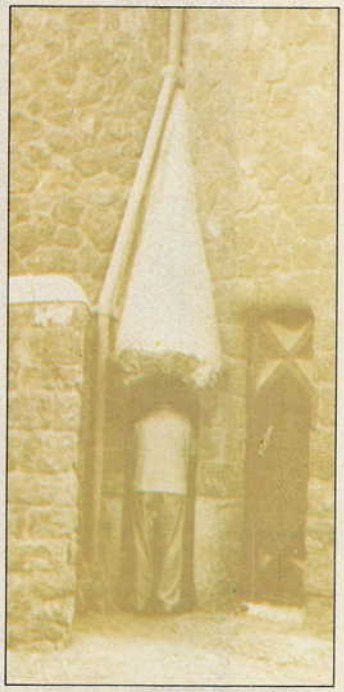


From left to right: X-Ploit, X-Plain, X-Pect, X-Plode. Or is is the other way around? After all, who can believe Liars?

A PISSER OF A JOKE

It is said in Barcelona, Spain, that no visitor ever really sees Barcelona until he has looked at the cracked creations of the mad architect Antonio Gaudi (1852–1926).

But as we see here, Barcelona's architectural genius saved his masterpiece for the city's Guell Park, where the outdoor urinal is topped by a



concrete dunce cap. When you go to pee, it makes you a victim of Gaudi's idea of a practical joke: It looks like you're wearing the dunce cap, and therefore Gaudi has made a "fool" out of you, hoo-ha! —NINO LO BELLO

CHEESED-OFF MOUSE ATTACKS D.J.

According to the Associated Press, an enraged rat, or mouse, bit a lady d.j. on the leg during a live broadcast. The rodent attack took place in Nicosia, Cyprus. The victim, Vania Constantinou, screamed loudly throughout the attack, and her screams startled radio listeners. In the wake of the assault by the fanatic mouse, the radio station's management vowed to launch an "extermination

(Continued on page 22)

THE WORLD ACCORDING TO RUMOR

By penetrating months of airtight security, *Openers* has discovered that shortly after the millirems hit the fan at Three Mile Island the FBI found hard evidence indicating the "accident" in fact resulted from deliberate sabotage.

To quote an anonymous agent on the scene: "Our suspicions were initially raised by a big TERRORISTS RULE! spray-painted on the side of the reactor. The three empty blow torches we found lying near key valves and pipes were another tip-off. But the clincher came when we discovered a matchbook on the control-room floor with a phone number scrawled on it, and a name, 'Mr. Big.' "

At first, the Bureau suspected Soviet or other unfriendly foreign saboteurs or, failing that, radical anti-nuke activists. But when agents *called* the phone number, expecting the answering voice to be heavily accented or nasally liberal, they were instead greeted by the fashionably zonked tones of a woman who identified herself as the secretary to the executive vice-president in charge of PR and promotions for *Columbia Pictures* in Hollywood!

The FBI is now proceeding on the theory that the near-disaster at Harrisburg was, in reality, an elaborate publicity stunt—designed to whip up public interest in the then-just-released Columbia-produced flick, *The China Syndrome.*

This would be disturbing enough if it were merely an isolated case, the work of one irrational, overzealous PR hit man. But the investigation continues to be cloaked with heavy security because of an ongoing series of disclosures which, taken together, indicate that Harrisburg may be just the tip of an enormous and scandalous 15-year conspiracy of hype on the part of the American media.

Item: Buried in the July 1972 financial records of the *Washington Post*, under "Headline Generation," is an entry for payments in the amount of $18,000 made to "Cuban provoc't'rs," along with the parenthetical note, "Make-work for Woodw'd & Bernst'n."

Item: Minutes taken during a top-level circulation-building conference at the *San Francisco Chronicle* in late 1978 include these notations: "Picked names from hat/kamekaze PR mission / Jonestown" and "Order Kool-Aid by Fri."

Item: A Justice Department official reports the existence of a photograph taken in Berkeley in late 1973 which shows SLA ramrod Cinque having lunch with a woman who "looks enough like Barbara Walters to cash her paycheck."

Item: Perhaps most ominous of all, a desk clerk has tentatively identified Walter Cronkite, Chet Huntley and Howard K. Smith as among a group of "businessmen and oily-looking types" who met in the Dallas Hilton *November 2-5, 1963*! "All I remember clearly," he's quoted as saying, "is that they ran up a big phone bill to Johnson City and Miami, and stole all the towels."

So—what *have* we here? A provocative but questionable body of rumors? Paranoid interpretations of circumstantial facts and/or misinformation? An innocent, though spooky, sequence of coincidences?

Or have the American media merely added a diabolical new dimension to the hallowed axiom of self-promotion and hype: "*If the real news is insufficient to your needs, go out and make some of your own.*"

Brother, it's just as we always suspected: History is but an advertisement from which humanity may soon awake.

—ROBERT S. WIEDER

Imported from France 86 proof
"You want a Benedictine what...?"
Sundowner: 1oz. Benedictine, 1oz. light or gold rum, 4oz. orange juice; shake with ice, pour into glass with ice.
Spinnaker: 1oz. Benedictine, 1oz. gin, 4oz. orange juice; shake with ice, pour into glass with ice.
Moonglow: 1oz. each of Benedictine, white creme de cacao and light cream, shake with ice and pour.
Martinique: 1oz. Benedictine, 1oz. light rum, 4oz. pineapple juice; shake with ice, pour into glass with ice.
Yellowjacket: 1oz. Benedictine, 1oz. vodka, 4oz. orange juice; shake with ice, pour into glass with ice.
Introducing 5 unheard of simply smashing new drinks inspired by Benedictine.
WILE
NEW HYDE PARK, N.Y.

Clarion Quality

Made for the Magic in Music.

We're not the only ones who believe in the magic in music. Right now, there are over 15 million Clarion car stereos on the road in over 110 countries. For over three decades, Clarion has given its owners years of trouble-free operation ... so you know when you own a Clarion you'll never be lacking the magic in your music.

We believe in music. And we believe in the subtleties in music. That's why Clarion products are made to give you true, clean audio, so when there's a gentle tingle of a cymbal or the raspy call of a snare drum ... you'll hear it. Clarion believes that to really get the magic in music, you need a quality stereo—Clarion quality.

Clarion literally started car stereo. We introduced the first under-dash cassette player, and the first auto reverse unit. We followed up with the first equalizer booster and the first separate element three-way speaker system. When you put it all together ... we put together the first true Hi-Fidelity system for the car. We're dedicated.

Every Clarion stereo is made like the first off the line. Every time. That's why, from the very start, we've set such rigid manufacturing standards. We manufacture and design more major components ... that make up your car stereo ... than most other manufacturers. And we back it—with an optional three-year limited warranty.

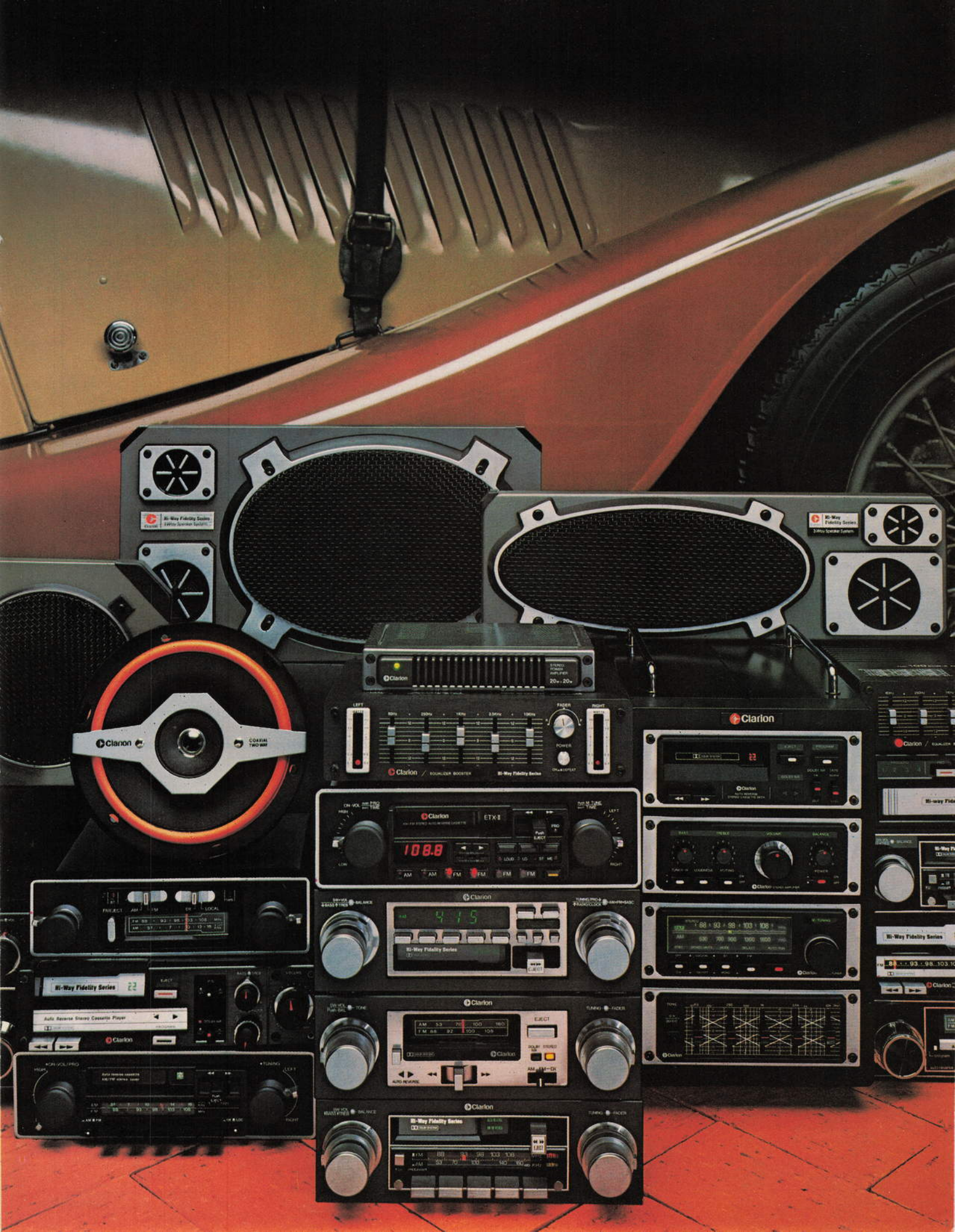
We have always been a leader in sophisticated audio features for the car—high power, push buttons, dolby,™ compactness, and more. And, quality products that reproduce the magic. Whatever kind of music you like, Clarion has a full line of stereos to fit your needs, from speakers and cassettes to equalizers and separates.

Clarion is the largest independent car stereo manufacturer in the world today. These products continue our tradition as a leader in car stereo. So, now that you've heard us out ... really hear us out. You'll find that our systems really are better. Because, with Clarion, the magic in music starts the moment you start your car.

With a Clarion car stereo system, the magic and romance in music can be yours. And, it doesn't matter how much you spend. With Clarion, you always get the magic in music. If you want to splurge, you can spend $800, or you can spend as little as $175 for a full-featured system. Clarion has a stereo in every price range.

Clarion
The Car Entertainment Company

Trademark Dolby Labs.


Clarion
Hi-Way Fidelity Series
Auto Reverse Stereo Cassette Player
108.8

(Continued from page 18)
program." *Openers* deplores the idea that reprisals should be taken against the entire rodent community for what was obviously the act of a single deranged individual.

BRING US THE NOSE OF HOWARD COSELL

Here's a case of everything being in a name. The city of Bordeaux, France, is currently being terrorized by an oddball organization calling itself the Secret International Cosmopolitan Association of Jewish Intellectuals, Freemasons, Junkies, Anarchists and Homosexuals for Symbolic Acts of Destruction of Disgusting Works of Art. Recently, the S.I.C.A.J.I.F.J.A.-H.S.A.D.D.W.A. broke the nose off a statue of a poet named Abbot Bergey, who was unknown except for his long-winded sermons. If the organization is looking for a fresh target, may we suggest a certain long-winded sportscaster?

POPE PIES I

Aron Kay, the Yippie who pied Tim Leary, Steve Rubell and most of the Watergate crooks, has rechristened himself as Pope Pies I. No newcomer to the ways of the Lord, Kay is the author of an infamous sermon, "Eleven Ways to Disrupt a Religious Service," which includes the suggestion, "Buy an ad in the local smut paper, advertising the church's phone number as being that of a whorehouse."

Openers caught up with the pie-tossing pontiff in New York's Central Park, where, besides bestowing his blessings on the first annual New York Rock Against Racism concert, he heard confession from those in the crowd who felt the need to get their sins off their chests. Here the portly pope is pictured with born-again nudist Lemon Meringue. Quipped Aron: "That was some confectionary confession. She made me cream-pie in my robes."

—H.W. AND S.F.

DOGGY STYLE

We found Sylvia at L.A.'s Dodger Stadium enjoying America's favorite pastime: biting the big one. She says her secret is putting the meat between her buns so she doesn't plump while cooking. "I relish skinless weenies," she told us. "Still, you've gotta

be careful with the ingredients nowadays. Otherwise, you could end up with a chicken or a real turkey in your gullet."

"What about nitrates, additives and artificial coloring?" we inquired.

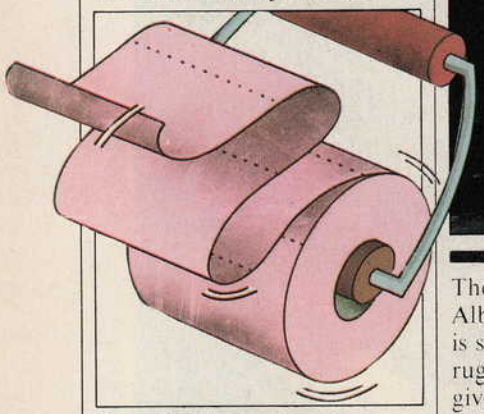
"Gee whiz," replied Sylvia, "weenies might taste artificial, but eating them isn't unnatural to me."

AN OFF-COURT ADVANTAGE

Tennis pro Carolyn G. informs us that she stays in shape between big games by giving a couple of healthy yanks on her elastic bra. "If I don't happen to have one on," the Wimbledon-bound beauty told *Openers*, "I just tug on whatever's handy. It's great for my forehand." Now, how's that for staying one set ahead of the competition?

A CRAPPY ATTITUDE

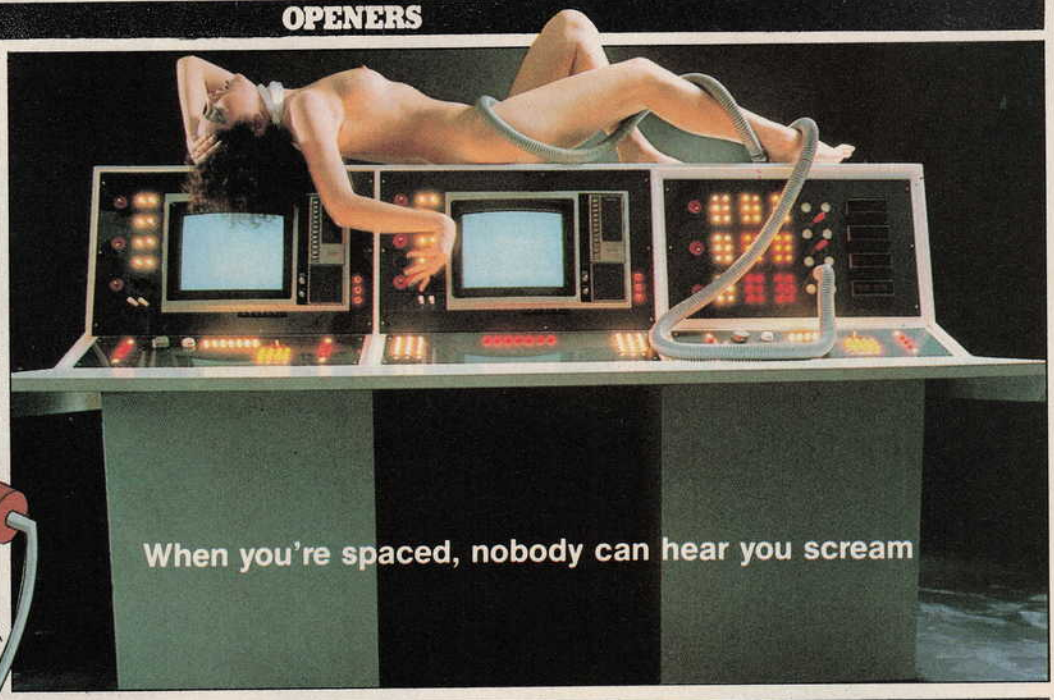
Mr. Whipple lives! Mr. Gene Rossman of Tigard, Oregon—or Clean Gene, as he is also known—is a self-proclaimed connoisseur of toilet paper who keeps his vast collection of wipe-size pieces glued in a large leather-bound volume in his suburban home. His friends may pooh-pooh and make Gene the butt of their jokes, but



Gene just turns the other cheek, confident in the uniqueness of his collection. A well-crafted scrap of bathroom tissue makes Rossman flush with enthusiasm; decorator-designed dainties make his hair stand on end. In his worldwide search for the perfect paper, however, Gene has become privy to an irritating fact: Europe is near the bottom when it comes to commode comfort.

Our Old World cousins, he reports, suffer unduly from their prehistoric potty papers. The WC on the Rome-Alba night train, for example, is stocked with a rough, corrugated paper that's bound to give Yankee travelers a pain in the ass. Even worse are the sandpaper-style tissues of the Columbia-Excelsior Hotel in Genoa, and Bahama Pub near Loch Lomond. But France, Scotland and Scandinavia head Rossman's shit list because of their flimsy, now-you-see-it-now-you-don't, powder-room paper.

If you plan to visit Europe and live as the Europeans do, Rossman suggests a ready supply of Preparation H. Better still, carry your own stash of domestic T.P. with you.



THE DEVIL'S BRAND

Is the road to hell actually paved with supermarket receipts? This one's for all of you satanologists and universal-price-code freaks. Seems that the Gospel Tract Society in Independence, Missouri—that's Harry Truman's hometown—is convinced that those ubiquitous funny marks on the last pack of potato chips or rolling papers you brought home are none other than the Devil's seal, by which he shall know his followers on the day of Apocalypse. If, like us, you're a tad rusty when it comes to Revelations, the Lord's paranoids in the Show-me State suggest you read Revelations 13:17, Revelations 3:20 and John 5:11-13. We did, and there's no way you'll get us to buy another Bee Gees album.

MERCI

Before strolling dorm-ward to crack the books with the "big view on campus," let's stop a moment to extend our thanks—and a small student-of-the-world loan—to this month's *Openers* fellows. Editorial: stiff sentences, W. Swergin; devil's brand, Paul Loeb; cows get the blues and openers update, Halya Hrynchuk and Leslie Morrison; tall tail, Hank Nuwer; gas crisis solved, Charles Peck; meet the Liars, Phil Miller; cheesed-off mouse, Ted Mann; pope pies I, Harry Wasserman and Seth Flagsberg; doggy style, Don Goldberg; crappy attitude, Ted Newsom; down in Jamaica, Mark Powelson; Art: down in Jamaica, Mary Sherman; crappy attitude, Deborah Ross. Photo: give a faggot a home, Chris Challis; light entertainment, Jack Wilding (disco hat, compliments Adam International, Beverly Hills); openers update, Irina Ionesco; unsafe at any swede, *Lui* magazine; surprise entry, Orin Langelle; meet mrs. ed, Wilbur Post; a medal or a chest?, Syndication International-Photo Trends; hog wild, *Stern* magazine; the Liars and off-court advantage, Jack Lorenz; pisser of a joke, Nino Lo Bello; pope pies I, Charlie Frick; doggy style, Ace Burgess; when you're spaced, David Goldner (compliments of Modern Props, Inglewood, Calif.); openers and merci, Tom Keller.

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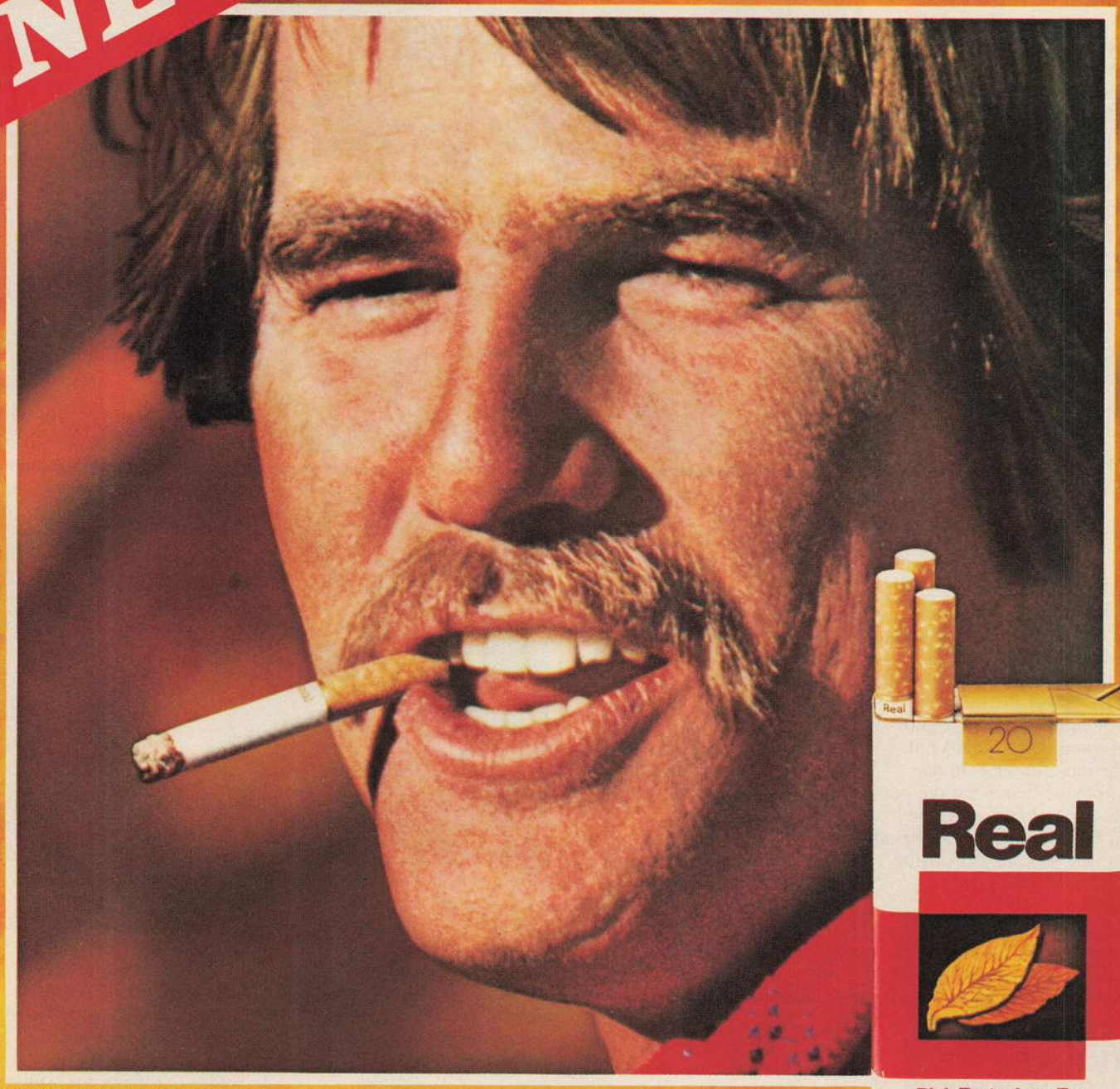

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SEX TAPES

SEX AND CHEATING

It used to be that cheating was easy to define. If you were a married or engaged man and you got foreign oil on your dipstick, then you were cheating, period. Of course, men were more or less expected to cheat. Men fooled around; women committed adultery. In many countries (as well as in certain towns in Texas) the law still looks the other way if you find your wife in bed with another man, and you shoot him—or her.

The double standard—at least as far as cheating is concerned—is definitely on the wane. Dr. Ted McIlvenna of the Institute for the Advanced Study of Human Sexuality says that, according to his just-completed study based on 3160 "sexually healthy people," almost half of the married men admitted to having an extramarital sexual experience within the last year, compared to 38 percent of the women. Thirty years ago, Kinsey found the same percentage of male cheaters, but only 25 percent of the wives were unfaithful. Our own survey indicates that women are more aggressive than ever—especially when it comes to adventurous sex.

Sue S., 27, real-estate saleswoman: Sex without even the possibility of cheating is boring. A little mystery is exciting. I like to keep a man on edge, so that he doesn't take me for granted. Like my current lover. I play the great seductress when we're together, but when we're apart I leave the phone off the hook a lot. Keeps him curious and interested.

Sasha T., 24, beautician: I'll tell you what's wrong with cheating—men don't know how to do it! My husband and I decided, after three years of marriage, that we should spend some time apart. We agreed that we could do whatever we wanted in that time, no questions asked.

The truth is, Jack wanted to make it with this other girl, and he thought the only way to make it all right was to give me my freedom for a week. I knew that, but I didn't say anything. I figured it might be good for him. I wasn't so insecure that I thought some piece of fluff was going to take him away from me, anyway.

So, I went to New York for a week. I didn't have anybody special in mind, but when I ran into an old boyfriend, it didn't take me long to hop into the sack. And then, all of a sudden, I couldn't get enough. Sexy men were popping up everywhere—in the park, at Bloomingdale's, everywhere.

I ended up fucking five different guys that week—two in one day—and I had a great time. I didn't really care for any of them; it was just fun going on a sex binge. I went home hornier than ever for my husband. And Jack was horny for me. We fell into bed, and we had the most incredible sex I can remember. Then it started: "So, how was your week in New York? Get laid?"

I reminded him that we had agreed not to talk about it. Besides, I didn't want to hear about *his* adventures, either. He dropped the subject, but a few days later he started asking again. Then he began getting cutesy whenever we were in bed, like did I charge for it in New York, crap like that. The last straw was when he decided to tell me all about his week with the fluff, because he thought I should know. That did it. I told him about the five guys, every one of them. I even told him about going to bed with two guys at the same time, and how I'd gotten them to come in my mouth together.

You can probably guess what happened next. Jack got insanely jealous and started screaming about what a slut I was. I told him it was *his* idea in the first place—*he'd* set up the rules. He finally broke down and admitted that he really didn't think I'd have the nerve to cheat on him. Can you believe it? He used those very words—"cheat on me." Even worse was how I didn't feel guilty. *He* felt guilty, which is why he had to "confess" in the first place. Men are so weird.

I finally walked out, and it took us weeks to patch things up. The whole incident almost ruined our marriage. If we'd just kept our mouths shut, like he said in the first place, everything would have been fine. So, my advice to any woman who may be reading this is: If you're going to cheat, don't tell him. Even if he asks. Even if he *begs*.

Bill L., 29, investments broker: You won't believe this one. You probably won't even want to print it. I think that cheating is only indulged in by selfish, insecure and confused people. And I like sex a lot. I just think

that once you decide to settle down, there are more important things to do in life than think with your crotch all the time.

If you live with someone who is really important to you, the idea of complicating things with other sexual relationships is just plain stupid. The logistics are so time-consuming. And let's be honest: The best sex comes from getting to know a person well enough to ferret out their idiosyncracies. Most of my friends don't believe me, but I know I'll never cheat. And I'm getting married next month.

Dick B., 33, auto-sales manager: Sometimes I feel real shitty about fooling around, but this is the way it happened to me, and I wonder sometimes if it doesn't happen this way to other guys.

When I got married to Diane, I never thought I'd cheat. I certainly never intended to. But then this problem developed: I found out she hated oral sex. I don't mean she disliked it; she *hated* it. I spent years trying to figure out how to change her mind, but she didn't even want me to do it to *her*.

Maybe it's just the old story about wanting what you can't have. Whatever it was, after seven years together, she hated oral sex more than ever and I wanted it more than ever.

Don't get me wrong: Except for my frustration about that one thing, our marriage is terrific. I sound guilty, don't I? Maybe I am. See, I've had this relationship with another woman for nearly six months now, and it's freaking me out.

It started when Lynda came to my showroom to look at new cars. I went with her on a ride up into the mountains to test this four-wheel-drive station wagon—she said she wanted to see how it handled off the road. We got into some rough country, and she gave the wagon one hell of a workout. I mean, she was banging and bumping us through the woods at 30 or 40 miles an hour. I'd never seen a woman handle a four-wheeler like she did. Watching her wrestle this wagon through the woods really turned me on. Her tits were bouncing; her red-nailed fingers clutched the floor-shift, ramming it through the gears; her blonde hair was flying. What really got to me, though, was her mouth. She had exactly the full, thick-lipped mouth that has been constantly in my fantasies.

We ended up on top of a ridge overlooking the city. She was panting, sort of slumping in the seat. Then she turned to me and said, "I want to tell you something. I don't intend to buy this car—I just really get off on driving like this. The truth is that it turns me on." I was paralyzed. No woman had ever come on to me that directly. My heart was pounding. Remember, I'd never cheated before, and I felt superior to men who did. But here was this woman looking at me with this crazy expression on her face, practically asking me to fuck her, and all I could think of was that incredible mouth around my cock.

So, that's how it started. We tore off our clothes and fucked in the woods. And the first thing she did—before I even asked—was go down on her knees and begin licking my balls and sliding her mouth over the head of my cock. I came immediately and she just swallowed me up. Then I rolled her over and went down on her. It had been more than seven years since I'd done that to a woman. I must have gone a little crazy, because after she'd come several times from my licking and sucking on her, she asked me to stop because it hurt.

Ever since then, a couple of times a month, Lynda comes down and we take out one of the four-wheelers for a test drive. I've told her about my wife and my desire for lots of oral sex. Lynda loves the whole arrangement, and she has invented some great games to play when she's licking me off—like using whipped cream and stuff. Meanwhile, I'm between heaven and hell. Lynda is young and she likes the adventure of it all; she knows it won't last and doesn't want it to. But I still feel bad about cheating on my wife. Now that I've started, I know it'll be a bitch to stop.

Stephanie E., 25, airline reservationist: Cheating? I hate that word. It doesn't mean anything anymore—at least not to my boyfriend and me. Cheating

I've confined all of my affairs to one-night stands. I can really get into some kinky things with guys I'll never see again.

implies you do something that is against the rules, but if you don't set those rules up, then it isn't cheating. Chuck and I never agreed that having lovers was against the rules. We just agreed to be discreet.

I've confined all of my affairs to one-night stands. It's safer that way, and more fun, too. I can really get into some kinky things with the guys I know I'll never see again. Also, I only mess around when I'm out of town at conventions, that sort of thing.

Of course, it's really important to avoid having affairs with people you know well. Some married friends of ours tried to work out a relationship like Chuck and I have, and they blew it completely because they both got involved with friends. Stupid. Plain stupid. That's for people who are into swinging or something, and I don't understand those people at all.

Ed O., 31, teacher: You might not believe this, but my wife would agree that it's all right for me to have lovers. Betty knows that I love her and would never leave her. Her only worry about extramarital sex is feeling left out. She has even told me that I can make it with anyone I want, as long as she has the option of joining in.

I was very upfront with her when we got married. I told her the facts of life about teaching on a college campus—that there were likely to be a lot of temptations coming my way. That's when she said it was all right with her, just as long as I would share my lovers. I thought she was joking at the time. She wasn't.

The test came after only three months of marriage. At an after-theater party, Betty noticed a more than slightly drunk sophomore trying to sweet-talk me into a corner. To be honest, I'd been encouraging the girl. She was one of those dark-eyed Georgia coeds, a long way from home and bored with sorority bullshit.

Betty came over and joined us in the corner. She walked up and said, "Is this the girl you're bringing home with us tonight?" I laughed—I thought it was Betty's way of breaking it up. Then she totally shocked me. She took this wide-eyed Georgia peach by the arm and said, "Come on, let's walk out together. Ed can meet us at the car." And the girl went. I was amazed!

By the time I got to the car, they were talking like old friends and *I* was the one who was beginning to feel strange. On the way home, Betty made me stop for coffee. She didn't want this other girl to be drunk and unaware of what was going on. So we sobered up, drove home and got naked together. The girl—I think her name was Burma—had some pot, and we all got stoned and started massaging one another. Betty was wonderful. When I finally got around to screwing Burma, Betty had one hand on Burma's breast and other gently squeezing my balls. And after Burma left, Betty and I made love with a ferocity that surprised us both.

Since that time, Betty has explained her reasons for being so open. She says that most men are going to fool around—it's just the way they are—so she might as well join in. That way she'll never feel threatened and will know where I am nights.

David S., 32, accountant: When I'm seriously involved with a woman, I'm very monogamous, except that I might spend time with hookers. But that's not really cheating. Sometimes I think it's too bad that there aren't male hookers for women. Just a place where women can go and get it out of their systems if they feel like it; pay their fifty bucks and be home in time to cook dinner.

That idea doesn't bother me nearly as much as imagining the woman I'm involved with fucking a guy she might get emotionally attached to. ■

SEX TAPES QUESTIONNAIRE

Mail to: OUI Sex Tapes, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069

Your answers to these questions will be described and analyzed on the *Sex Tapes Letters* page in a future issue. Individual identities will be kept strictly confidential. We don't want to know who you are; we just want to know how you feel about sex and cheating.

1. First name or initials: _____
2. Age: _____ Sex (M or F): _____
3. Occupation: _____
4. Marital status: _____
5. City and state: _____
6. Cheating on your sex partner is . . .
   a. a meaningless expression. My mate and I have an open relationship.
   b. inevitable, so you might as well enjoy it.
   c. acceptable for men, but not for women.
   d. immoral under any circumstances.
7. Two people who are living together should . . .
   a. not have sex with others.
   b. be completely honest about their affairs.
   c. fool around only if they can keep it discreet.
   d. be able to change their minds about cheating.
8. I've had an affair and kept it secret from my mate . . .
   a. only once.
   b. quite a bit.
   c. never.
   d. less often than I'd have liked.
   e. Doesn't apply—I told.
9. If I found out that my partner was cheating on me . .
   a. I'd talk it over reasonably.
   b. I'd get furious and walk out.
   c. I wouldn't care.
   d. I'd feel relieved because *I've* been cheating.
10. My most interesting experience with cheating was as follows (use separate page to explain):

LETTERS

Sex Tapes

When we published our June Sex Tapes, *"Sex for Money," we defined prostitution as any interaction where sexual favors are given in return for some kind of payment. The men who answered our questionnaire varied from a 33-year-old biochemist, who insisted that all women are whores, to a 24-year-old burglar, who had never made it with a prostitute but was fascinated by the idea. Somewhere in the middle was the truck driver who would only pay for sex if he could make it with former TV angel Kate Jackson.*

Among our female readers, the fantasy of dressing like a prostitute to seduce unwitting young men was quite prevalent. A few women admitted that they had, on occasion, exchanged sex for drugs or a free vacation; but to many of them the act was merely "hooking as a lark."

Over 50 percent of our readers said that they thought prostitution should be decriminalized or legalized, although some 20 percent insisted they would "never pay for sex." The following letters explain some of their reasons.

I have only been with hookers twice, and both times were great. The reason I liked that kind of sex so much is that I could ask those women to do things that might be insulting to a nonprofessional.

Once, at a rock concert, I sneaked under the bleachers to smoke a joint—I didn't want to have to share it with 50 thousand other freaks—and I noticed this other guy coming out from under the stairs, zipping his pants up. He got kind of flustered when he saw me and practically ran into the crowd. I figured he was just another paranoid druggie.

Anyway, I walked under the bleachers for about 30 feet or so and suddenly stopped short. A beautiful black fox with this Afro hairdo was sitting topless on a blanket, playing with her hair, her skirt pulled up around her waist. She had unbelievably huge tits with very small, black nipples. I just stood there and stared. She smiled and said, "For twenty dollars I can make the music sound a lot better." I finally caught on—this was a hooker with a bleacher concession! And she was probably making a fortune.

Before I knew what was happening, a tall, tan fellow had me on the floor and was undoing my top

Hell, I had exactly twenty dollars and two joints on me, and I couldn't think of a better use for either. We smoked one of the joints and she asked what I wanted. I was already real stoned, and one of the things I'd always wanted was to see what it felt like to come by sliding my dick back and forth between a chick's breasts. So I told her that's what I wanted.

She laid me down, took my pants off and started licking my cock, getting it really wet. Her mouth sliding up and down my cock while the heavy-metal music and all the cheering roared in my ears was a mind-blower. Then she rolled onto her back and pulled me on top of her. She pressed those beautiful brown tits around my wet cock and started pushing me back and forth. It felt incredible! Just as I began to come, she slipped down and took my cock into her mouth. I let out a scream to wake the dead—something I've *never* done before—but nobody appeared to hear. what with all the music blaring.

Finding a hooker like that, so unexpectedly, is definitely one of the high points of my sexual career.

MARK G.
Las Vegas, Nevada

After reading your *Sex Tapes* on prostitution, I just wanted to write and let your other readers know that people become prostitutes for all sorts of reasons. It isn't right to think of hookers as just pieces of meat—every one of them is a human being with her own problems, hopes and disappointments.

For a full six years, I had a girlfriend who was a prostitute. She died in an auto accident not long ago, and I miss her tremendously. To me, she was not a whore at all; she was a wonderful lover.

FRED H.
New Haven, Connecticut

I've never actually been a prostitute, but I guess the following story would qualify me as having been paid for sex.

A girlfriend and I were traveling along the West Coast, getting tan and having fun, when we met a guy who asked us to come up to his place for a smoke. When we did, we were surprised to find ten horny hashish smokers making brownies. They got us so loaded that we couldn't talk, which, of course, was exactly what they wanted. Before I knew what was happening, a tall, tan, strawberry-blond fellow had me on the floor and was undoing my top.

He gave me an Eastern massage that he'd learned in India, and I'll never forget it. He finished it off by licking me from toes to head. We got it on every which way, right in the middle of the party, and then promptly fell asleep.

In the morning he gave me a gram of that shit and a second orgasm. I don't know which I was more grateful for. My friend had found somebody in the meantime—in fact, a couple of somebodies—and the guys all asked us to stay for a while. We

(Continued on page 134)

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MAN IN THE STREET

UFO'S: THE VIEW FROM THE SAUCER

By D. Keith Mano

TRANSCRIPT: FIRST AND FINAL REPORT
FROM: PROBESCOUT PHILCH
TO: PROBE COORDINATOR NERF
RE: PLANET DIRT (3 HELICON), CITY OF THE GROSS APPLE

You can stop your fargeous telebeeping, Nerf. My polyester shell is almost at MELT. Why do I always pull a mold-hot planet? Huh? Just because my expense account didn't add up right that one time? Worse, I've had to stand ice-still for 12 hours on a table down here. These sarping Dirt people keep household gods—Dog and Cat—who go wild, from absolute boredom, at any movement whatever. Yesterday, Cat chased me beneath a "hi-fi," where my sound receptor was blown half to plasti-scrap by the repetition of one insane sentence (with primitive audio rhythm) at 60,000 megabels. Wait, I have it on my tape. Yes: "Push, push in the bush." Feed that to your lingua computer, and good luck.

Anyhow, if I remain motionless, the Dirtlings think I'm a (?) "saltshaker." They lift me over their solid nourishment, shake me, curse and slam me down again. Wish you were here, Nerf. Wish you were here.

Dirt people are enormous and oppressive to be around. They give off six or seven quite different foul odors: How I long for the smell of clean polyurethane skin. One type (Woman) has two large, flaccid protuberances in front: liquid storage paraphernalia, presumably. For a substance called "beer," I think. The other type (Man) has no storage equipment and must ingest artificial beer from cans all day. Both spend much time in worship—mostly collecting relics from Cat and Dog. Woman has her sacred rake: With this she will sift through a sandy religious place, where Cat has hidden its pious gift (some sort of dark, tubular thing). Woman will then incant, "Diddle-nice-ums-make-ah-ah-in-the-right-place."

This may be an atypical pair. Man, I think, is going insane. Each afternoon now, he has stripped to garish blue underwear; then he has run senselessly up and down the streets outside. (His name, evidently, is Adidas.) Running makes viscous, clammy fluid (beer?) ooze from the porous and defective texture of his skin. Woman has a hair obsession. (Her name is Max Factor.) She will depilate legs and above-eye parts. Or she will stick false hair, like a caterpillar, on her vision lid. There is no reason for it. Occasionally she has inserted hot metal devices in her cranial hair (they interfere with my reception), so tight her eyes bulge wide. And to stimulate hair growth between lower limbs, Max Factor applies a long vibrating machine. This is apparently painful: It causes her to writhe and whimper and stink. But she will use the vibrator contraption only when Adidas is out running nowhere.

Man has an ingenious suction tube between his legs. This is flabby and without tone—rather like clay, as our children roll it in their forceps. However, when thirst is on him, the tube becomes rigid and pushy. (Just think of Subcommander Smarm.) The drinking tube is shoved (docked) in a wet aperture between Max Factor's legs. At that, Max Factor will say, "You can't wait, can you? Huh, Romeo?" Meanwhile, Adidas has been manipulating her frontal protuberances to squeeze beer down. (Men on Dirt naturally prefer Women with large fluid sacks.) Well, the stench and humidness given off by this suction-pumping is enough to polymerize me at ten feet. Even Cat looks away in disgust. Once or twice, Max Factor has screamed, "I'm coming! I'm coming!" Nonsense, since she is already there.

Last evening, Nerf, I entered Woman at her suction valve. (The chances I take for science. I expect a Distinguished Prober Citation, at least; it was very unpleasant.) I hooked one forcep on each of two door-big flesh lips and swung in. The temperature was off my meter; I started losing shape. I thought sure I'd become just a puddle and would seep back to the Great Molding Vat Downstairs before my time. Progress was tortuous; like getting into a size-five plasti-suit. Walls of her passage tended to clamp at me. I heard the beer circulation system throb: ba-boomp, ba-boomp. Thunder. I had gone about three times your height when I encountered a circular, rubbery obstruction. This, with some tugging, came loose. But at that moment, Woman woke up, and her walls caved in on me. It was ghastly. Yet I managed to secure the rubber specimen for Curator Murf, while exiting on all sixes. Afterward I caught this incomprehensible conversation. I play it back to you entire.

W: Aaaargh! Aggkkk! A little green thing just ran out of my snatch. A little green thing.

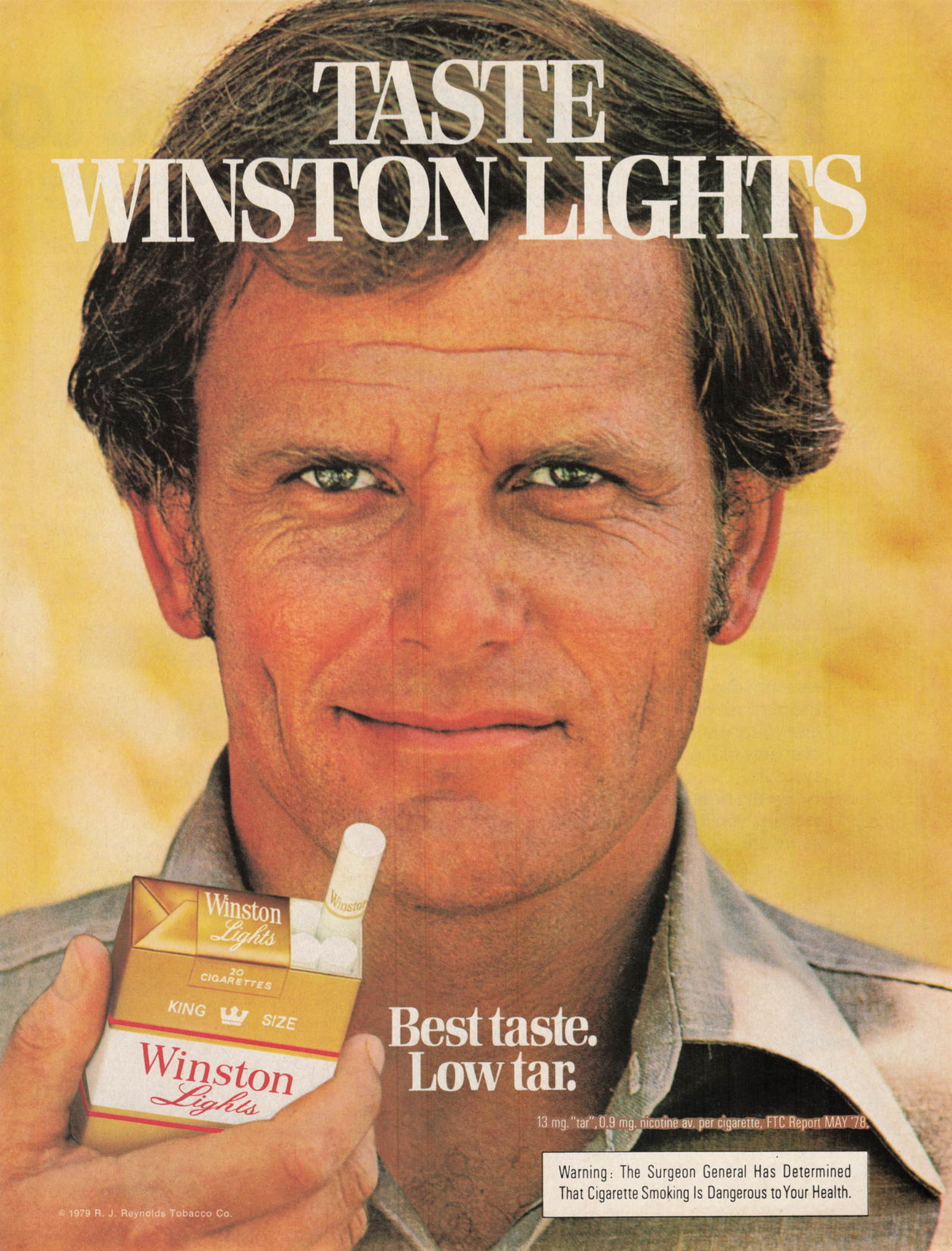
M: Green? Christ, you've got the clap again.

W: No. No. It was a *thing*. A thing—and it took my diaphragm with it.

M: That's a new one. Always some excuse, Helen. Always some cockamamy excuse for copping out.

Wait. I see now that Max Factor has raked the holy offering from Cat's shrine. She has put it in a brown bag. Ha. She is going again to the "incinerator"—whatever that is. Part of their sacred ritual, no doubt. I'll just hop on the bag. Anything to get out of this heat. ■

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE CIARDIELLO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Our current line consists of 80 pieces of car stereo equipment. A far cry from the days when autosound meant an AM radio or an 8-track player.

Well, seeing as there's so much going on at your Pioneer dealer right now. And seeing as the time has never been riper to get your

KPX-9500. AM/FM cassette deck, with Dolby* on tape and FM.

ears into our kind of stereo, the purpose of this ad is to give you an up-to-the-minute overview of Pioneer Supersystems.

By the time you finish reading, you'll be as far along as we are.

Basic Training

You're looking at our best-seller. The KP-8005.

Featuring our ingenious Supertuner® AM/FM circuitry. A cassette deck and an amplifier, all in one compact system. It's typical of

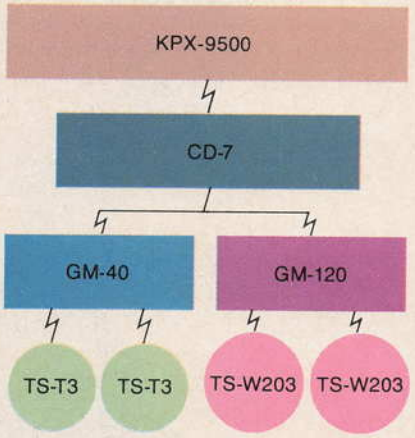
KP-8005.
Our most wanted deck. AM/FM Supertuner® Car Stereo with Cassette.

our broad line of totally integrated systems. And we have over 30 of these to choose from. In-dash and under-dash models. Some are just tuners, or cassette players or 8-tracks. A few tout even more than the KP-8005, with such things as Dolby* and electronic tuning.

Power Without Corruption

In the search for the ultimate car stereo, we chose the course of home stereo. And broke the system down into separate components. In so doing, we achieved more power through more speakers with less distortion. The illustration shown here demonstrates how a component car stereo system fits together.

It begins with our KPX-9500. An in-dash AM/FM car stereo/cassette deck with Dolby* on tape and FM.

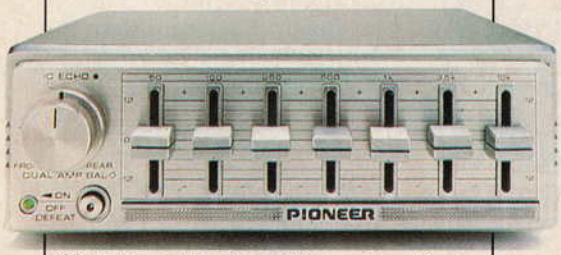


A Pioneer Component Car Stereo Plan. KPX-9500 AM/FM cassette deck with Dolby* CD-7 seven band graphic equalizer/dual amp balancer. GM-40, 40 watt amp. GM-120, 120 watt amp. TS-T3 tweeters. TS-W203 woofers. TS-167 high compliance speakers.

o far with car stereo?

Next, we incorporate a 7-band graphic equalizer/dual amp balancer, the CD-7.

Just as a recording studio compensates for drapes and carpet, the CD-7 lets you shape the music to match the interior of your car.

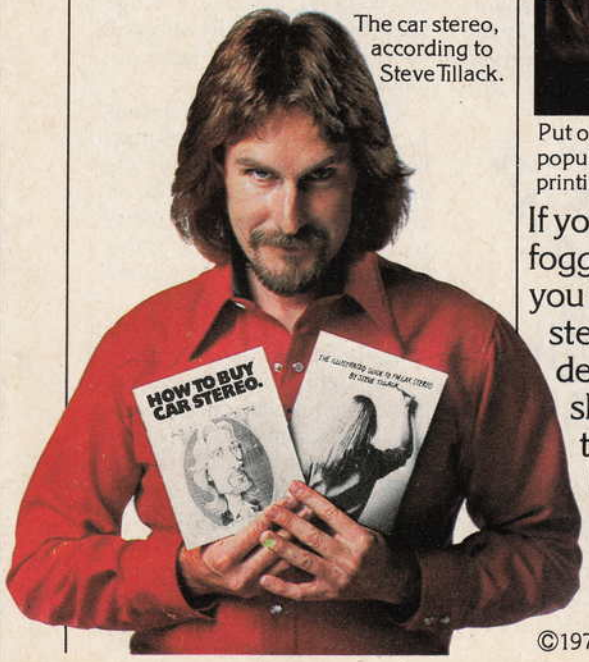


CD-7. Seven band graphic equalizer/dual amp balancer.

Persuasive Speakers

We have over 30 speakers. But again, to show you how far we've come, we've highlighted how high and low we've gone. Our TS-T3 tweeters can reach highs previously unheard of in a car. And our TS-W203 woofers are guaranteed to hit rock bottom.

We also have two-way and three-way speakers.



The car stereo, according to Steve Tillack.

Which combine miniaturized versions of specialized speakers all in one package.

More Than Meets The Eye

Now that you've read how far we've come, it's time for us to grab you by the ear.

Call toll-free for your nearest Pioneer dealer at these numbers (800) 447-4700, or, in Illinois (800) 322-4400.

Because he has his greatest selection ever on hand right now.

Put our ears to your wall. Back by popular demand for the fifth printing.

If you're still a little foggy about where you fit into car stereo, your dealer can show you how to order an entire library of books by Steve Tillack, our resident car stereo authority. Including "How To Buy Car Stereo" and "All About Car Stereo Components." And be sure to ask about Pioneer T-shirts, visors and posters.

TS-W203 woofer. TS-T3 tweeter.

So get your ears down to your Pioneer dealer.

And hear how good car stereo sounds when it's pushed to the limits.

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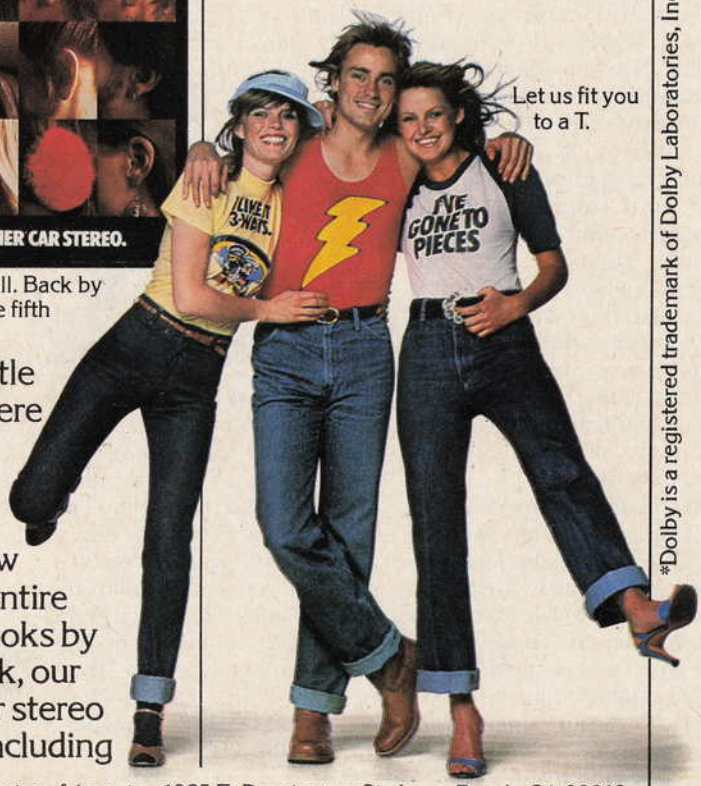

Let us fit you to a T.

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MUSIC

GOING SOLO: EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF

By Stewart Lebreo

In the beginning, there was the Group. Street-corner harmonies. Strength in numbers. In this thing together. Only rarely would an Elvis Presley dare to rock solo, without the protection of sidekicks, and look how hard he had to wag his tail just to get our approval.

By the Sixties it was even worse. Johnpaulgeorgeandringo. Crosbystillsandnashandsometimesyoungtoo. Thedoors. Theband. Brianandthemishpocheh. Bob Dylan. (He always was the exception.) Back then, it was deadly to sing solo. Engelbert Humperdinck, Tom Jones, Bobby Rydell and Wayne Newton all sang solo. Reasons enough not to.

For the ladies, of course, it was different. As soon as they could see their way clear, the girls split from the Group. Ronstadt unhitched the Stone Poneys; Diana fled the Supremes (where did her love go?); and Janis stopped holding company with Big Brother. Sure, Gracie Slick and Mary Travers hung in there, but mostly the ladies wanted center stage, unencumbered by competition.

But in the Commandments of Rock, a *real man* was supposed to hide in the holes, do an occasional lead to help out, lend his voice to harmony, play his instrument like Godzilla and give it all his might, only if he got caught in the spotlight.

Maybe because singing is so vulnerable an activity and is trained out of little boys. A male singer has to contend not only with the Ziggy Stardust specter of public assassination, but the act of singing itself, which is as fragile as an orgasm.

Matching the note in your mind's ear with the one floating out of your throat requires intense powers of concentration. Not even a Yaqui Indian can consistently summon these powers before a milling crowd.

All of which is well and good, except there's one minor thing wrong with this theory. As we head into the Eighties, the new male doesn't seem all that shy about singing. In fact, you can't shut these guys up.

In 1978, solo albums accounted for a large percentage of the total sales. And, while each solo artist is a unique personality, and certainly no one wants to stereotype or pigeonhole anybody unnecessarily—hell, all of these soloists fit neatly into five categories:

THE CLONES. They are on the horns of a two-sided hit. On the one hand, there is the eagerness to please. On the other, reluctance to perform. The results are a lot of mental drag—clones carry on like West Virginia coal miners or disadvantaged Southern blacks or glitzy disco kings at the drop of a talked-through hat. Tom Waits, Leon Redbone, Randy Newman, John Denver, James Taylor and Boz Scaggs.

THE CLOWNS. These are male singers who cover up their shyness with funny lyrics, outrageous costumes or plenty of fuzz bass. Martin Mull, John Prine, David Bowie, Elton John and Frank Zappa.

THE LADIES' MEN. This is the most respectable genre, because at least these guys use their talents to get laid. Kenny Rankin, Michael Franks, Peabo Bryson, Teddy Pendergrass, Neil Diamond and Rod Stewart.

THE INTELLECTUALS. These are the guys who would write a book, except it's too hard. Paul Simon, Stephen Bishop, Bob Dylan, Rupert Holmes, Billy Joel, Randy Edelman, Harry Nilsson and James Brown come to mind. Well, anyway, the first seven did.

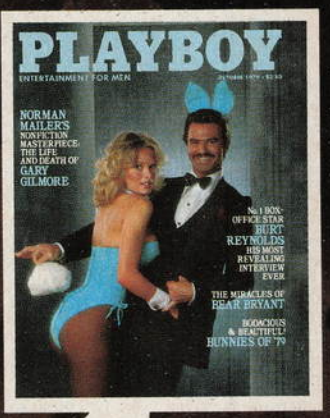
THE WIMPS. The original version sounded like Johnny Mathis, a middle-of-the-road tenor-baritone who hit every note so squarely in the middle that every teenage boy could sing along in his date's ear. Mathis is still around, of course, and Art Garfunkel tried his hand at the role a while back, but there's really only one good example of this genre today: Barry Manilow.

There are plenty of reasons to hate Barry. He's popular, he's influential, he's filthy rich, and he could probably walk off with your girlfriend and every female member of your family, including the dog, if he wanted to. But he's still a wimp.

Or is he? Try to think of yourself dressed up like an ice-cream cone, your throat held back, your jugular vein exposed, singing marshmallow songs to a restless group of high-strung, overemotional and dangerously sedated American housewives. You want to talk guts? Hell, this Manilow is the gutsiest singer of them all. ■

ILLUSTRATION BY ELWOOD SMITH

Don't look now, Ursula, but Burt Reynolds is right behind you. And not only is he featured on PLAYBOY's cover this month, he's also our highly candid and clever interview subject. But not to worry, Ursula still has the centerfold all to herself. This month, you'll also enjoy a first-look at Norman Mailer's new blockbuster book on the life and death of Gary Gilmore. An article on the demise of network television and the man who helped destroy it, Freddie Silverman. A revealing profile of college football's revered "Bear" Bryant. An equally revealing look at the revered Bunnies of 1979 and lots more. In October PLAYBOY. At newsstands everywhere.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THE MIRACLES OF BEAR BRYANT
BODACIOUS & BEAUTIFUL BUNNIES OF '79

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Don't Miss

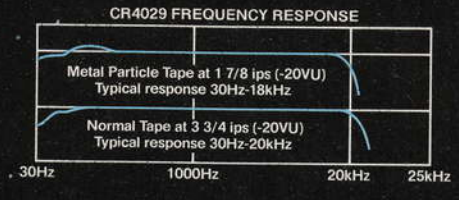
Oct.

The new

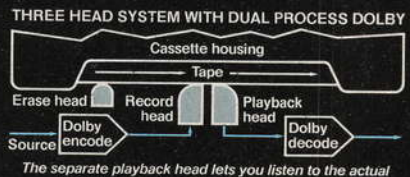
This remarkable cassette deck could only come from the new Fisher.

Recent developments have revolutionized tape technology. And all that technology is here... in the new Fisher CR4029. Some of the new cassette decks offer one or two of these technological innovations—Fisher offers them all in one integrated package.

Two Speed Operation. You can use the CR4029 at the standard 1⅞ ips speed and you'll have outstanding recordings, or switch to the new high-speed 3¾ ips and get an incredible 30Hz-20kHz ± 3 dB frequency response (using normal tape). What's more, recording at high speed drastically reduces wow and flutter and tape dropout. But—there's more.



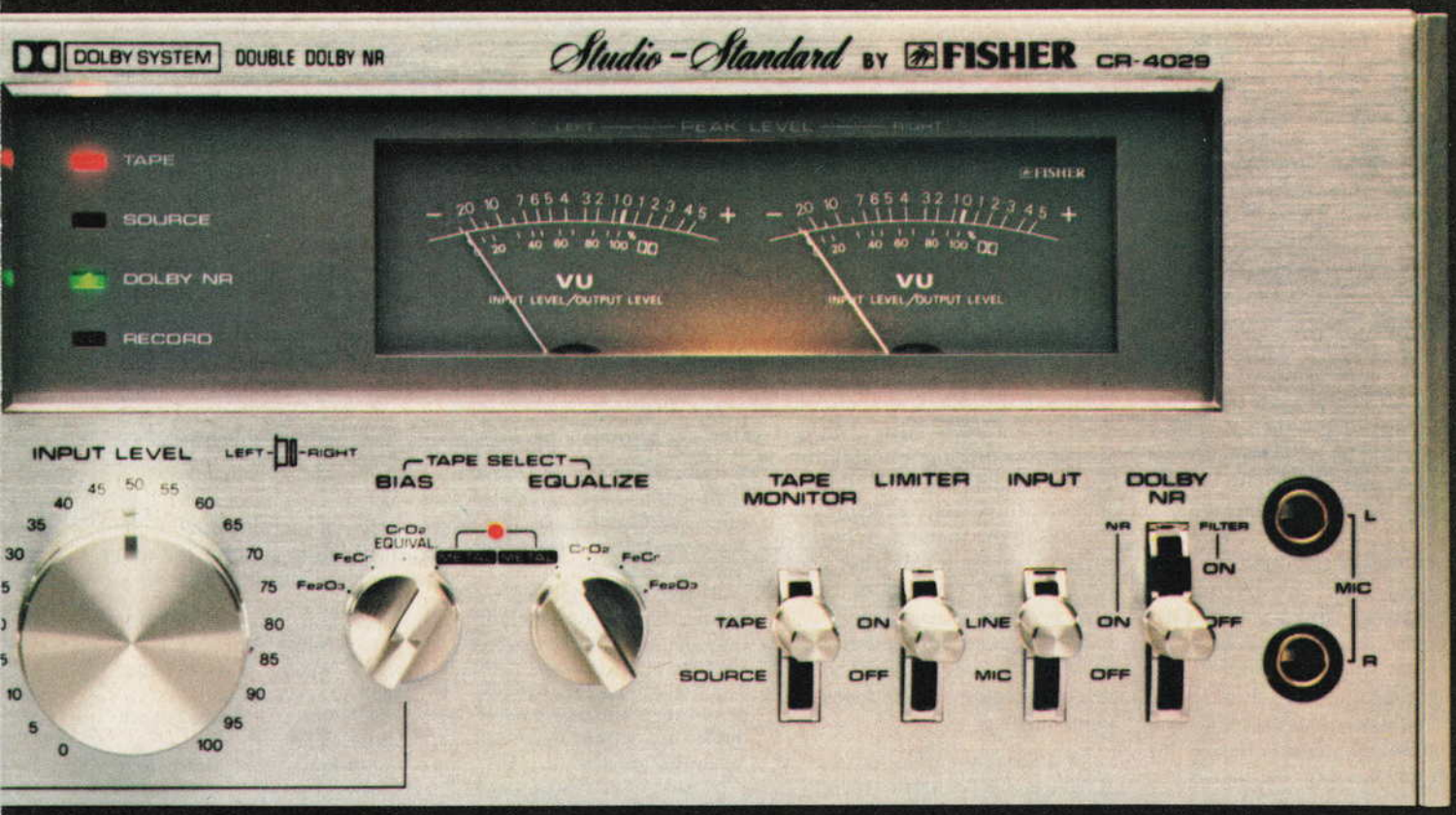
Metal Tape. Another of the marvelous innovations is metal tape. Metal tape demonstrably improves frequency response. Combine it with the new high speed and you'll get a hard-to-believe 30Hz-25kHz ± 3 dB frequency response with virtual freedom from distortion.



The separate playback head lets you listen to the actual recording already on the tape—as you record.

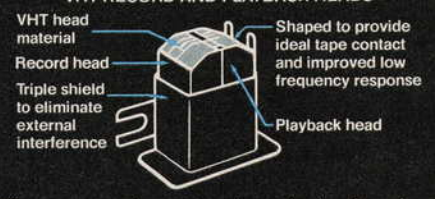
Three VHT/Sendust Heads with Dual Process Dolby. All this new technology requires new recording, playback and erase heads. So Fisher engineers came up with our new VHT heads to bring out the best potential of metal tape and high speed. Because the CR4029 is a three-head design, each head can be

FISHER



optimized for a specific function. There's a wide gap VHT record head for the best possible signal-to-noise ratio. A narrow gap VHT playback head improves frequency response. And a Sendust alloy erase head overcomes the problem of hard-to-erase metal tape.

VHT RECORD AND PLAYBACK HEADS


VHT head material
Record head
Triple shield to eliminate external interference
Shaped to provide ideal tape contact and improved low frequency response
Playback head

The separate record and playback heads allow you to monitor as you record — an absolute must for serious recording. And Dual Process Dolby gives you the advantage of Dolby noise reduction in both the record/playback and off-the-tape monitoring mode.

The CR4029 has all the options. Why have only part of the new tape technology when you can have all of it? Use metal tape at the standard speed for high performance with long play. Or use normal tape at high speed for both economy and superior performance. Or choose the ultimate: metal tape at high speed.

It's what you'd expect from the new Fisher. We invented High Fidelity over 40 years ago. We've never stopped moving ahead. The CR4029 is a perfect example. Part of the new Fisher. Where the only thing about us that's old is our tradition of quality and craftsmanship. See the new CR4029 at your Fisher dealer. Everything you'd want in a technologically advanced cassette deck, and at an under $500 price.

New guide for buying high fidelity equipment. Send $2.00 with name and address for Fisher Handbook to: Fisher Corporation, Department H, 21314 Lassen Street, Chatsworth, CA 91311.

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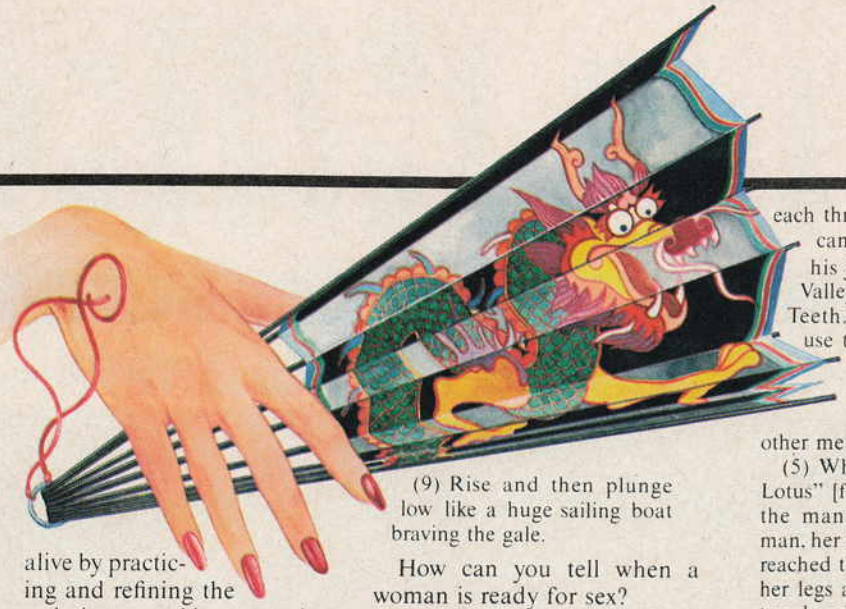
SEX

CHINESE SEX: NOBODY DOES IT BETTER

By Howard Rheingold



When most Westerners think of Chinese sex, they think of ben wa balls, goats' eyelids and weird rumors of abnormally shaped genitals. But the Chinese Tao of sex (pronounced *Dow*) is stranger than any of those. And it's true, too.

The old masters of the Tao fucked like demons, lived outrageously long and healthy lives, and even had the sanction of their religion—one of the world's sanest—to back them up.

Never before or since has there existed a group for whom sex was morally permitted, objectively studied, spiritually approved and medically endorsed. And practitioners took advantage of the situation to refine the pleasures of sex—something only now happening among Western sexologists.

The Tao of sex was not an aberrant or decadent cult practice, but an integral part of the spectacular cultural flowering which occurred during the Han dynasty—a time when China contributed a wealth of art, science and philosophy to the world.

The activities in certain coeducational monasteries were eventually curtailed by more puritanical neighbors, and the core of Taoism itself, as well as the more esoteric knowledge of sexual yoga, sank back down into its deepest roots to weather the storms of history. But emperors, holy men, physicians, nuns and courtesans conspired to keep all this sexual wisdom alive by practicing and refining the techniques, and by preserving a few priceless manuscripts.

Now, Dutton has published an illustrated book called *The Tao of Love and Sex* by Jolan Chang ($5.95). Mr. Chang brings together the philosophical, medical and sexual levels in his own authoritative narrative, but it is in the translation of the original sex manuals that the intricacy and lyricism of Chinese sexology is revealed.

For instance, in one venerable classic, *T'ung Hsüan Tzu*, is this description of nine types of penis thrusts:

> (1) Strike out to the left and right as a brave warrior trying to break up the enemy ranks.
>
> (2) Move up and down as a wild horse bucking through a stream.
>
> (3) Pull out and push in as a group of seagulls playing on the waves.
>
> (4) Use deep thrusts and shallow teasing strokes, alternating swiftly as a sparrow picking leftovers of rice in a mortar.
>
> (5) Make deep and shallow strokes in steady succession, as a huge stone sinking into the sea.
>
> (6) Push in slowly as a snake entering a hole to hibernate.
>
> (7) Thrust swiftly as a frightened rat rushes into a hole.
>
> (8) Poise, then strike as an eagle catching an elusive hare.
>
> (9) Rise and then plunge low like a huge sailing boat braving the gale.

How can you tell when a woman is ready for sex?

Three thousand years before American sexology began to delve into the subject, the legendary sexual advisor Su Nü scooped them all in her advice to the Emperor Huang Ti:

> There are five signs, five desires and ten indications. A man should observe these signs and react accordingly. The five signs are:
>
> (1) Her face is flushing red and her ears are hot. This indicates that thoughts of making love are active in her mind. The man can now start coition gently in a teasing manner, thrust very shallowly and wait for further reactions.
>
> (2) Her nose is sweaty and her nipples become hard. This signifies that the fire of her lust is somewhat heightened. The jade peak can now go in to the depth of the "Valley's Proper," but not much deeper than that. The man should wait for her lust to intensify before going in deeper.
>
> (3) When her voice is lowered and sounds as though her throat is dry and hoarse, her lust has intensified. Her eyes are closed and her tongue sticks out and she pants audibly. This is the time that the man's stalk of jade can go in and out freely. The communion is now gradually reaching an ecstatic stage.
>
> (4) Her "Red Ball" [vulva] is richly lubricated and her fire of lust is nearing its peak and each thrust causes the lubricant to overflow. Lightly his jade peak touches the Valley of "Water-Chestnut Teeth." And then he can use the thrusting method of one left, one right, one slow and one quick, or any other method, freely.
>
> (5) When her "Golden Lotus" [feet] stick up high in the manner of hugging the man, her fire and lust have now reached their peak. She wraps her legs around his waist and two hands hold his shoulder and back. Her tongue remains sticking out. These are the signs that the man should now thrust deeper up to the "Valley of the Deep Chamber." Such deep thrusts will make her ecstatically satisfied throughout her body.

Vaginal depths rate a long list. If you're curious, the other "depths of thrusts" are:

> (1) Lute String, the depth of which is one inch.
>
> (2) Water-Chestnut Teeth, depth two inches.
>
> (3) Little Stream, depth three inches.
>
> (4) Black Pearl, depth four inches.
>
> (5) Valley's Proper, depth five inches.
>
> (6) Deep Chamber, depth six inches.
>
> (7) Inner Door, depth seven inches.
>
> (8) North Pole, depth eight inches.

Those Taoists could get pretty darn explicit when the spirit moved them. Want to learn how to penetrate like a stallion, even without an erection? Does "the method of nine shallow and one deep" sound interesting? Does the idea of living an extra century through dedicated fucking seem worthwhile? If so, check out *The Tao of Love and Sex*. See you in the North Pole. ■

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MONEY

SUCCESS: A MATTER OF DEGREES?

By Chris Barnett

Sally Stanford, the celebrated San Francisco madam-turned-mayor of Sausalito, California, reached down the front of her dress, pulled out a pack of Camels, lit one and took a deep drag. "Overeducated but undertrained," she rasped. "That's what most college graduates are. I'd hire them and they wouldn't want to work very hard."

What, I asked this then-75-year-old woman who once ran the most elegant cathouse in San Francisco, is the trick—pardon the expression—to becoming wealthy? Taking another hit and adjusting her bosom, Sally looked me in the eye: "You just learn to add, subtract and make change. You'll do well."

A college sheepskin. Do you need it to make big money? Hell, no. Kirk Kerkorian, the multimillionaire financier who sits atop MGM's film/casino/hotel empire, was a grade-school dropout. He started out steam cleaning grease-caked engines, and later swapped cars, broken airplanes, jet planes and eventually an airline (Western, for the cash to bankroll his MGM shares).

Ray Kroc never finished high school; yet he's become a zillionaire as a Big Mac baron. And maverick teenager Bobby Sikora quit junior high to mop floors at night at a Phoenix McDonald's; he worked as a fry cook during the day. Today, he heads Phoenix-based Bobby McGee's Conglomeration, just

possibly the hottest chain of disco-restaurants in the country.

Now, you're no doubt saying to yourself, "Chris, you schmuck, these guys were all driven dudes who did it years ago, when life was simpler and the competition out there wasn't so rough." Well, bullshit. These same guys could do it again today, because they had the balls to take the risks and the guts to stick with it.

I'm not saying drop out of high school or college to do your thing. No way. Stay in school and do the freelance in your spare time to get the momentum rolling. But the flip side of this parable is that just because you may not have a college degree, or the hankering to go after one, doesn't mean you're doomed to the lunch-bucket life.

What's more, you don't need the arms of Pete Rose, the face of John Travolta or the shtick of Alice Cooper in lieu of a college degree to make real dough.

You can score big in the business world if you have spunk and stamina, but be prepared to do it on your own turf. Without at least a B.A., your chances of grabbing on to even the bottom rung of the corporate ladder are slim to none. "A bachelor's degree is highly preferred as a minimum [requirement]," says William Bowen, senior vice-president and manager of the Chicago office of Heidrick & Struggles, Inc., an international executive-search firm. Bowen also says the "classic entrepreneurs" break out of the mold early and have done it by the time they're 30. They differ from what he calls the "latent entrepreneurs," who have great ideas and good perception but never "take the ultimate risk—trying out their ideas and taking their chances."

College, in fact, won't make the classic entrepreneur any richer quicker, and business school may even be a waste of time. Business schools, by definition, says Bowen, "are committed to training the future business managers for large corporations."

So, how do you know if you can be a success without college now? For openers, take a hard look at yourself. OK, now here are a couple of guys who did it. See if you have some of their traits. If you spot a few similarities, you just might be on your way.

He's Got It Wired

Randy's a born winner. You can tell by the way he spells out his name for you. "V-for-victory-E-S-E-L-K-A." He's no household word, but down in Corpus Christi and in the auto-stereo and C.B. biz, he's a big man. Randy Veselka is president of C.B. Warehouse and Stereo World. He's been in the business for four years, and this year he expects to generate $1 million in sales. He just built a $500,000, two-story corporate headquarters, and his company has about a half-million in total assets.

Randy Veselka is only 20 years old. And, in case you're wondering, his daddy didn't grubstake him. His dad, in fact, just sold off his chain of health spas and went to work for his son.

Veselka claims he's always been a hustler who paid his own way. "Since I was thirteen, my parents have never bought me even a stitch of clothes." In those days, he was selling cookware door to door, discount coupon books, and he had a car-cleaning business before he had a driver's license. By the age of 16, while still a junior in high school, he was working almost full time as a waiter, making about $850 a month, and still he was fretting over "what I could do on the side to make more money." He had the motivation; he'd married at 15 and now had a wife and child to support.

Back then the C.B. craze was just beginning to rumble, and Randy took the $500 he had saved and sunk it into some

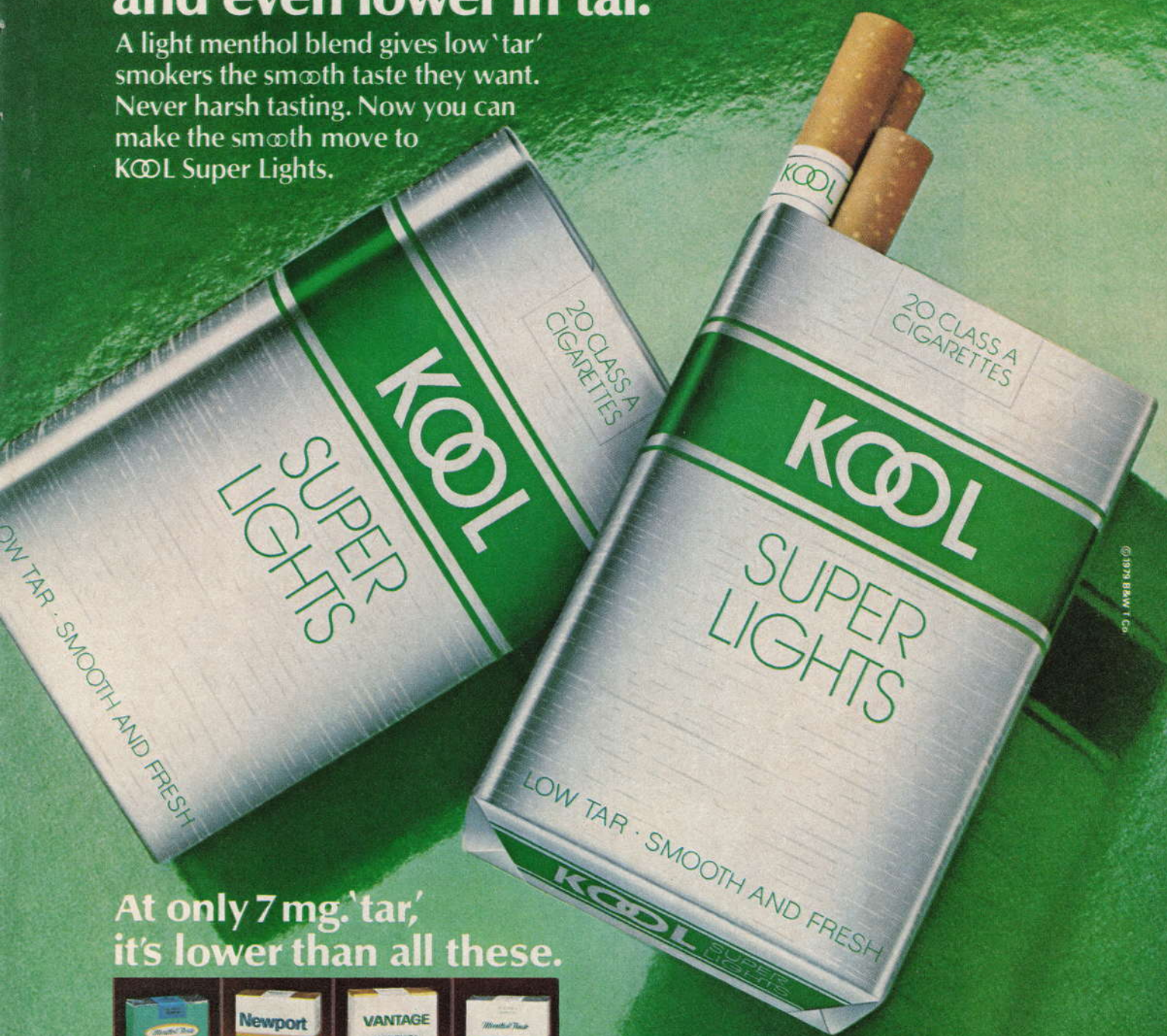
(Continued on page 113)

ILLUSTRATION BY CHRIS CONSANI

KOOL SUPER LIGHTS

Now smooth gets smoother and even lower in 'tar.'

A light menthol blend gives low 'tar' smokers the smooth taste they want. Never harsh tasting. Now you can make the smooth move to KOOL Super Lights.



At only 7 mg. 'tar,' it's lower than all these.

16 mg. 'tar' 18 mg. 'tar' 11 mg. 'tar' 10 mg. 'tar'

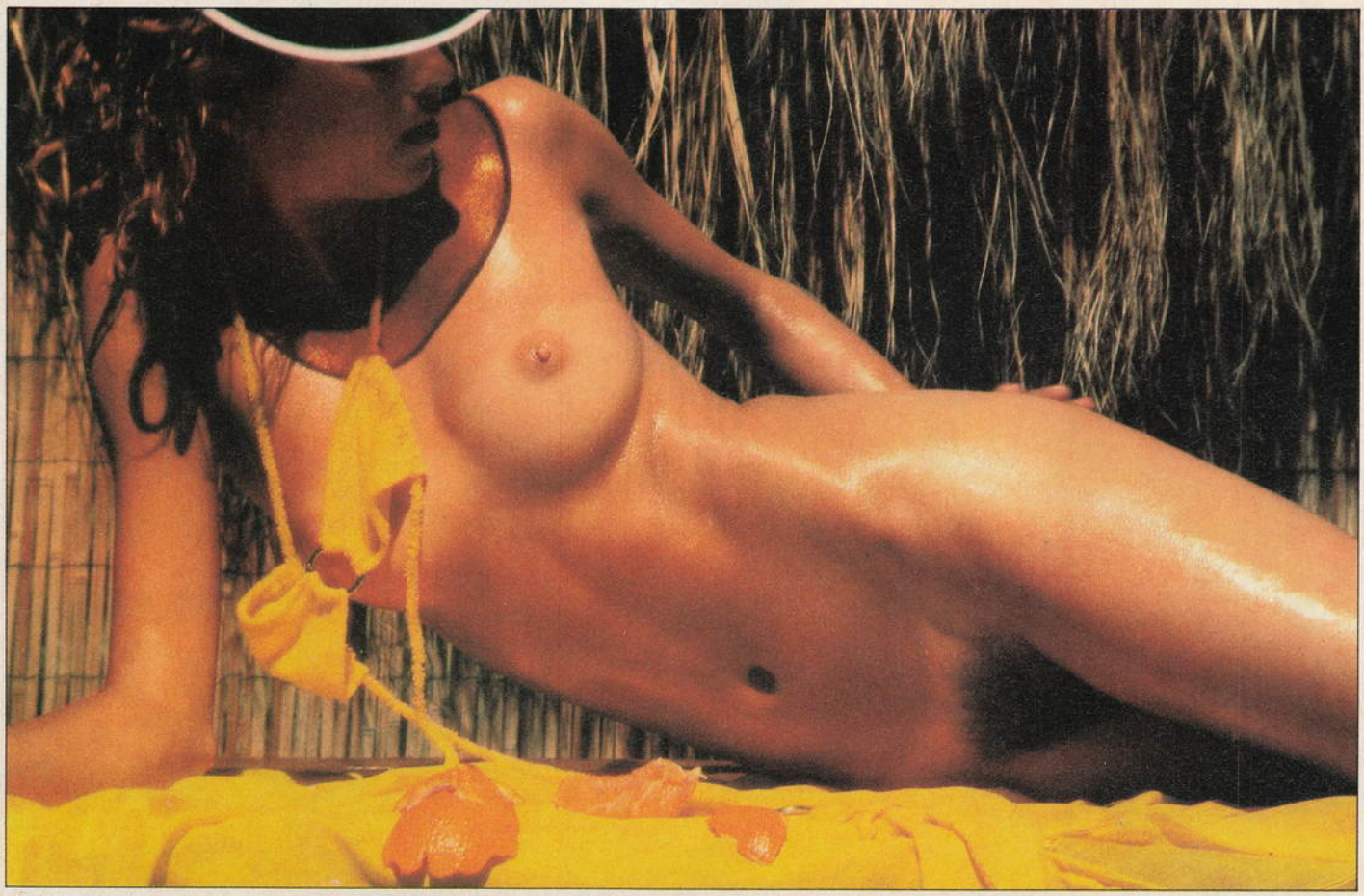
7 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

JESSIE

She Likes to Live Dangerously

PHOTOGRAPHY BY R. SCOTT HOOPER



"I like to be noticed," says Jessie Gerard who, at 5'10", is certainly hard to overlook. *"Even while I was posing for OUI, I kept thinking about all those guys who'll be looking at me when the magazine comes out. Gives me goose pimples. I love it."* Just what sort of guy do you go for? we ask. *"I like them to be taller than me, for starters,"* she replies, *"but if a guy has other qualities—looks, money, a sense of humor in the bedroom—then it's OK if he's my height."*

Were you always so tall, even as a child? *"Oh, no. Let's see, I was living in Michigan then, and I shot up eight inches the year I turned sixteen. Which was the same year I, uh, got seriously involved with a guy. I've always wondered if sex had anything to do with my growing so fast. Of course, I was so crazy that year, it's a wonder I didn't become a female Kareem Abdul-Jabbar."*

Jessie has calmed down a lot since then. She turned 20 last year and moved to Los Angeles. *"I love it out here. People in the Midwest are always bad-mouthing California, but when you have to deal with all that snow, you have to criticize* something *just to feel better. I think Los Angeles is Shangri-La. I can loll around all day and nobody thinks I'm lazy—everyone seems to work at home anyway. I even met one movie agent who takes meetings—don't you love the way they say 'takes'?—in his hot tub. Can't you see his secretary taking dictation?"* Sure, we can. So you want to be an actress? *"No, I want to be a race-car driver. There are too many actresses here already. I want to stand out from the crowd."* Somehow, Jessie, we don't think you'll ever have a problem with that.

The Music Manipulators

If they blew in your ear, would you follow them anywhere?

Article by David Chagall

ILLUSTRATION BY BOB KROGLE

At Pennsylvania's Coatesville Hospital, music therapist Adam Knieste cautiously eyed his patient, Peter X—a man so large it had taken four burly attendants armed with clubs to bring him in.

For eight months, Peter, a former defensive tackle for an NFL team, had babbled incoherently, ripping furniture apart, trying to kill himself—and others—in the grip of manic frenzy. The hospital had tried straitjackets, electric shocks, metamorphine—all with no success. Remarkably, Knieste asked the attendants to leave the room so he could try to treat Peter one-on-one.

"As soon as the aides were gone," says Knieste, "Peter flew through a sea of chairs, grabbed me by the collar, and lifted me off the floor, growling, 'You did it to me, you bastard! You, you're the one!' Even

KROGLE

MUSIC MANIPULATORS "When we do the music for Mattel, we use slow, nonmoving music to make the car look like it's zooming around twice as fast as it is."

though I was scared to death, I knew enough not to fight back. I kept talking quietly, trying to reassure him.

"Finally, he dropped me to the floor and began kicking the chairs around. I moved to the record player while he bashed his helmeted head against a concrete pole. As he tore a dozen comic books to shreds, I began playing the loud passages from *The Moldau* by Smetana. Peter froze.

"The music was wild, just like Peter's emotions, and that got his attention. From there I gradually moved the mood, tempo and intensity to calmer sounds until, after forty-five minutes, I was into some harpsichord things. That was when I spotted him coming for me again, and I figured this was it; he would finish me off.

"Instead, he asked for a cigarette and sat down to talk—a man who hadn't spoken one rational word in over eight months. It was a tremendous breakthrough. We proved that by music alone, you could calm psychotics, make them more sociable, so they could understand what's happening to them.

"Most people think that if they feel depressed, the best thing to do is play happy music to cheer themselves up," explains Knieste. "But that's the very worst thing you can do. Hyper people who play quiet music to relax end up kicking holes through both speakers. To benefit from mood changes, you have to start right where that person is and establish musical rapport. Depressed people need depressing music; angry people need angry music. Tell me what kind of music a person plays and I'll tell you that person's state of mind."

After 30 years of researching musical affects, Knieste has isolated 256 theme lines. He's charted them for three kinds of emotional responses—joyous, neutral and depressing—then combined them into a maze of shifting sound that plays for 43 minutes, a tone trip that produces a relaxed state bordering on sleep.

At the Center for Applied Human Sciences near San Francisco, scientists found that people listening to the music moved from a mentally alert state onto a sleep threshold. Other tests by medical researchers also showed decreased anxiety and lower blood pressures.

"Music is really a powerful drug," warns Knieste. "People should be careful what they put into their ears. It can poison you, lift your spirits or make you sick without your knowing why."

Even before kids learn to speak, they are conditioned to the language of music. Recent experiments show that rhythm training begins while the embryo floats in the womb.

In Japan, Dr. Hajime Murooka studied the effects of sounds on babies. He had audio technicians record the pulsing beats inside the bodies of pregnant women, the only sound an infant hears constantly until it gets squeezed out into independent life.

Later, Dr. Murooka—head of obstetrics and gynecology at Nippon Medical University—played back these body-beat sounds to a nursery full of wailing newborns. The results were astounding. In less than a minute, every baby was quiet. Thirty seconds later, they were all fast asleep.

Follow-up studies in New York, in California, in Florida and throughout Europe confirm that these body beats are 100 percent effective in stifling the infant crying reflex. Average silencing time—35 seconds. Average to-sleep time—90 seconds.

The earliest music most American kids hear in big doses is the cartoon sound track. Toddlers crawl, lie, sit or sprawl in front of TV's flickering *Flintstones* or Disney images while music hypes the action. Car smashups mean drum and cymbal crashes; chases are spurred on by piano runs; teases and taunts are implied by trombones going yeh-yeh-yeh. Happy stories feature flutes and major chords. When the bad guys enter, oboes and organs in minor keys accent the impending evil. Children learn a musical shorthand that sets them up for the rest of their lives. And sets them up is the right phrase: Tony Asher, of Asher/Bahler Associates in Los Angeles, today's top composer of musical commercials, says, "We do music for commercials for Mattel, the toy manufacturer. Let's say we're doing the music for the little cars that zip around a track. By using slow, nonmoving music, we can make that car look like it's zooming around twice as fast as it really is."

Pros agree that the McDonald's campaign of a few years ago—"You deserve a break today"—represents the perfect marriage between action and sound. Says Asher, "Those spots started with light bouncy stuff. Major chords. Banjos. The family gets in the car and starts down the highway. The light stuff sets the pace for the terrific climax—"so get up and get away." They put these retarded beats in, those hesitations that go *you . . . deserve . . . a . . . break . . . today.* Pompous stuff, sure. But after the light preliminaries, they hit you with a big finish. The lift you get is filed away in your memory bank, and the next time you see a McDonald's, you try to get that good feeling back with a Big Mac."

Tony Schwartz, Ph.D., communications consultant and columnist for *Media Industry Newsletter*, is not totally convinced that music is the only effective manipulator of emotion. "Jingles are like a nose cold. Infectious. Contagious. You don't know where you picked it up and it's hard to get rid of. But a jingle is just a memory device that aids retention. The spoken words in a commercial do something else.

"Suppose I met you on the street and said, 'Hi, what's new?' You would probably answer me. But if, when we met, I sang, 'What's new, how is the world treating you?' you'd think, what the hell is wrong with that guy? Spoken words strengthen the communication. In McDonald's spots, the music says one thing but the words tell you what kinds of food you can buy there, spoken by charming voices that add reality.

"Of course, one of the major reasons why McDonald's commercials are so effective is that the company puts lots of money into producing them and even more in putting them on the air. After a while, the commercials become environmental, commonplace, known to all."

Schwartz calls himself a rearranger, one who takes recorded music and restructures it. A few years ago, Coca-Cola came to him and asked him if he could say, "Things Go Better with Coke," without using an announcer to read the line. So Schwartz asked for tapes of their old commercials, "rearranged" them and added effects of his own.

"I looked at the process like putting some syrup on French toast. Coca-Cola had already done the saturation. I figured if they could put that theme into you, I could pull it out of you."

So he pulled apart the commercials' music and inserted sound effects—birds tweeting, a car's engine revving up evolving into a girl humming, the gurgle of water being poured in a glass, laughter, ice cubes clinking and, finally, a group singing out "Things Go Better with Coke." No announcer but lots of magic. Schwartz did 300 of these spots. Some of them won international prizes and, more to the point in advertising, they sold a lot of Coke.

Not surprisingly, in fact, a 55-city survey found that the most popular TV commercials last year involved music. The first five, in order: Coke, Alka-Seltzer, McDonald's, Pepsi and Purina Cat Chow. Chow, chow, chow. . . .

Sound is measured in decibels (dB). A zero reading is the faintest noise human ears can hear. At 30–45 dB, people start paying attention. By 50 dB, annoyance sets in. By 70 dB, the autonomic nervous system gets turned on—arteries narrow, blood pressure rises, blood flow to the heart decreases. At 90 dB, work efficiency falls and errors increase.

(Continued on page 132)

David Chagall is now at work on a book about political manipulators, "The New Kingmakers," for Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. He claims he is always in control.

McCormick, who has written Johnny Carson's monologues for the last several years, is re-creating his role of Big Enos in the upcoming "Smokey and the Bandit II."

THE GENTLEMANLY ART OF DROPPING TROU

Etiquette by Pat McCormick

Everyone expresses himself through body language. The forms of body language range from the subtle (how one crosses his legs) to the blatant (how one crosses his legs around the head of a cleaning lady). I communicate with a different kind of body language: I drop my pants. A gentlemanly art.

Pants-dropping is in no way to be confused with mooning—an art-deco perversion that surfaced on college campuses in the Fifties and fell to its lowest form with something called a "pressed ham" (one pushes his glandi maximi against the car windshield of an elderly woman stuck in a gas line, thus leaving a mark that the gas station attendant refuses to squeegee). This is not art. It is abhorrent behavior to the professional pants-dropper, who is a true artist and, above all, a gentleman. I am a professional pants-dropper. And, if I may abandon humility, I am the best in the world. I have

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GARY HEERY

WHERE NOT TO DROP

dropped my pants at my own wedding, in the United Nations building, at Notre Dame cathedrals on several continents. I don't know if it was my hands, my coordination, my fabulous timing—but I was a natural.

To any young kids out there who want to become Olympic-caliber pants-droppers, here are some helpful hints from my book, *The Joy of Dropping Pants.**

Beginner's Tips

1. Get some pants.
2. Plant your feet firmly, with your weight on the balls of your feet, or with the weight of your balls on your feet—whichever is more comfortable.
3. Unbuckle your belt, but hold it as if the buckle were still fastened.
4. Let go.
5. After desired reaction, pull pants up and quickly buckle belt.
6. Walk away very fast.

Dropping Through the Ages

April 2, 1241 B.C.: A tailor in Athens, Greece, Murray Thamopides, invents the first belt.

February 7, 1201 B.C.: Murray Thamopides invents the belt loop.

August 14, 1187 B.C.: Murray Thamopides invents the side belt loop.

October 25, 1163 B.C.: Murray Thamopides invents the back belt loop.

May 11, 1151 B.C.: Murray Thamopides dies trying to loop the first belt.

582 B.C.: Moses drops his pants, but no one notices because he has a robe on over them.

December 5, 33 B.C.: The first pants-drop recorded in history: Joseppe Christ does it in front of the Three Wise Men. His quote: "If you're so wise, look at this."

March 10, A.D. 384: Sir Pee Wee Ashland is the first knight to drop his armor, breaking both his feet. He was so angry that he locked his wife, Lady Dotty, in chastity panty hose until the Crusades were over.

A.D. 980: First papal drop. Pope John Paul Shecky

At your indecent-exposure trial

At your wedding

At a friend's funeral

* *The Handicapped Joy of Dropping Pants*, with a foreword by Franklin D. Roosevelt, will be on sale in December.

drops his pants in Rome after a roast for Attila the Hun.

A.D. 1621: Galileo climbs up the Leaning Tower of Pisa and drops a pair of size-48 pants and a pair of size-26 pants. They both hit the ground at the same time. Galileo, however, is arrested and imprisoned for ten years. After he is paroled, he drops a lead ball and a feather, which gets better press.

A.D. 1798: French Revolution—Henri Jourdan has his ass chopped off.

A.D. 1802: The first black to drop his pants, Kunta Washington, does it on a slave ship, the Cotton Jammer. Of course, he has no pants; but, being resourceful, he uses the first mate's best shore pants (without the first mate's permission, incidentally), and drops them during a tit inspection. Portuguese fishermen later catch a shark that has Kunta's body in its belly.

A.D. 1928: Babe Ruth drops his pants after hitting a home run for an orphan.

WHERE TO DROP

Right before sex

July 3, A.D. 1963: In San Francisco, the Vienna Boys Choir drops their pants, but not voluntarily. Two hundred hairdressers pulled them down.

Addenda

Speed record for corduroy: 2.1 seconds. Speed record for pants to floor (any fabric): .617 seconds (disallowed because it was wind aided).

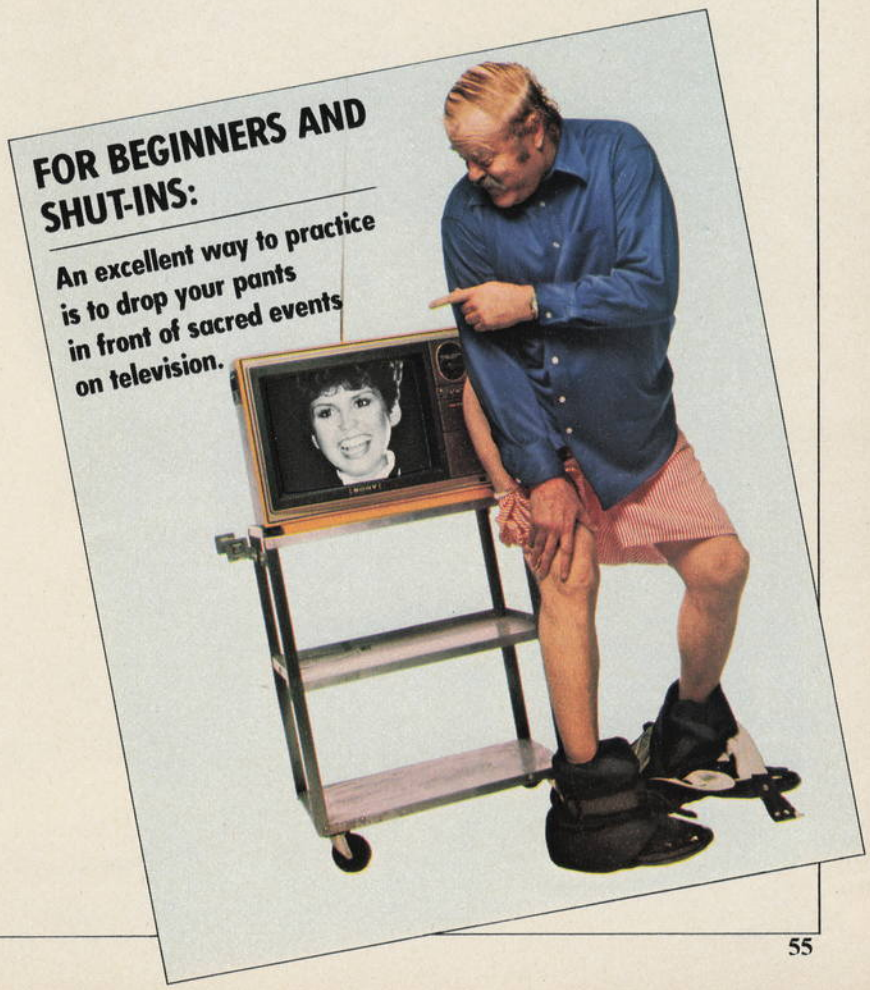
Expert pants-droppers: If you're going for a land-speed record, it is best to shave your legs and then butter them.

Dropping pants in space is very difficult. One astronaut tried it. His pants were in orbit for four years and are now stuck against a meteor.

•

Yes, dropping pants is a fine old art. It is done with style whenever and wherever gentlemen gather. It is a gesture of gourmet merriment. It is an expression of freedom. Think about it: Nobody ever started a war while they were dropping their pants. ■

At the proctologist's



JFK
MIA
060
009
TXL
BRAZIL
MIAMI
COLOMBIA
MEXICO
BOGOTA

THE FURTHER TRAVELS OF ZACHARY SWAN

The hero of *Snowblind* is still one snort ahead of the law

Adventure by Jonathan Black

He sits quietly in the first-class section of Avianca flight 55. Fiftyish, with gold-rimmed glasses and salt-and-pepper hair, he resembles a professor. Returning from a conference in Bogotá, you figure. As you watch him leaf through the pages of his *Saturday Review*, you think to yourself that he looks familiar. The face—you've seen it before. Of course. On Tom Snyder. On the *Today Show*. Everywhere. Hawking his book. Of course, it's Zachary Swan, Madison Avenue-hotshot-turned-cocaine-smuggler. The *bandito* hero of *Snowblind*.

Vaguely, you recall the details. Busted in 1972 on an East Hampton beach at dawn. Stoned on Quaaludes, coke and hash, led lurching and protesting to the local police precinct. Charged with possession of a dangerous substance: narcotics—lots of it. Thanks to his white skin, clean record and sharp lawyer, he's eventually acquitted of all but a minor charge for gun possession (a revolver dug up from the patio). A lucky man, set free on five years probation. But watching him idly turn the pages of his magazine, you can't help but pity the penitent. He doesn't look happy. No doubt he misses the high living and fancy company. You can't snort memories . . .

But you are not the only one on flight 55 to notice Zachary Swan. A redhead in a tweed suit has stopped at his seat. She bends over. You can barely hear their hushed exchange. It goes like this:

"*Later*," he whispers.

Her voice is a hiss. "*Now!* In back."

Zachary Swan doesn't like it. The girl wasn't supposed to talk to him. She wasn't even supposed to notice him. Swan is merely along as insurance, to make sure she doesn't land at JFK and board the next flight to Manitoba. He likes what the girl says next even less.

"I quit," she whispers.

Swan glances to his right, out the window. They are flying over Chesapeake Bay. In less than 30 minutes, the passengers of Avianca flight 55 will be deplaning at the International Arrivals building.

"You can't quit now!"

"I quit. Meet me in back. In the bathroom."

Swan obliges. He will simply employ his craft, his wile—argue her out of the last-minute jitters. She has nothing to fear. She's well protected. A dozen witnesses overheard the exchange by the hotel pool in Bogotá. The redhead was sipping her piña colada when the American hurried over and explained he had been suddenly called to Brazil on urgent business. He would have to break their dinner engagement. And would the lady mind terribly doing a little favor? Carrying a package back home? A Colombian hammock? He would be so appreciative. It was Zachary Swan's patented protection scheme.

But the girl in the bathroom doesn't want to hear about protection schemes. She wants out. She was crazy even to consider it. She digs in her purse and presents Swan with a plastic-wrapped packet. Swan returns it. The girl stuffs it in Swan's jacket pocket. Swan drops it in her purse. Eventually, Swan pockets the coke and dispatches the girl to her seat with instructions to forget all about it.

He understands. It happens. Swan's world will not collapse. He will even survive the financial loss. Cut and retailed, the coke will bring maybe $35,000 on the street. But Swan's loss will only amount to what he paid in Colombia: $6000. He can always afford to give up a load.

A bit morosely, Zachary trudges back to his seat. Already he can feel the plane dipping from 30,000 to 25,000 feet. And he can feel the bulge in his pocket. A shame to give up the load. His pride as a con artist has been ruffled. Of course, he can always take a chance and walk it through. But even though Swan has never been tossed, it's too risky. He'll leave his goodies for a stewardess. And yet, maybe—just *maybe*. There is, after all, a gap. A gap Swan spotted almost as soon as he began to reconnoiter Colombia. It's a gap whose time has come.

From the overhead compartment, Swan takes down the red Avianca blanket. He opens the plastic, slips his small package into the snug woolly folds of the comforter and then replaces the blanket exactly as he found it. Even a thorough steward will

New York freelancer Jonathan Black insisted we pick up this article in a telephone booth.

ILLUSTRATION BY HARUO

notice nothing remarkable. When the plane lands at JFK, Swan strolls through customs and pauses at the Avianca counter to purchase a one-way ticket to Bogotá, reserving a first-class seat on tomorrow morning's flight. Then he takes a taxi to his Upper West Side apartment. Come morning, he's first in line for the flight. He waits till the first-class cabin is empty; then the compartment is opened and the blanket brought down. Moment-of-truth time: Is this plane the very same Boeing 727 that landed the night before? Thirty-five thousand dollars says it is. Thirty-five thousand dollars wins. Nestled in the folds of the comforter is Swan's little package. Swan explains to the stewardess that he must rush off and make a phone call. From the first-class lounge, he calls his wife, Alice: "Guess what I have in my pocket?"

The Avianca Blanket Scam was neither the first nor the last smuggle engineered by Zachary Swan since his trial in 1972. Should you be informed that approximately 20 kilos of pure cocaine have arrived in the last few years, thanks to Swan's transport—delivered in handbags, in boat hooks, in bolts of fabric soaked in cocaine solution, in Swan's marvels of carpentry—you might conclude that Zachary Swan had become addicted to low-life criminality, or perhaps was indulging in a childish rebellion against the system. But you judge too harshly; you forget the economics. How was poor Zachary Swan expected to make a living? Certainly not on the paltry publishing advance Bobbs-Merrill provided for *Snowblind*. It was clearly a case of scam or starve. And so that day in 1974, as Swan and his new acquaintance—a young writer named Robert Sabbag—departed the Bobbs-Merrill office with contracts stuffed in their pockets, Swan turned to Sabbag and asked, "How long do you think this book will take?"

"About two years," conceded Sabbag.

Swan looked at Sabbag's half of the advance—a $2500 check—then looked at his own check, then looked back at Sabbag: "Think I could borrow some money?"

Swan began to think. He had only been caught that ill-fated, over-Quaaluded East Hampton morn because, clearly, he *wanted* to be caught. A dose of self-destruction. A cry to be punished. But when he put his mind to it, there was not a more cunning, enterprising or cautious smuggler around. And again, Swan was ready to put his mind to it. This scheme was foolproof. There was this flight from Bogotá . . .

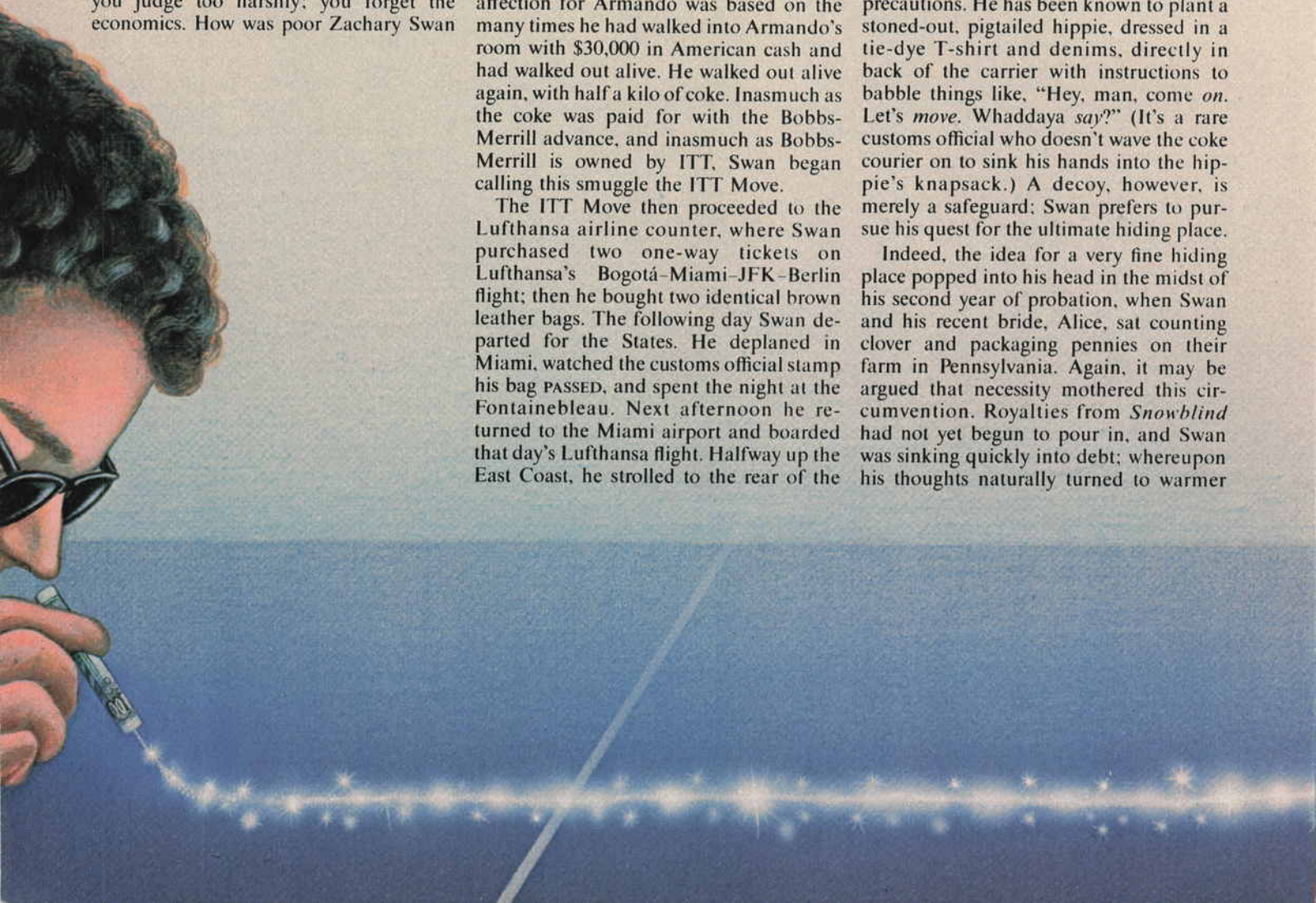
Not long after, Swan could be found in the Colombian capital sharing a hefty knockout joint with an ex-Cuban baseball player by the name of Armando. Few great friendships are struck among coke dealers; the best to be hoped for is that one party chooses not to murder the other. Swan's affection for Armando was based on the many times he had walked into Armando's room with $30,000 in American cash and had walked out alive. He walked out alive again, with half a kilo of coke. Inasmuch as the coke was paid for with the Bobbs-Merrill advance, and inasmuch as Bobbs-Merrill is owned by ITT, Swan began calling this smuggle the ITT Move.

The ITT Move then proceeded to the Lufthansa airline counter, where Swan purchased two one-way tickets on Lufthansa's Bogotá–Miami–JFK–Berlin flight; then he bought two identical brown leather bags. The following day Swan departed for the States. He deplaned in Miami, watched the customs official stamp his bag PASSED, and spent the night at the Fontainebleau. Next afternoon he returned to the Miami airport and boarded that day's Lufthansa flight. Halfway up the East Coast, he strolled to the rear of the plane and stopped to chat with an American woman about the Miami heat wave. The woman slipped a magazine into Swan's bag. When Swan landed at JFK, he and his coke-laden bag were diverted around customs and into the main lobby.

In smuggling parlance, the ITT Move succeeded thanks to a "gap." An axiom goes: The more perfect the gap, the less the need for concealment. Swan, of course, is not against hiding. Quite the contrary. He has devoted many happy hours to perfecting the fine art of concealment. He is particularly proud of his carpentry—those wooden Colombian statues ingeniously prepared by Swan's ace man with a chisel. Even with the statue cleaved, hammered and sawed, a cache of cocaine may very well go undetected, thanks largely to Zachary Swan's first commandment of carpentry: Never, *never* hide anything in the middle. A statue can be split six ways without a customs official discovering the seam of coke concealed along one edge.

Swan takes similar pride in outfoxing the most zealous boat search. While the Coast Guard tears apart every bulkhead, mast and life jacket, Swan's treasure remains in the galley unmolested in rolling pins and long thin gaffers. To date, Swan's concealment record is perfect. Occasionally, when a load is being carried through customs on foot, Swan will take added precautions. He has been known to plant a stoned-out, pigtailed hippie, dressed in a tie-dye T-shirt and denims, directly in back of the carrier with instructions to babble things like, "Hey, man, come *on*. Let's *move*. Whaddaya *say*?" (It's a rare customs official who doesn't wave the coke courier on to sink his hands into the hippie's knapsack.) A decoy, however, is merely a safeguard; Swan prefers to pursue his quest for the ultimate hiding place.

Indeed, the idea for a very fine hiding place popped into his head in the midst of his second year of probation, when Swan and his recent bride, Alice, sat counting clover and packaging pennies on their farm in Pennsylvania. Again, it may be argued that necessity mothered this circumvention. Royalties from *Snowblind* had not yet begun to pour in, and Swan was sinking quickly into debt; whereupon his thoughts naturally turned to warmer



climes, like Colombia, and to capital, of which there was none. So what does a resourceful man in the country do? He places an ad in the local paper that reads: "Old Jeans Wanted: $1 a pair." It wasn't long before a thousand faded denims were packed in a battered station wagon and trucked to Mexico, where Swan unloaded the cargo at 12 bucks a pair.

Eleven thousand dollars richer, Swan arranged a rendezvous with his old chum, Black Dan—an intimidating hulk of a man with muscles strung like bridge cables and the kind of look in his eye that prompts customs officials to wave him by without questions. Indeed, three days before, Black Dan had casually strolled into Mexico with several kilos of coke taped to his legs. All very convenient for Swan, who left Black Dan with half a kilo and then drove Alice to the border town of Iglesias for a Sunday-morning bullfight. Except Swan never got to see the bullfight. For 20 minutes he trudged through the dust of the parking lot till he found what he wanted: a 1972 blue Plymouth station wagon with El Paso plates. The car had no scratch marks, marks which might have indicated a dog (a dog might later prove troublesome). Tires looked good (a flat would be awkward). Satisfied, Swan signaled Alice to stand guard, then bent in the dust, quickly pried off a hubcap and stuffed the coke inside. As he left the parking lot, he jotted down the Plymouth's license number. If he lost the car, he could always slip an El Paso cop 50 bucks and explain, "I've been sideswiped. Maybe you could get me the address of the son of a gun?"

But Swan didn't lose the car. He tailed the Plymouth through customs, then into El Paso to an adobe ranch house on a quiet, tree-lined street. Swan and Alice then went off for tacos and enchiladas. It was late when they returned. The lights in the house were out. No dog barked as Swan crouched by the car in the driveway and removed his packet. He even took time to replace the hubcap before he left.

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Zachary Swan believes that the Lord Himself tempted him away from a ho-hum advertising career and commanded: Go and smuggle. That was certainly the feeling Swan experienced on a very balmy day in July—during his third year of probation—while vacationing in the small Colombian fishing village of Santa Marta. As is his custom, Swan—his brain pleasantly befuddled by primo Colombian weed—was lolling on the sand and enjoying the picturesque fishing boats that dotted the Caribbean horizon. Being a genial fellow, Swan was sharing a joint and swapping conversation with the man beside him. And what did this gentleman do? inquired the ever-affable Swan. His Colombian neighbor explained he was in charge of the fishing boats. They caught ballyhoo, a tiny bait fish. And what did he do with the ballyhoo? inquired Swan. Ah, replied the neighbor, he took the ballyhoo back to the icehouse, froze them, and then shipped the sealed cartons to Montauk Point, New York, and Riviera Beach, Florida.

Epiphany time for Zachary Swan. Through the haze of Colombian dope, great clouds of paranoia began to take shape. They finally did it, figured Swan; they're trying to . . . *entrap* me. An ingenious, devious plot . . . those innocent ballyhoo boats, the specially constructed icehouse, this chummy Colombian. But eventually, cooler wisdom prevailed. And did customs ever pry open the crates and let the fish rot? asked Swan.

"Not to my knowledge."

"You and I," said Swan, "are going to have a little chat."

The chat was quickly followed by $500 changing hands. In Colombia, a man will generally shoot your mother for $100 in American bills. For $250, he'll shoot *his* mother. For $500, the fisherman was more than delighted to let the *gringo* burrow a small hole in the midst of his ballyhoo and insert a half-kilo of plastic-wrapped coke.

A few weeks later, Swan appeared at the icehouse in Riviera Beach, Florida. Employing his favorite disguise, he announced he was a writer doing a piece on Colombian fishermen and would like to buy baitfish. The attendant obligingly pulled down a 50-pound carton, but Swan had his eye on another crate—the one with BALLYHOO, RIVIERA BEACH stenciled just a little crookedly. "That," said Swan, "looks like a real full one."

(Continued on page 135)

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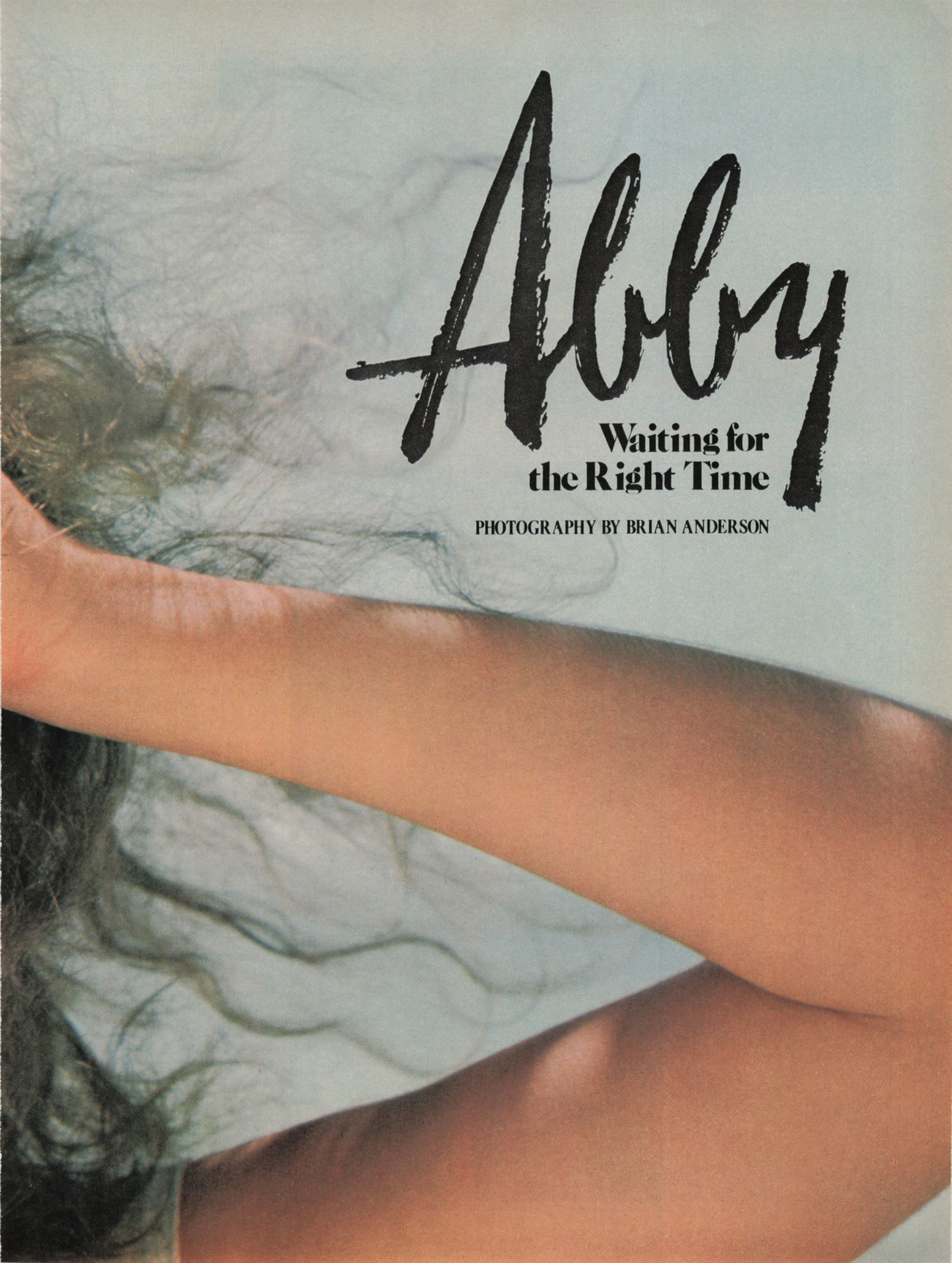
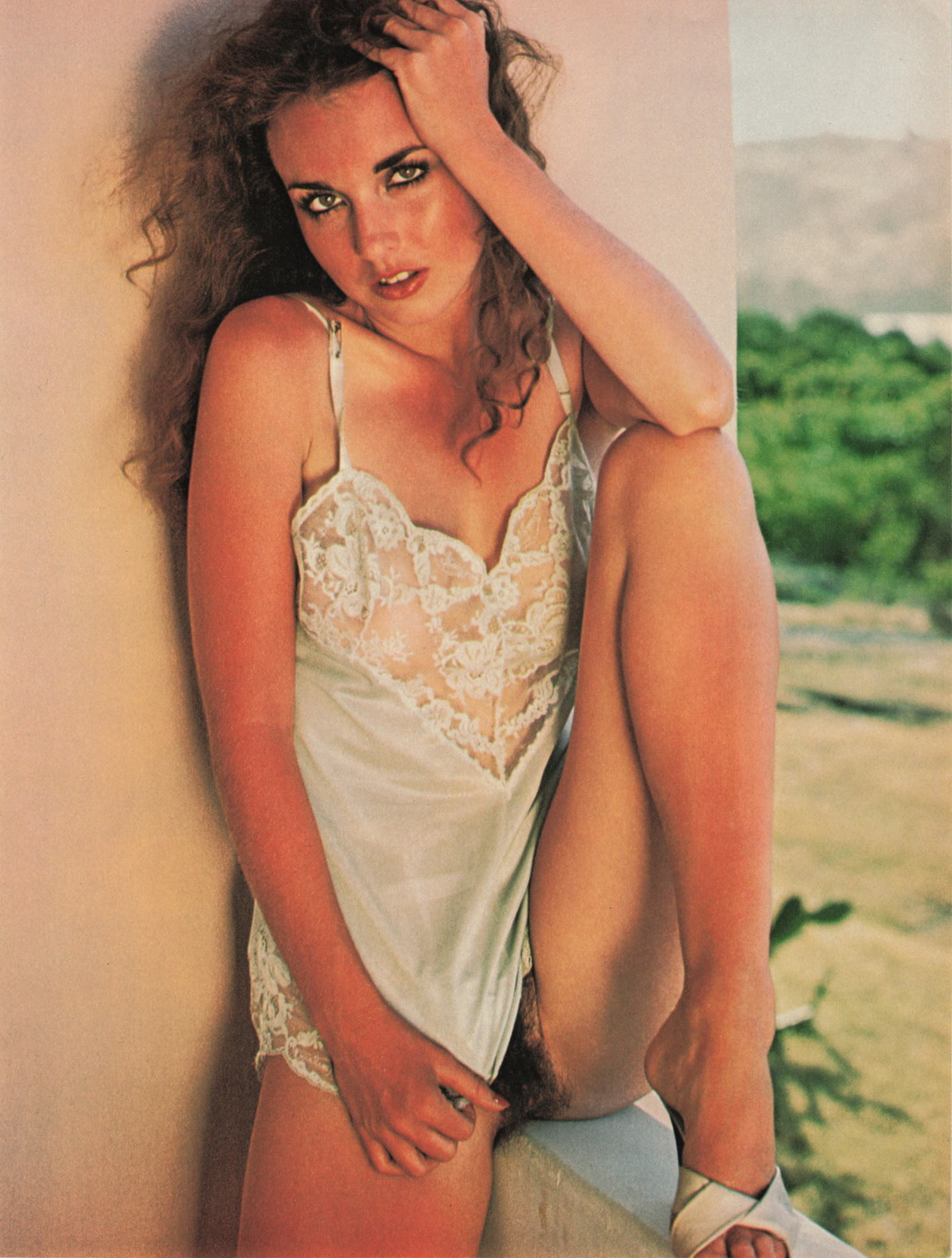


Abby

Waiting for the Right Time

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BRIAN ANDERSON

When we met Abby on Guadeloupe, she was taking a vacation from a strange reputation. You see, whenever the 21-year-old speaks, she has a funny way of wrinkling her nose. What's more, her hazel eyes twinkle when she laughs. This facial silliness makes her angry sometimes, causing her freckles to flare just a bit—and *that* makes her downright irresistible. "Ever since I can remember, people have been calling me fresh-faced or cute or, worse still, virginal. Sometimes I wish to God I'd been born with vampish looks; then I wouldn't have to keep explaining why this 'adorable' girl wants to do such 'unnatural' things." What sort of things? "Well, I'd rather not go into all the details—but I will tell you that I've never given a man head in my whole life. Can you believe that?" Sure, sure. And the Mounties always get their man, too. We pointed out that oral sex isn't considered unnatural these days. "Don't I know it," Abby said with a sweet smile. "I mean, I've done most everything else. But whenever I tell one of my girlfriends back in Canada that I'm still looking for the one man who will get the treat of his life, they say I'm unnatural." Perhaps your friends just think it odd that you haven't taken the big step yet. Could that account for your notoriety? "Well, sometimes I find all this fuss about who does exactly what to whom very confusing. That's why I decided to get as far south from home as my money could take me—so I would be able to think about what *I* want from now on." Which is? "A man who isn't totally preoccupied with his cock, for starters. Some women find it charming the way guys always want you to do down on them. They even use the man's desire for head as a way to extract favors and all that. However, I think it indicates a man who feels he can't get respect from a woman unless she's on her knees."



Abby's
forever
explaining
why
such an
"adorable" girl
wants to
do such
"unnatural"
things

Aha! So Abby's simply never met a man she's respected enough to fellate? "Oh, I've come close a bunch of times. In fact, I spent the night before my flight to Guadeloupe with a wonderful guy from New York whom I *almost* sucked. But he was so intent on pleasing me that I never got the chance, darn it. Another time, a month ago, at a party, I met a photographer who was being so sweet and conversational that I asked him point-blank, 'Would you like me to give you head?' He stammered and blushed so horribly that I immediately gave up the idea." We told Abby point-blank that her story sounded highly unlikely. "Not at all. I found out later that he was gay. I suppose being from Canada and having gone to Catholic girls' schools all my life, I'm just rather naive. I hadn't noticed the difference. But I'm still looking."

oui

A CONVERSATION WITH

LENNY AND SQUIGGY

America's two biggest imbeciles speak what's left of their minds about sex in cars, birth control, magazines with French names, good drugs and why Lucy hates *Laverne and Shirley.*

It's like this. We wanted to interview Laverne and Shirley, but when we got to their basement apartment in Milwaukee, it was flooded and the couch was bobbing up and down. While Shirl tried to rescue some drowning mice, Laverne moaned, "What can possibly be worse than this?" Which is when the door flew open and in swaggered Lenny and Squiggy...

"Hello."

Lenny and Squiggy began life several years ago in the boys' dorm at Carnegie Tech. Their creators, Michael McKean (left) and David L. Lander, were drama students who moved to Hollywood and eventually improvised their way into a comedy group called the Credibility Gap. Penny Marshall caught their act and asked them to do some Lenny-and-Squiggy shtick at a party celebrating her new TV series, *Laverne and Shirley.* The boys were hired on the spot.

Today, Lenny and Squiggy have taken on a life of their own. As Lenny and the Squigtones, they are on the verge of becoming rock-'n'-roll stars, thanks to Casablanca Records and the 50 million fans who follow the greasers' weekly TV screw-ups.

Lenny and Squiggy, as everyone knows, are two Fifties rejects who think they're the coolest guys on earth. Says Lenny of Squiggy: "Squiggy don't believe in reading music or paying for magazines or sleeping near a vent, but he knows what he's doing." Says Squiggy of Lenny: "He's great at making funny noises with his skin."

OUI sent John Calendo—who makes some pretty funny noises with skin himself—to chat up America's morons on the Paramount lot, where *Laverne and Shirley* is filmed.

Says John: "To interview Lenny and Squiggy—for it's impossible to interview McKean and Lander without the two characters breaking through in adenoidal whines—is to interview the most authentic voices of our time. They are Pet Rocks in the flesh. What people like is that Lenny and Squiggy don't mince words—they speak inanities baldly, smugly and with total conviction. They make mindlessness funny."

OUI: Would you want Lenny and Squiggy as close friends?

LANDER: No. But Peter Bonerz, who played the dentist on *The Bob Newhart Show*, once said a great thing: "For character actors, the best parts to play are people you hate."

McKEAN: Lenny and Squiggy are based on a lot of morons we grew up with. A sort of moroncosm. We were always doing these guys in back alleys and dorm rooms at Carnegie Tech. The first time we did them onstage, Lenny and Squiggy—then it was Lenny and Anthony—were two sixteen-year-olds hanging out on the street corner saying, "Hey puss-say!" to every girl who passed. Audiences reacted in a way we hadn't foreseen. They got off on them as being the two tough assholes we always wanted to laugh at but were scared to. And now it was safe to really let go. Women didn't say, "Oh, what sexist remarks," but "I thought I was the only one who noticed creeps like that." A compliment we get is: "I love you guys; you turn my stomach."

LANDER: Lenny and Squiggy are also like punk rockers, in that they have an incredible arrogance about their oddities. Squiggy is the worst kind of egomaniac—an egomaniac who's *wrong*! And Lenny feeds that neurosis. God knows what they tell each other about sex. We never did this on TV, but when they go on a date, nine times out of ten, neither of them gets laid. But while Lenny tells the truth, Squiggy always says he's getting it right and left.

McKEAN: Plus there's the fact that Squiggy comes in five minutes. And . . . [Goes into his Lenny voice]

LENNY: Jeez, there's gotta be something wrong with me. It takes me a good ten, eleven minutes! That girl last night was going crazy. I thought she was gonna slash her wrists! She kept saying, "I can't stand it! I can't stand it!" Lucky you. Five minutes, you're out the door.

LANDER: They have strange sexual beliefs like . . . [Goes into his Squiggy voice]

SQUIGGY: I was reading this book that says if you fuck someone standing up, she'll never get pregnant. It falls right out.

LENNY: That's making gravity your friend and not your father. To make sure it's all out, you should also pick the girl up by the armpits and shake her over a stairwell.

SQUIGGY: But you gotta watch it, or the next thing you know, people will be combing a kid outta their hair.

LANDER: Lenny and Squiggy are totally insensitive to each other's feelings. Like Squiggy will start saying how his father has this important position at "the honor farm"; and Lenny, instead of looking the other way, will go, "Honor farm! You mean jail." This puts Squiggy in a position of having to dump on Lenny's father . . .

SQUIGGY: Well, your old man was an A-hole right down to his fingertips.

LENNY: All right, but he did very well for a man in that condition.

LANDER: They are the worst influence on each other; yet they have something a lot of marriages don't—compatibility. Granted, an awful sort of compatibility. They may fight, they may feed each other

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHRIS CALLIS

misinformation, but they thrive on each other's bad influence. And they are totally upfront with one another. Like—well, here's a bit we didn't get on the show—Squiggy likes a nice hot bath. But Lenny likes it lukewarm. So Squiggy bathes first and when he's finished . . .

LENNY: I hop in. It's a little gray, but that's no reason for two guys not to live together.

OUI: What would happen if one of the boys got married?

McKEAN AND LANDER: The other one would move in!

Lenny: I'll tell ya how to pick up girls. She's passing in the street, right? You say, "Hey, puss-say!"

Squiggy: Or talk poetry, like, "You know something? I bet in the moonlight, your ass, it does twinkle."

OUI: Sort of like *Jules and Jim*.

LANDER: In a way. But if Squiggy screwed Lenny's wife, that would definitely hurt their relationship.

McKEAN: Unless, of course, Lenny offered. Like Eskimos.

LANDER: They'd both look on her as the person who cooked and cleaned. When Lenny and the wife were screwing, Squiggy would read a magazine. No problem. As long as the guys' loyalty was intact. It's a perfect example of a certain type of male friendship. Lenny and Squiggy come as a package . . . not while he's reading the magazine, of course.

OUI: How did you two meet?

McKEAN: Me and Dave? Or Lenny and Squiggy?

OUI: Let's take Lenny and Squiggy first.

LENNY: Met in a fight.

SQUIGGY: Big fight.

LENNY: We were walking down the street, took one look at each other and said, "Fuck this!"

SQUIGGY: We must have beat up on each other fifty times in one month. We kept score, and every one of our fuckin' fights was a draw.

LENNY: That's when we knew we should be best friends.

OUI: How about Lander and McKean?

LANDER: We met when we were drama students at Carnegie Tech. Then, separately, we came to Hollywood and joined an acting group called the Credibility Gap. We were doing Lenny and Anthony. Anthony had a cousin named Squiggy, who was a big folk hero to them. He had only one phrase in his vocabulary: "Kick ass." Penny Marshall had just gotten cast in *Laverne and Shirley*. She'd seen us and invited us to a party: "If you could just do those two characters for everybody, you could maybe get a shot on the show as the girls' last-ditch dates. I know it's terrible to ask you to perform at a party, but it's hard to explain what those two guys *are* unless you see them." Well, Mike and I were on the verge of brokedom . . .

McKEAN: I was on the verge of pregnancy.

LANDER: Yeah, he had a pregnant wife. So we went to the party and did a routine on Domestics Trade School, where Lenny and Anthony were gonna learn to be butlers. Everybody went bananas, and we were asked to write ourselves into the show. But they didn't like the name Anthony because *Laverne and Shirley* already had too many Italians. So we used Squiggy. The next thing we knew, the network, after initially despising the characters . . .

McKEAN: They tested badly. The first episode was previewed by an audience who sat in chairs that had dials that go from "like" to "don't like." Well, when Lenny and Squiggy came on, people tried to pull the knobs off the console.

LANDER: So, after initially hating the characters, the network, within the first six

weeks, asked us to do a spin-off. We were told to write a *Lenny and Squiggy in the Army* pilot.

McKEAN: Which was utter stupidity, because we didn't know what we could do on TV yet. So we wrote the pilot in one day, and they passed on it. Forgot the whole deal.

LANDER: A lot of the problem was not knowing how dirty we could get on TV.

McKEAN: We thought we were already censoring ourselves. We'd say, "I woulda wore my dinner jacket, but my dog puked on it." We figured that was better than, "My dog shit on it." So it comes out, "My polo pony ate it!"

LANDER: We're glad we have a "Lenny and the Squigtones" nightclub act and are recording with Casablanca, because we can use a lot of dirty words. Which is only accurate. That's the way the Lennys and Squiggys really talk.

OUI: Are you serious, then, about music as a second career?

LANDER: Lenny and Squiggy are incredibly serious about it. The network is now considering a spin-off, where Lenny and Squiggy want to become rock stars. So they move to Newark, New Jersey, to be near the center of the music industry.

McKEAN: Which, of course, is New York. But they don't know anyone in New York. So, yeah, music is a serious move for us. The career that pays the real money will reflect the made-up career.

OUI: What do you do to relieve the pressure of being overnight Hollywood successes?

McKEAN: We're heavy into goat-fucking. I tell you, I trust a good goat.

OUI: Would you like to see a goat centerfold in OUI?

McKEAN: Let's be reasonable here! Nobody wants to see his fantasies brought to life; then there would be no mystery. I mean, we'd all like to see naked women washing cars, but don't do it! Leave us something to imagine.

LANDER: I'll tell you what I'd like to see in OUI. Put a girl on the corner of every page, and when you flip the pages, she moves. So then the girl is not just sitting there on the couch.

McKEAN: She's jumping around on it.

LANDER: Up and down and up and down. That's the kind of entertainment the young man of today wants. I'm talking about your business executives, your rock stars . . .

McKEAN: When young men of today go to a bar, do they say, "Hey, let's see if there's anything not moving?" No. They say, "Let's see if there's some action." Get those girls moving, because I think—and I'm not being paid to say this—that OUI's got the best chicks.

LANDER: And if you guys picked up on goats, I'm sure you'd have the best goats, too.

OUI: All right, but how do your alter egos feel about OUI?

LENNY: Hey, I only jerk off to the interviews.

SQUIGGY: Me, I like magazines what are wrapped in plastic folders. I mean, if they don't let little boys read them, they gotta be good. The kind of magazines where there's always a girl on the cover being bitten by crabs—where the pictures get so close to the cunt that you can see the girl's heart beating. Sometimes I'll take a dirty magazine, much in the vein of a OUI, turn to a picture of a naked lady, prop it up on a

McKean: Lenny and Squiggy are based on the morons we grew up with. **Lander:** When they go out on a date, nine times out of ten neither of them gets laid. But while Lenny tells the truth, Squiggy always says he's getting it right and left.

LENNY AND SQUIGGY I sat next to this gorgeous girl on the bus, opened the magazine and said, "I bet you look like this with no clothes."

chair, put on a little candlelight, and I'll eat with it. Like I'll serve it wine, cottage cheese . . .

LENNY: Jeez, you've told me about that but, like, I've never really tried it.

SQUIGGY: Some night we'll double-date.

OUI: Do you have any advice for the OUI reader on . . .

SQUIGGY: The "wee reader"? They're little people? They should be reading *Junior Scholastic*; they're too tiny for this magazine. It's heavy.

OUI: Do you have any advice for our readers on picking up girls?

SQUIGGY: Yes! First get rid of these magazines! Women are not impressed when you sit next to them on the bus and turn to the centerfold. This is experience talking. I sat next to this gorgeous girl on the bus once, opened the magazine and said, "Who does this look like? I bet you look like this with no clothes." And guess what? She was turned off! Go figure. I mean, sexy pictures are very romantic. By their very nature. She ain't got no pants on. Already that's a romantic situation.

LENNY: OK, I'll tell ya how to pick up girls. She's passing on the street, right. You say, "Hey puss-say!" That always gets their attention.

SQUIGGY: You say, "Come here; I got a surprise in my pants for you."

LENNY: In other words, talk romantic.

SQUIGGY: Women will say to me, "I like you, Squiggy, because you're blunt." And I appreciate that, because it's wrong to beat around the bush when you're on the make. Just talk romantic, make poetry out of your words. Like, "You know something? I bet in the moonlight, your ass, it does twinkle."

LENNY: Surefire line.

SQUIGGY: The trouble today is that romance is going out of everything.

LENNY: Like the way commercialism is going out of Christmas. That's what breaks my heart. It's almost like it's not about buying and selling anymore.

SQUIGGY: Christmas has become just a legal holiday for department stores.

LENNY: OK, here's another great line: You're riding in your car, you pass a chick in another car and you yell out, "Hey, baby, hang it out the window."

SQUIGGY: And to you girls who read OUI—if you like what's on page forty-eight, give me a call.

OUI: So your advice, in brief, is to act like a macho pig.

LENNY: Absolutely. 'Cause any man who doesn't go around like he can deliver something he can't, ain't a man. I think it's important for men to be liars and pretend they can rule the world. I think it's important to our well-being and spiritualism.

SQUIGGY: Little boys should be more macho, too.

LENNY: That's right. They should strut more.

SQUIGGY: Otherwise, they'll grow up to be barbers.

McKEAN: Remember the joke when you were a kid about barbers being gay? Then you found out later that they all weren't. It was just, like, ninety-nine percent.

SQUIGGY: Shit, I think barbers are too stupid to be gay. But the stupidest thing on earth are little boys and girls. I mean, have you ever tried to hold a conversation with a two-year-old? Christ, are those bastards dumb!

McKEAN: Wait a minute. Before we are mailed a lot of live tarantulas from barbers and children, let me clarify: That's my partner speaking. Address your letters to him.

LANDER: Hey, come on, "wee reader." Mike and I came to the revelation awhile back that neither of us had ever played a character who wasn't a total asshole.

OUI: Do you have problems with people who buy Lenny and Squiggy completely?

McKEAN: The real Lennys and Squiggys think we glamorize them.

OUI: Those guys must be in their forties by now.

McKEAN: No, they're in their early twenties!

LANDER: This is still a disease, you know.

McKEAN: Two guys came up for our autographs once. In fact, it was in Milwaukee! Milwaukee is where *Laverne and Shirley* is supposedly taking place. Anyway, one guy had a cast on his arm and said, "My friend wants to meet ya!" The friend spits wookies in his hand and holds it out . . .

LENNY: I'll pass on that one, thank you.

SQUIGGY: Yeah, he wanted us to sign his girlfriend, too.

LENNY: Sorry, we don't do skin.

OUI: Do you always slip in and out of your alter egos like this?

LANDER: You have to remember we've been doing these guys forever. Lenny and Squiggy are very difficult to talk about. I mean, it's silly to sit here, saying, "I think the way the boys feel about life is . . ." It's easier to just become them. They're also very difficult for other writers to write. During the first year of *Laverne and Shirley*, we'd finish acting and then do rewrites with the staff. Like, we were coming to work at nine A.M. and leaving at three in the morning. Sure, we were paid for two jobs, but while we got a thousand dollars a week for acting, we only made three hundred for writing. Of course, three hundred dollars was a lot to us then, but we were killing ourselves.

McKEAN: The first batch of writers were—to put it nicely—underjuiced.

LANDER: And over-Jewed!

McKEAN: The anti-Semite of the team being the Jewish fellow.

LANDER: Their lines for us were on the level of, "Duh, two is more than seven." That kind of shit. They'd say, "We're going to expand you guys," and then come up with junk that was totally out of character.

McKEAN: By the way, I figured out a way to expand my character, Dave. I become a werewolf every fourth show.

LANDER: Obviously, Lenny and Squiggy even give *us* trouble. We'll come up with great lyrics for our songs and have to throw the best ones away, because Lenny and Squiggy wouldn't think of them. They don't have our frame of reference.

McKEAN: Their idea of great artworks is *Splish Splash, Monster Mash* . . .

LANDER: And our idea is a spread of Brigitte Bardot in *Playboy*. Excuse me, OUI.

OUI: What do you think about Fifties nostalgia?

LANDER: I think it's nice to remember.

McKEAN: Sometimes we're leery about being identified with it. If nostalgia starts to atrophy your look at the future, then it stinks.

OUI: How do you feel about Fifties items, such as car sex and mooning?

McKEAN: Car sex definitely has the edge on mooning.

LANDER: How did having sex in a car become nostalgic?

McKEAN: A lot of teenagers have their own apartments now. That whole there's-no-place-to-go thing about Fifties car sex is gone.

LANDER: No, it's not. People still fuck in airplane closets and brag about it. There's still the sense of 'We're doing something illegal; we could be caught.'

OUI: How do your alter egos feel about car sex?

LENNY: Hey, wherever you can get it!

SQUIGGY: Whether it's a gutter or a bedroom, it's the same filthy thing that my father told me about as the greatest thing in the world.

LENNY: If you're gonna go to hell, you might as well go to hell in the back of a Buick.

OUI: Many people see a similarity between your show and *I Love Lucy*. Do you?

LANDER: Sure. Both shows have girls who get covered in chocolate and suds a lot. Not only do we film on the same stage where *Lucy* was shot, but we're not winning any Emmys. *I Love Lucy* didn't, either, when it was first shown. It was a huge hit, but not a prestige hit. *M*A*S*H* is a prestige hit. *Laverne and Shirley* is not. Now everybody sees *Lucy* five times a day on Channel 11, and they're coming out of their closets: "What a great show that is." Well, it was a

(Continued on page 130)

La Dolce Auto

FURTHER PROOF
THAT ITALY GIVES GREAT HOOD

BY FRED M.H. GREGORY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
STEVE HARVEY AND JIM MATUSIK

FERRARI 308 GTS

In Italian car-making, form is just as important as function. Sometimes the two design principles weave in and out of heavy traffic together, each refusing to yield. Which explains why your Italian car is so sexy. And why your mechanic is so rich.

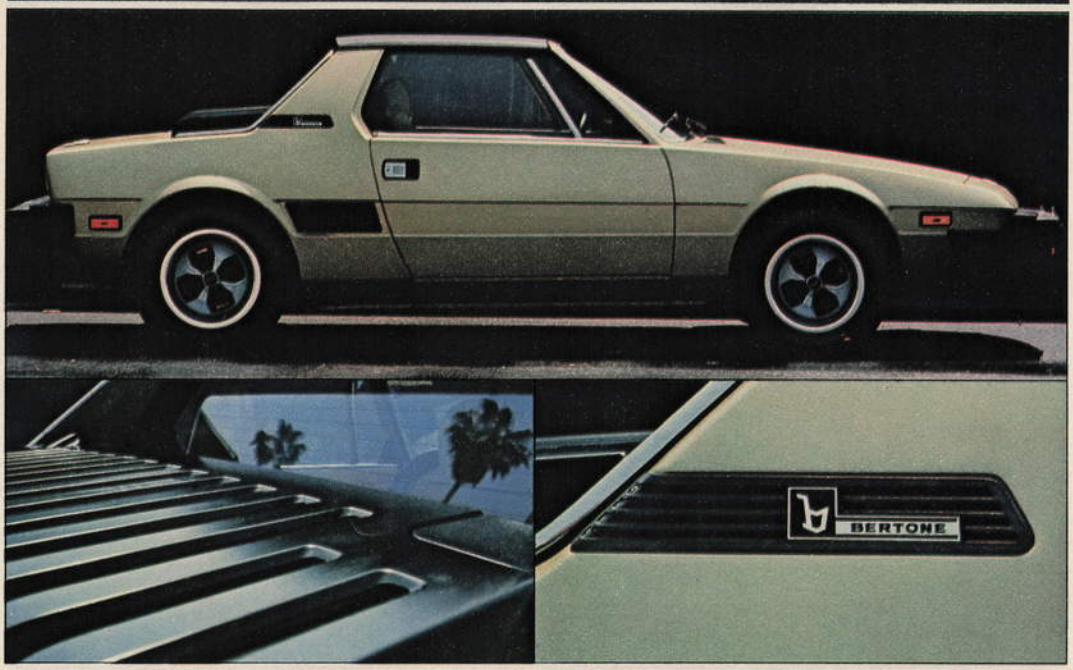
Take the *Ferrari 308 GTS*, for example. This car was designed by the legendary Pininfarina. American and German manufacturers have used his talents, but only his fellow countrymen give the master such total creative control. Wise move. The Ferrari 308 is engineered for speed, but Pininfarina's design genius makes it work with style. The front end is not only sleek, it's as slippery as a Grand Prix racer. And there's a subtle airfoil built into the rear end that keeps the car stable at top speed. The 308 is designed to look good at 160 mph, but it also looks good just standing still. Now, that's Italian.

Or look at the *Fiat X1/9*. Designed by the House of Bertone, this wedge was truly the shape of things to come, even before Triumph told you so. Originally built as a prototype for a racing machine, the mid-engine wedge proved so popular that Fiat pushed for passenger-car production. Although it bears Fiat's name, the X1/9 is manufactured by Bertone at the leisurely pace of 60 or so a week.

The *Fiat Strada*, on the other hand, rolls off Italy's biggest assembly line by the millions. But even the Strada has creative touches everywhere that add warmth to a cold, efficient design. The boxy shape, for instance, is broken by the strategic use of friendly circles in the headlights and door handles. Even the angular dashboard looks less harshly functional with rounded instruments and colorful control switches.

With the *Fiat Spider*, also

FIAT X 1/9

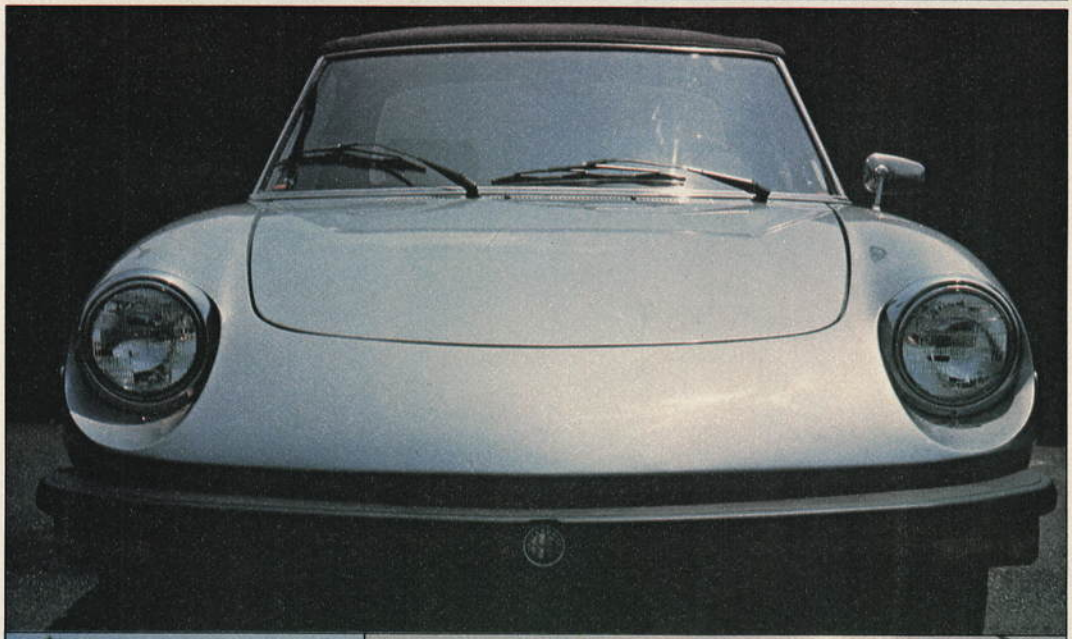


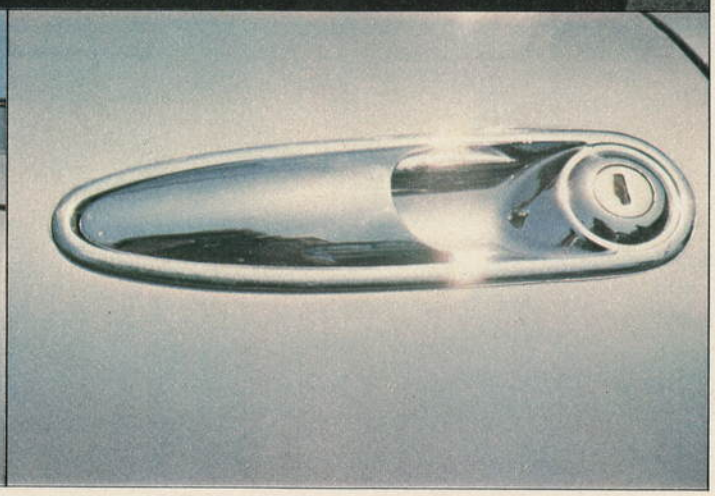
FIAT STRADA

FIAT SPIDER 2000

MASERATI MERAK/SS

ALFA ROMEO SPIDER VELOCE





designed by Pininfarina, you are looking at classic Italian consciousness. Though it was introduced 14 years ago, it still looks good today with very little modification from the original plan. The Spider reflects Pininfarina's sense of economy, without sacrificing his soft touch. Try to find a flat plane on this sexy car: It's easy to see why Spiders are the first sports cars for many American young men.

The *Maserati Merak/SS* was designed (by Giorgetto Guigaro of Ital Design) to be produced slowly and to be driven by maniacs. It manages to look mean without looking unapproachable; functional but still pleasing to the eye. Incidentally, it's interesting to note that Guigaro has since deserted this curvy look in favor of the stark approach of the VW Rabbit and the wedgy Lotus Esprit.

The *Alfa Romeo Spider Veloce*, on the other hand, is one big happy curve. It's the perfect example of Pininfarina's love for full, rounded shapes. The front end smiles at you ear-to-ear with its wraparound bumper, winking headlights and swept-back windshield. Even the recessed door handles put the fun into fun-ctional.

And finally there is the *Lancia Zagato*, a car that bears the name and look of another famous Italian coach builder. Like other Italian designers, Zagato has built unique features into his Lancia that make the car stand out in a crowd. The top comes in three parts: The rear window folds down like a convertible, the top panel lifts out, and you are left with a sturdy but elegant rollbar.

Let the rest of the world's auto makers design their cars by anonymous committee. In Italy, it's the name of the individual designer that sells the car. Viva Italia! ■

LANCIA ZAGATO

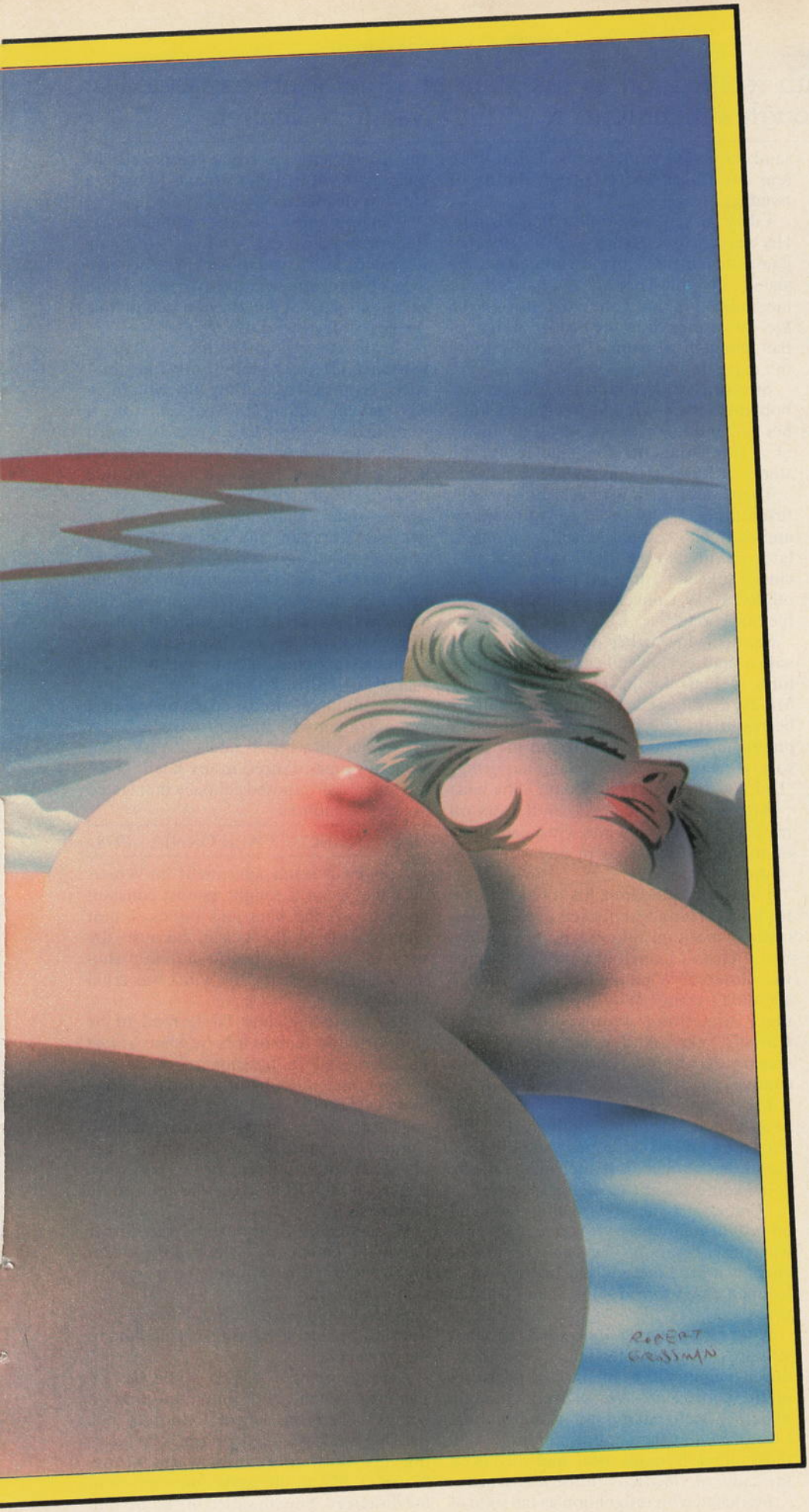


ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT GROSSMAN

FAIL SOFT

Or How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Vibrator

As a kid I spent Saturdays at the Rialto theater, and there was one serial hero who made Red Ryder, Superman and Hopalong Cassidy look like the Three Stooges in drag. His name was Rocketman.

Rocketman was just an ordinary guy, until he strapped on his metal helmet, boots and battery pack. With that bullet-shaped headpiece in place, he was a jet-powered phallus, swooping and soaring like an eagle, carrying young girls in darkened theaters to damp-pantied ecstasy.

Rocketman is back.

REDDING, CALIFORNIA—1958

I was young, and so was America's sexual consciousness. Vibrators were for massaging your gums or, as was reported in a national magazine of the time, "those nagging, hard-to-reach sore spots." Like most males, I failed to see the promise of those ads. It did not occur to me then that those innocently humming gum massagers were headed for pinker pastures. But I was soon to be indoctrinated in a ritual of combat with a competitor who never got soft, never complained, didn't come in one's mouth and could hide on the bookshelf when hubby turned up.

It began one summer at a friend's ranch and, yes, this does start with the farmer's daughter. Lana was 16, blonde, suntanned, a wet dream come true. I was a 12-year-old voyeur with an erection tucked in his

Article by C.W. Metcalf

FAIL SOFT I watched with resignation as the state of vibrator art expanded to include gift packs with enough attachments to outfit a vacuum cleaner.

pocket; I spied on her all the time.

I followed her one morning to a newly planted field, where she began changing the irrigation pipes. This particular day was hotter than most, and she stripped down to her underwear—no-nonsense cotton already damp from her sweat.

After setting the pipes, Lana uncapped the line and let the water begin to pump through. Sprinklers all along the pipe hissed into life, spurting water in large jerking arcs. She looked around, making sure she was alone. My John Wayne–commando tactics had me well hidden in tall grass at the field's edge.

She knelt, straddled the water pipe and pressed her crotch against the vibrating sprinkler. I held my breath, trembling with strange desires too immense for my adolescent mind to grasp. I watched as Lana began sliding her butt in short spasms along the pipe, banging into the sprinkler head. A moment later, she threw back her head, screamed and collapsed into the cool, wet mud.

I had witnessed the birth of my arch-enemy, the harder-than-thou orgasm.

AMARILLO, TEXAS—1964

I was 18 and had just finished two months of boot camp. I headed for town as though I were a rapidly starving six-foot cock and near sexual death. I found my brown savior in a *cantina*. She spoke very little English. I spoke no Spanish. Who cared?

After three hours I could barely move, but she hadn't come. I felt threatened. Yes, she was a whore and she'd done her job, but damn it, my manhood was at stake. I'd scored "sharpshooter" on the firing range; I'd broken the instructor's arm in hand-to-hand-combat training; I could run 20 miles with a 50-pound pack—so why wasn't I man enough to wring at least one honest orgasm out of this woman who was only 4'11"? I got angry. I got hard. But she held me back with one tiny, brown hand.

"No more fuck—hold me." She rolled over and backed up to me. "I do myself." She reached under the bed. In the room's yellow light, something gleamed in her hand. Then it was between her legs, humming. By the time I figured it out, she was quivering in orgasm.

I just knew that plastic cock was laughing at me. A nasty, rasping laughter that left my gut tied in knots. When I left, I paid her too much. It didn't help. All I could think of was how she'd probably use the money to buy a new dancing dildo.

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA—1968

It isn't hard to understand why bra burnings on Sproul Plaza were my favorite revolutionary activities. Literally thousands of people gathered to watch women tear off those white cotton chains of bondage.

Libby picked me up at a bra burning. Her approach was flawless. With reflected flames dancing in her gold-rimmed granny glasses, she undid her bra and handed it to me, indicating that I should cast it on the fire. I was stunned by the historic weight of that moment—a woman actually putting the make on me.

She smiled, her moon-white breasts bobbing with newfound freedom. I flung her 38D into the flames with all the fervor of a Hungarian freedom fighter hurling stones at Russian tanks.

Then, in an action typical of our confused times, Libby asked for my sweater and demurely covered herself. A moment later, she invited me for a cup of cappuccino. I told her I had no money and she offered to pay. Conventions couldn't crumble fast enough.

She took me to her place. Libby lived with a mattress, several candles, some pictures of Janis Joplin, Huey Newton and Middle Earth, and a refrigerator full of bean sprouts. Her birth-control pills were prominently displayed, taped to the door with a picture of Uncle Sam inquiring, "Did You Take Your Pill Today?" She had.

Afterward, as I scraped candle wax off my legs, she lit a joint and whispered three of the deadliest words in any language: "I didn't come."

I blew up. Goddamn, hadn't I kept it up for hours? Hadn't we fucked in every conceivable position allowed by the human body? Hadn't I eaten her until my tongue was blistered? What the hell did she mean she didn't come? Why the hell not? Was there something wrong with her, for Christ's sake? And what was all that screaming about? It sure *sounded* like coming!

Libby explained, with infuriating coolness, that it wasn't my fault, really. She liked me a lot and she hoped we could keep seeing each other. But the only way she could come was if she used a vibrator.

"Come on," she said, resting her hand on my tense shoulder. "If you're really into women's liberation, you can't be threatened by a little piece of plastic, can you?" I smiled a very forced smile. And I learned to lie.

After a few years, I almost believed that vibrators didn't bother me. I even introduced a couple of women to the pleasures of the surrogate buzz. In truth, though, underneath all that humming and coming, I was pissed at Benjamin Franklin and all those other bastards who had advanced the cause of electricity in the first place.

I watched with resignation as the state of vibrator art expanded to include variable speeds, soft latex, assorted colors and gift packs with enough attachments to outfit a vacuum cleaner.

Woman's quest for the ultimate "O" became big business. After years of being relegated to a sexual backseat, women were up front and wanting to drive. I didn't mind that—except that they wanted to fuck the gearshift instead of me.

I realized I was at the mercy of sexist whiplash. It went something like this: After centuries of putting up with men who got on, got off and got off, women were tired of being left hanging. As women began demanding their right to orgasm and sexual fulfillment, an odd attitude developed. Men climaxed so easily that a woman didn't really have to worry about her mate's orgasm. She was therefore free to concentrate on her own, and somehow that was OK, a sort of reparation. We men began paying for the ignorance of our ancestors. As we became more sensitive, women became less so. Historically, it was an interesting phenomenon; personally, it sucked—or rather, it didn't.

The ultimate mindsnap came when I met a woman who wanted to use a Water Pik on her clit while I watched. Visions of sprinkler pipes danced in my head, and I fell into a self-imposed celibacy that lasted for several months.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA—1978

I rented a small apartment in Venice, near the ocean. I fought against constant urges to hit the bars and discos. I quit roller-skating at the beach, because the sight of girls on wheels, in moon-shot shorts, nipples teasing the wind, was cruel punishment.

Just about the time I'd learned to be alone without feeling lonely, when at last I'd succeeded in passing an entire day without once thinking of a woman, everything exploded.

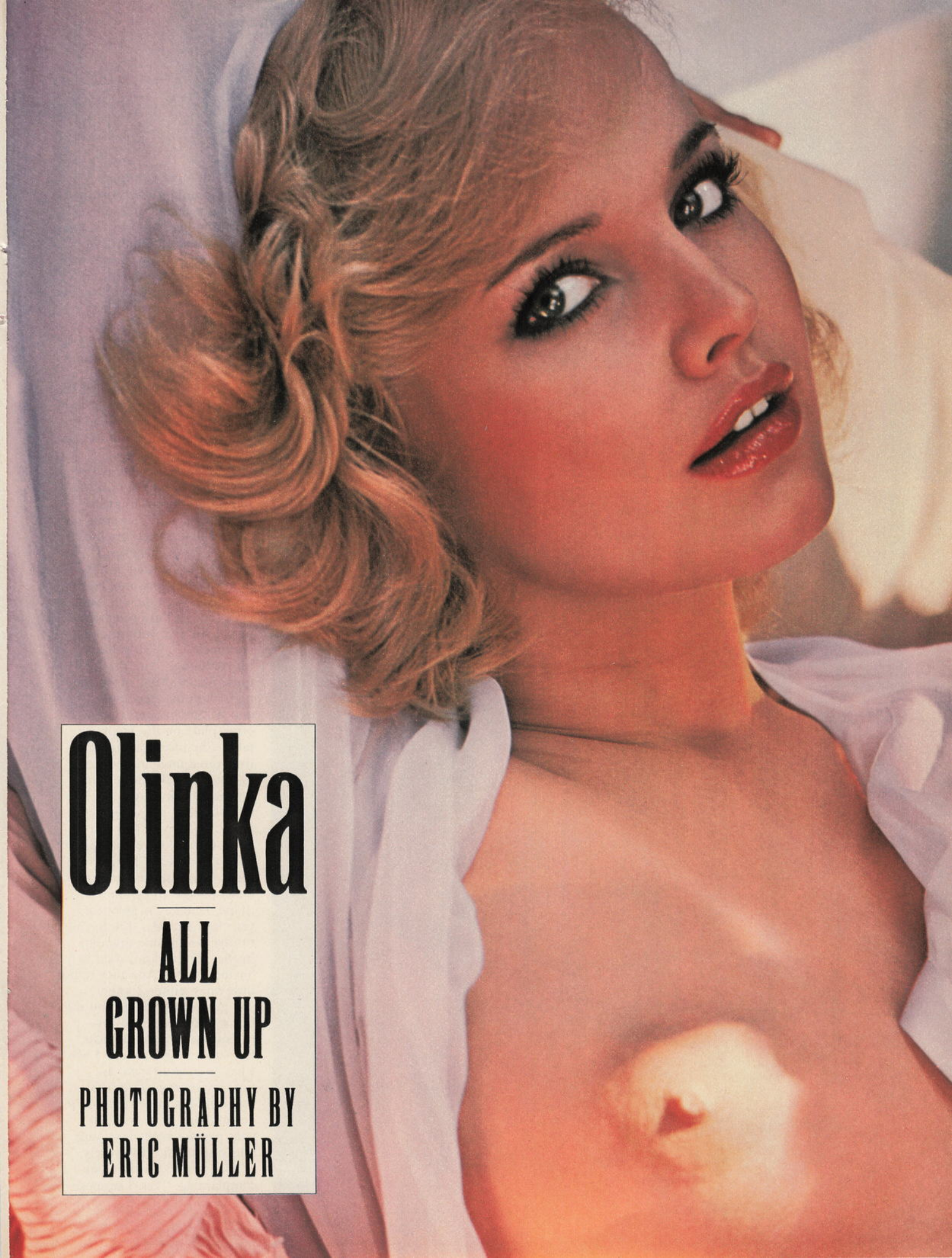
That feminine energy I had rejected so completely erupted in my life with a blaze of red hair and laughter. She was gorgeous, a gypsy wench from my adolescent pirate fantasies.

We met in the afternoon and had dinner that night, and at one o'clock in the morning, we were in her tub doing our impression of dolphins in heat.

Several light-years later, swimming in wet satin sheets, screaming, crying, laughing—we came.

A long moment passed while we lay panting, in that odd imitation-of-death ecstasy. Then she began to nuzzle me, pressing wet kisses on my nipples, massaging my soft cock into warm stone. "I can't." My mouth spoke, but the rest of me disagreed. She straddled my thighs and

(Continued on page 133)



Olinka

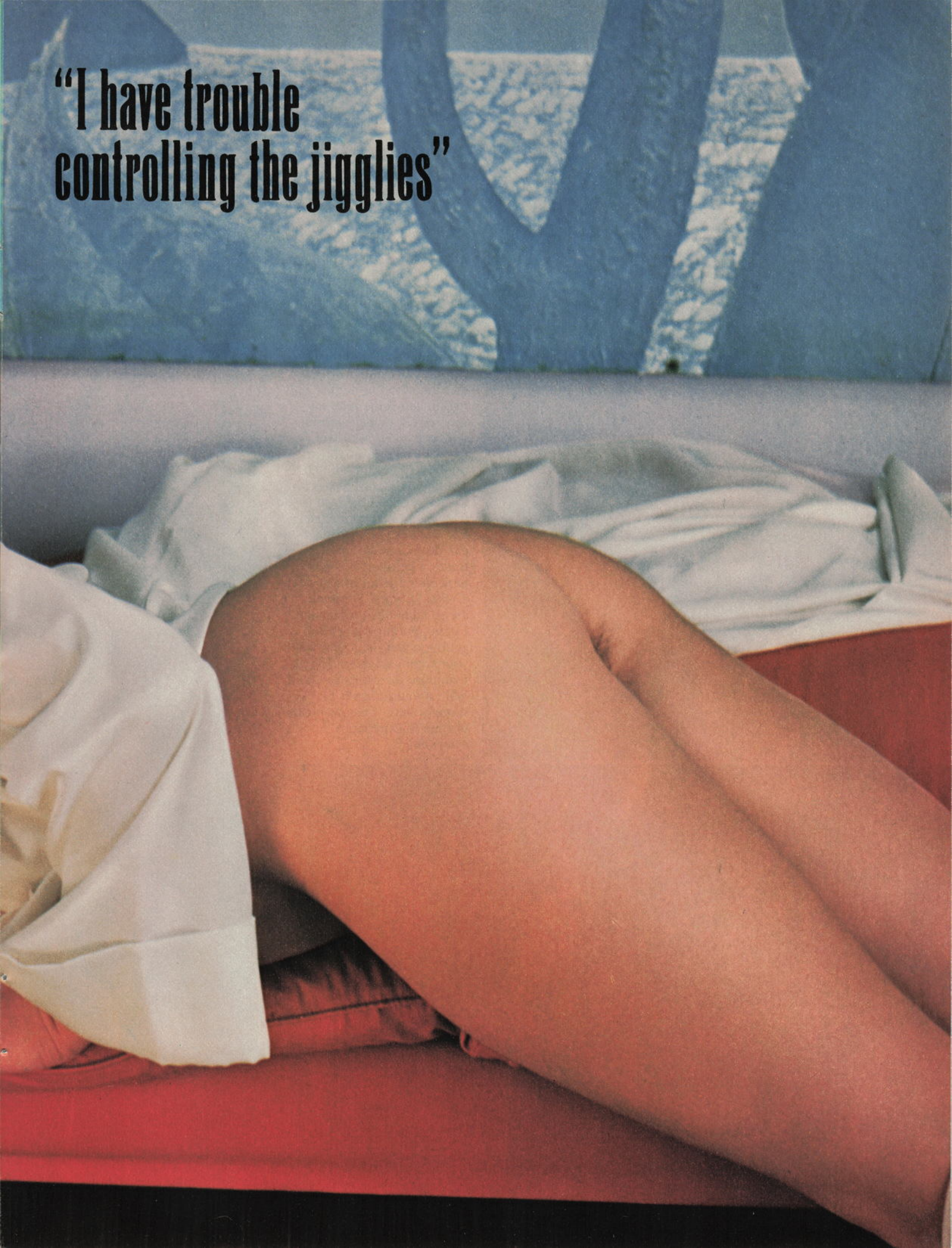
ALL GROWN UP

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
ERIC MÜLLER

Before we continue our trip around the world in search of female treasures, let's stop here in Oslo, Norway, and look in on Olinka. We first met Olinka when she was a student in the States, but since her return to Norway five years ago, Olinka has matured considerably—much to our surprise. "Bet you didn't expect that flat-chested little girl to look like this," she laughed. "Well, neither did I, to tell you the truth. I guess all the fresh fish and clean air put a few pounds on my body." We'll say.

How've you been, Olinka? "Very well. I have a nice job translating for an English company here. You know, when I first started my job, I made a lot of mistakes. I expected to be fired at any moment. But for some reason, my bosses kept me on. And even though I'm twenty-five now, I still live with my aunt and uncle . . ." Isn't that a bit confining? "No, they're quite liberal. Men spend the night with me frequently, and Auntie just sets out another plate on the breakfast table. She loves having attractive young men around just as much as I do. So tell me, how is it back in America?"

Oh, not bad—gas shortages, disco . . . "Disco? Do you know that we have a couple of great discos here? I love them. I even started taking ballet lessons to get back in shape. Dancing is great for your legs and rear. I'm having trouble controlling the, um, jigglies. I'm still not used to having breasts. And they're not little ones, either. I know you guys can't understand this, but it's not always advantageous to have full breasts. Remember how athletic I was? I had to give up gymnastics—my breasts got in the way—and it's not easy to do a graceful *pas de deux* when your partner keeps bumping into your chest." But surely, Olinka, you're the only one complaining. "Yes, I suppose


"I have trouble
controlling the jigglies"

so—men seem to find me much more attractive, now that I've fully developed. I really shouldn't complain so much. I'm a lot more sexual than I was five years ago. You notice that I no longer dress like a tomboy. Now my wardrobe consists of feathers and silks and dresses and stockings. No more jeans for me. But, you know, I still can't get used to bras. You won't find one bra in my chest of drawers. A holdover from those good old days, I guess. Not that I'm a bra-burning feminist. It's just that bras are much too confining—and so difficult to get off! But enough about me. I'm sure I'm not the only reason you came to Norway." Well, that's true; but now that we've seen you again, Olinka, you're probably the prettiest sight around. "Ha! You flatter me. Olinka is no longer your skinny little friend who used to tag along, eh? See what the figures 36-24-36 can do to a man?" she teases. "Before, I was just a pest; now I'm all of a sudden a sexual object? You men are so cute, but I understand. I'm not getting older; I'm getting better. Isn't that what your commercials say? Well, I suppose the fjords can wait. With nineteen hours of sunlight here, we have plenty of time to experience *everything*."

OUI'S

GUIDE TO COLLEGE FOOTBALL

ANALYSIS BY WOODROW PAIGE, JR.

Rip, rah, ree,
Kick 'em in the knee.
Rip, rah, rass,
Kick 'em in the other knee.
—Pre-Watergate college football cheer

Kill the cocksuckers. Fuck 'em.
—Post-Watergate college football cheer

Well, that's how a top football preview *ought* to begin, especially when it signals the inauguration of OUI's Autumn Outlook. This magazine gave me a lot of money to research the 1979 collegiate season. Do it like the other big boys, they told me. Send out questionnaires. Talk to coaches. Scouts. Sports-information directors. Study the prospectus.

Instead, I took the cash, flew to Las Vegas and talked to a bookmaking friend who said to tell you to bet your lungs that the University of Southern California will win the national championship this year. He knows about these sorts of things better than all those other football-type folks, because it's his life (as in life or death). He dropped two mil on a game once, which causes a hell of a lot more pressure than a coach might have on him during the Thanksgiving game. But then, finding out that a first-string quarterback wasn't going to play on the East Coast one Friday morning last year saved him almost as much.

Southern Cal, he says. Too many horses, he says—way too many for the rest. And an easy game in the Rose Bowl against whatever patsy the Big Ten puts up this season.

He also says: When in Vegas, take the points against teams from Texas, because Texans always bet with their hearts, not their brains. Unlike me and you, of course, they can afford to.

Then I went to a bar in Boulder, Colorado, and proceeded to get blitzed while thinking about the forthcoming college season. Southern Cal, Alabama, Notre Dame, Oklahoma, Texas, Penn State and a sleeper, somebody we'd never expect. After about my seventh Linda Lovelace—that's a stinger served in a jigger with whipped cream on top which you have to snatch off the table with your mouth and swallow completely—those are the teams I came up with that will finish in the top ten.

They always do. Why should this year be any different? That's what I told Freddie Berserk, who's the bartender. And he agreed.

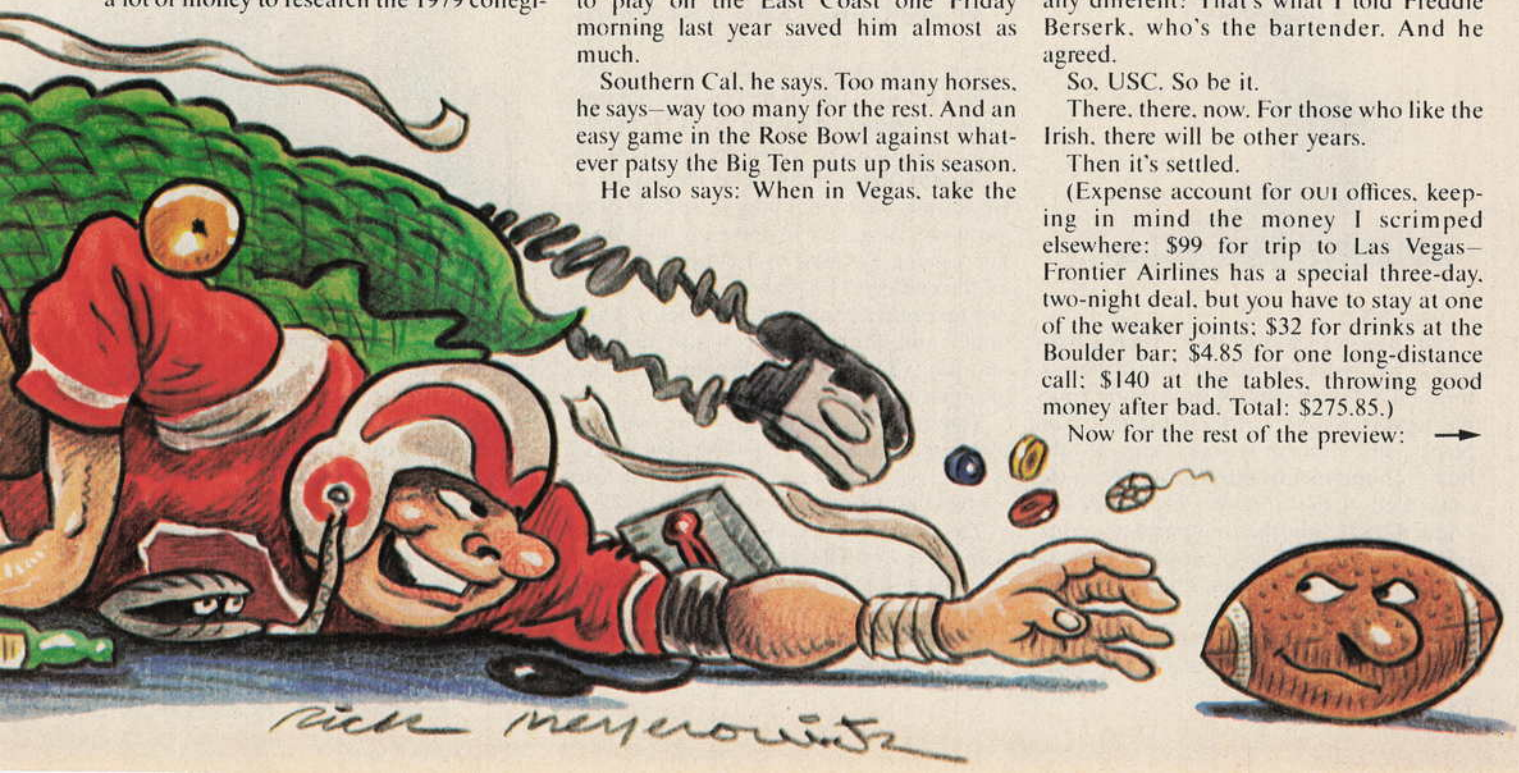
So, USC. So be it.

There, there, now. For those who like the Irish, there will be other years.

Then it's settled.

(Expense account for OUI offices, keeping in mind the money I scrimped elsewhere: $99 for trip to Las Vegas—Frontier Airlines has a special three-day, two-night deal, but you have to stay at one of the weaker joints; $32 for drinks at the Boulder bar; $4.85 for one long-distance call; $140 at the tables, throwing good money after bad. Total: $275.85.)

Now for the rest of the preview: →



Worst Team—Northwestern. We're talking major-college competition, and while Northwestern can beat people like Calvary Bible College, Calvary Bible doesn't have a football team.

To earn this distinction, Northwestern has set up a fine tradition. The Wildcats were 0–10–1 last year, tying Illinois in the opener—zip to zip—before losing squeakers like 20–3, 28–7, 55–7, 56–14, 38–10, 38–14, 63–20, 31–0, 59–14 and, finally, 52–3. Last season was a bit of a letdown after 1977, when Northwestern ended up 1–10, and was embarrassed only five times. In previous years the Wildcats were 1–10, 3–8, 4–7 and 2–9. They still like to talk about that 1971 team, which went 7–4.

There are, mind you, other factors entering into play here: Northwestern's team color, for instance. If you want to start a college football team, don't pick purple as the uniform color.

Trust me.

Northwestern was 0–10–1. Texas Christian University, another Purple Power, finished 2–9 last year; Kansas State (purple again) was 4–7. Psychologists claim black is the best for striking fear into the hearts of opponents. Purple must be at the other end of the rainbow—especially lavender. Most teams that use purple, according to the National Association of Collegiate Directors of Athletics, don't even have football teams.

Then there's their nickname: Wildcats. Worst nickname in America. Figures. Over 100 college teams are nicknamed for wildcats or some member of the cat family. Bobcats, bearcats, cougars, leopards, tigers, lions, panthers, jaguars. No originality.

Northwestern. Wildcats. Purple. Tradition of losing. They'll finish 0–11 this year.

Worst Hot Dogs—Lexington, Kentucky. *Nolo contendere.*

Easiest Stadium to Sneak Into—Legion Field in Birmingham. There's a guy on the north side of the field who lets his friends in. Just wait and then threaten to blackmail him. Works every game.

Worst Game—Army-Navy. If the British thought their battles were won on the playing fields of Eton, we can see what went wrong with the United States in Vietnam.

Worst Teams in the Major Conferences—We've already covered Northwestern, which will stay at the bottom of the Big Ten. With no help at all, Vanderbilt will be the basement of the Southeastern Conference. TCU owns last in the Southwest Conference. Oklahoma State will end up eighth in the Big Eight. Washington State is due to wind up tenth among Pac-10ers. The University of Texas at El Paso is a natural for last in the Western Athletic Conference. And Wake Forest will boast the bottom of the Atlantic Coast Conference. In the other conferences, I don't know. Or care.

Worst Timing—NBC, whose sportscaster stuck his microphone into UCLA coach Terry Donahue's face at the Fiesta Bowl one year, just as he was complaining about a referee's decision. Said Donahue: "Aw, shit." Back to you in the booth, Keith.

Worst Road Trip—The University of Wyoming, to combat fatigue and the other problems attached to traveling to Hawaii for a game, decided to fly in the Saturday of the contest. The plane put the Cowboys in Honolulu a couple of hours before game time, and they left for home the next morning. Don't go to Wyoming if they promise trips to exotic places.

Hippest Conference—The Western Athletic Conference. Or WAC. Or Wacky. You've got to love a conference that loses its two best teams—Arizona State and Arizona—to the Pac-10, and then brings in the University of Hawaii, the University of Nevada at Las Vegas and San Diego State. Screw the teams, let's get some vacation spots in this conference. The WAC reportedly is considering adding the University of Acapulco and St. Croix State University. If they could only get rid of some of those Utah teams.

Worst Trophy—The Heisman Trophy. Aside from the backstabbing politics involved each year, it should have another name. Look it up. It's named for the athletic director of the Downtown Athletic Club of New York in 1935, John Heisman. But his name should have been Von Bogart. His great-grandfather was Baron Von Bogart of Germany. When his son married without title, he disinherited the kid, who then took his bride's maiden name, Heisman. So John Heisman should be John Von Bogart. But the Von Bogart Trophy just doesn't have that ring to it. Don't Bogart that trophy, mister.

Worst Coach—Woody Hayes, natch. He was fired by Ohio State after the Punch Bowl incident last year, but lingers on like his idol, Nixon. The best coach, meanwhile, is Lee Corso of Indiana. His teams have always lost to Woody Hayes; so when Indiana scored the first touchdown of the game with the Buckeyes, Corso called time-out, gathered his players on the sidelines and had a photographer take a picture of them with the scoreboard in the background. Indiana 7, Ohio State 0. Naturally, Ohio State went on to win by 30, but Corso has his documentation.

Worst Coin Flip—Wyoming at Colorado State. After much frenzy before the flip of the coin, both squads followed their captains to midfield, and a real brawl broke out. The game hadn't even started.

Worst Team Trinket—At University of Arkansas games, fans purchase plastic hats in the shape of a hog (the team mascot). People look like they're walking around with syphilis on their heads.

Worst Band—Grambling. It used to be unique, what with all the jumping around. Now it's just tiring.

Worst Halftime Entertainment—Last year it was estimated that college bands played the themes from *Star Wars* and *Rocky* 79,383 times. The themes from *Superman* and *Alien* are expected to set new records this year.

ILLUSTRATION BY RICK MEYEROWITZ

WORST CHEERLEADERS—Big Ten. The conference should be called Big Thighs. How they could find that many girls with no tits is hard to believe.

BEST QUOTE—Ruben Vaughan of the University of Colorado: "I hate Nebraska, the team *and* the state, worse than I hate dog shit on my shoes." Last year Nebraska treated Colorado like dog shit.

WORST MASCOT—The Kansas Jayhawk. Belongs on *Sesame Street*.

•

The different conferences are what make college football most interesting, by geography, makeup, loyalties and institutional requirements. For instance, there's no way to picture the University of Florida in the Big Ten, or Princeton in the Southwest Conference. Just wouldn't work. The alignments are almost perfect. Thought has been given to forming a Super Conference of the top teams around the country, but that would be a shame—there'd be nobody to pick on. Anyhow, here's our look at the 1979 season:

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE—The Crimson Tide and the Nine Dwarfs, some would claim. Alabama annually dominates, and the others fall in line. However, every team in the conference is invited to a bowl game (even with a 2–9 record). That's because most of the bowls are played in the neighborhood, and everybody knows SEC followers love to go to bowl games—and bring money. They also believe their coaches can walk on water.

Nobody in the conference knows the Civil War is over. They genuflect at the site of Jefferson Davis and wave Rebel flags during halftime. It seems that the first black player was allowed in the SEC in 1977—by court order—and everyone called him a good colored boy and loved him because he could catch passes. But nobody invited him to the house.

This could also be called the Humidity Conference. The whole idea of winning is to have a squad of 312 and try to wear out the other team by the fourth quarter. Every team wears mesh tear-away jerseys, and college presidents will fight for the right to wear colored ones. No fancy wishbone offenses. Roll-outs and options and ten-yard passes. Every quarterback will end up playing in the National Football League; all the offensive linemen weigh 190 and are quick as hell. Great cheerleaders, but they're teasers.

Everybody saves up for Thanksgiving weekend, with the big, traditional rivalries—games fought for old sneakers and beer barrels and loving cups. Auburn-Alabama, Tennessee-Vanderbilt, Florida-Georgia, Ole Miss–Mississippi State. And then Alabama comes out on top.

The players go into the banking business and their girlfriends learn how to drink mint juleps. The scores are always 21–20 with somebody named Duke or Bucky kicking the winning point.

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE—You have to live in Texas to belong to this conference, unless you're Arkansan, and most Texans think Arkansas is their ghetto.

This is the conference where they dream up all the new offenses like the wishbone and the T-Bone and the hambone. Texas has 47,000 high schools, and they all have football teams; so the Texas colleges don't have to go far to recruit—unfortunately, all the good players go to the University of Oklahoma. Texas and Texas Tech and schools like that are stuck with the Billy Bobs and Joe Dans, halfbacks who'll go on to be busts in the NFL and end up running for the Texas State Senate. The cheerleaders become Miss Americas and get jobs on *The NFL Today* or as the prize presenters on game shows. More oil wells and millionaires per capita than any other conference. Only conference with a resident magician—Lou Holtz at Arkansas.

The Texas A&M cadets stand for the whole game; the UT bunch hold their index and little fingers in the air; the Arkansas crew make pig noises. Every country-and-western singer adopts a team, and at least one comes up with a hit single about the season.

Texas always plays one of the others for the league championship the first week of December on national television. And the fans all wear cowboy hats and have cow shit on their boots. As one of them said last year: "Boy, there's only two things in life: football and—spring football."

BIG EIGHT CONFERENCE—Eight places you wouldn't want to spend a week in. But they do know how to play football, which is a godsend, considering there's nothing else to do in Norman, Oklahoma. This is the National Football League's Triple-A farm league. Every offensive lineman in the league weighs 684, barely knows his name and will be drafted by the middle of the second round. Heard the expression "Beat State"? It came from this conference of Oklahoma State, Iowa State and Kansas State. But Oklahoma and Nebraska win every year. Oklahoma fumbles 32 times, throws one pass and beats Colorado 64–6.

In Nebraska the babies are wrapped in red swaddling clothes, and they don't stop wearing that color until they die. They don't go in for fancy play here. Their idea of an outlandish move is a quick kick. For the first six weeks of the season they beat up on the Abilene Christians of the world, and every team is ranked in the top 20. Then most of them, like Colorado (which starts out 5–0 and ends up 6–5), don't win another game.

Every stadium was built as a WPA project before the war, and the cheerleaders all have husky voices. Strange nicknames: Sooners, Cornhuskers, Buffalos.

When they get out of school, none of the players stay in the state. Six teams perennially change coaches; so most of the coaches live in house trailers and don't put their kids in school. Mean conference.

PAC-10 CONFERENCE—The surf-and-turf conference. Every team has its own beach. Best cheerleaders in America. They all wind up on the cover of *Playboy* magazine and have been known to do it on the second date. The league of nicknames. Throwin' Somoan or Sixkiller or The Juice or A.D. All the running backs in the league go on to win the Heisman Trophy and become All-Pros, but the quarterbacks all become actors.

Only conference where the concessionaires sell Quaaludes. Students might stumble into the games, if they think the lights are on for a rock concert.

Each team has 34 junior-college transfers, who last about three games, flunk out and are replaced by 34 more JCs. And all the players major in palm-tree appreciation or communications.

They don't go for the wishbone here. Half the teams give the ball to the halfback 82 times a game, and the others throw 37 passes. But the games always end up with some left-footed Mexican kicking a 47-yard field goal for the victory. Great scores, like 42–37, and great postgame parties. They always seem to be playing at dusk, and UCLA, which was trailing Southern Cal by 24 points at halftime, is now up by 17.

(Continued on page 129)

When we invite you to a seventh-anniversary party, we know you expect

THE BEST

OUI'S ALL-TIME FAVORITE GIRLS

Sylvie

Sylvie, for instance, first grabbed our attention with her stunning resemblance to Julie Christie. But after a few moments with her, we realized we were having a *serious* discussion—a symposium on French lit.

The last time we saw Sylvie, however, she had changed dramatically. For one thing, the photo of James Dean over the kitchen sink had been replaced by—*mon Dieu*!—Elvis Costello.

And Sylvie? "Both of us," she said of herself and OUI, "are seven years older and much wiser."

1972

Uschi

Uschi was a revolutionary in 1973. She didn't wear a uniform—as you can see—but she was Bavarian, so no one noticed. We found Uschi, for real, in a commune in Berlin.

At first, Uschi seemed concerned about the political consequences of her modeling—a Nude Left? And all our attempts to reassure her were doomed to failure, once the com-

munist press found out about our financial arrangement. Scandalous! Exploitative! Imperialistic!

Uschi laughs about it now, six years later. "Revolutionaries tend to get on one another's nerves," she says. "At the time, everything was symbolic and important—how you walked, talked and even the T-shirt you wore. We were all so dreadfully serious. Yet, we did some good, yes?"

Yes. Good. Especially you, Uschi.

Carole

In 1974, Carole Augustine was 19, living in London and, despite her name, no saint.

Her reputation rested on her trippy work as one of Europe's top models. At the time you couldn't avoid seeing her face.

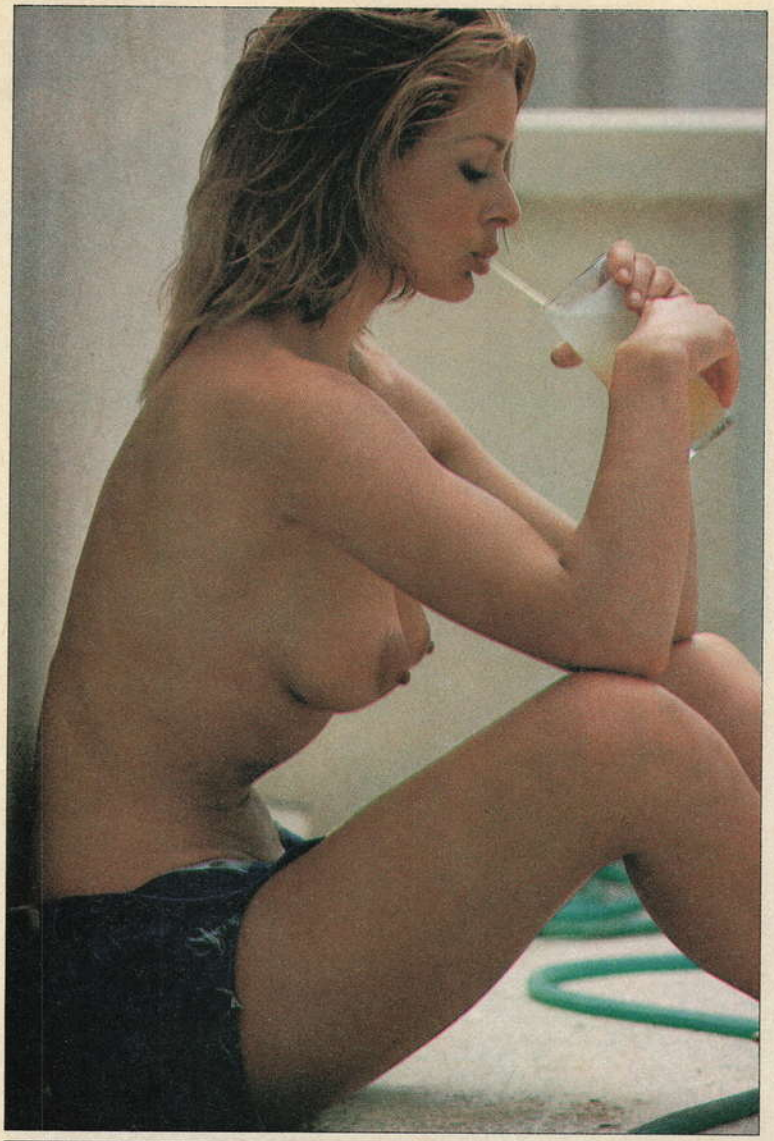
But there was a flip side. Reclusive, impulsive, painfully shy, always changing her mind and her moods. The Howard Hughes of modeling, we called her at the time.

"I'm very difficult to work with," she said then. "I'm late for jobs because I'm nervous. I hold back, even in sex."

But now, five years later, things have changed once again.

Gone is the shyness, for one thing. That vulnerable look. And she seems more at peace now. "Laid back? Isn't that how you Californians describe my position?"

1974



Nina

Nina Carter has always had this identity problem.

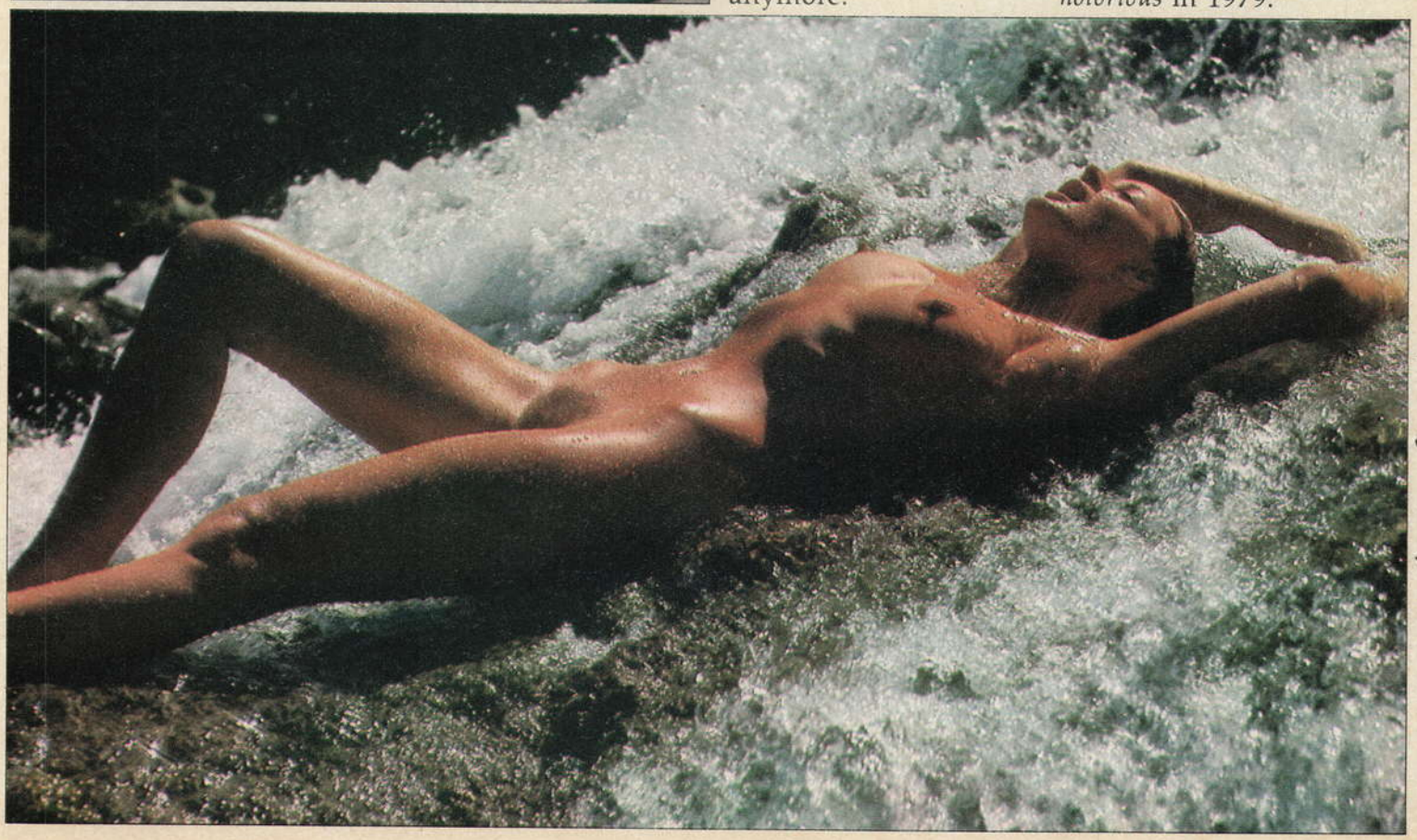
Her original name was Penny Mallett, and if that rings a bell, it's because you remember the Councilor and the Beauty Queen case in England a few years ago. Not much of a *scandale,* actually, especially in the wake of what else has happened in jolly ole England since.

All Nina can say now is that "the British are so easily scandalized. I never did a thing with the councilor that I wouldn't do with my own brother. And that's the honest truth. Still, I'd rather not be called Penny anymore."

OUI readers who keep their eyes open will also recognize Penny, er, Nina, from the photos we ran of her new disco group, Blonde on Blonde, in our December '78 issue.

"Can you believe it?" Nina asks now. "As Penny, I was always afraid of making the papers and embarrassing the councilor. Then, when all of the dirty stuff started to float to the surface—and I'm not admitting a thing, mind you—I never wanted to see my face or name in ink again.

"Now, however, what with the new group I've started and all, I'd love a little touch of *scandale* to liven up our publicity. Problem is, it's a lot harder to be *notorious* in 1979."



1975

Lenka

During the Bicentennial, we looked all over for the perfect all-American girl to help celebrate our country's 200th anniversary. But every time we thought we had found the perfect all-American girl, she'd turn out to be Swedish. Such was the case with Lenka.

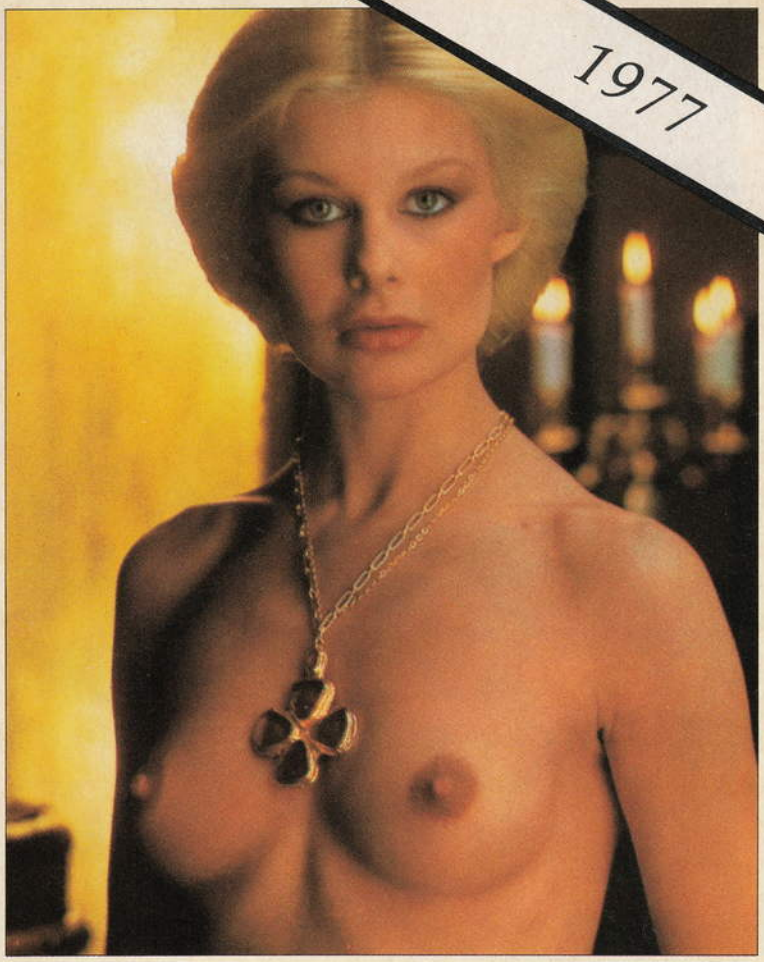
Lenka was first in OUI in December of 1976. The first time we met, she had some definite ideas about Americans. She told us she thought we had gotten

lazy as a country, that we all ate entirely too much meat for our health, and that we were self-indulgent.

But since then, Lenka has loosened up.

"I used to be so black-and-white about things. I never saw the gray areas where most people converge and agree to disagree. I accepted the image of America that I saw in the movies you exported. When I finally got to know some Americans up close, I saw my original theories were wrong." Now, *that's* the Bicentennial spirit.

1976



Katia

In 1977, the other half of the knockout group Blonde on Blonde made her debut in OUI.

At the time she told us she was "just" Katia: a White Russian émigré, granddaughter of a nobleman, "until the thieves took away the gold we worked so hard to steal from others." She was in Paris on a lark. We believed every word. Who worries about names in Paris?

Now she calls herself Jilly Johnson because, she reasoned, "People relate better to someone who doesn't seem foreign. I used to *want* to be exotic. Remember? I posed for you in the first place because I wanted to shock my mother. After she saw the magazine—and it took eight months for her to find out—she called me up. 'Dearest,' she said, 'the pictures did you great justice. You have never looked quite so mature. We are very proud of you.' "

Carolyn

Last fall, we heard from one of our more reliable correspondents about a new form of exercise being touted in London, taught by a gorgeous woman named Carolyn, in her garden apartment.

Intrigued, we followed up on the scoop and published the results last November.

Posing nude was no problem for Carolyn but, as she says, "it certainly was a problem for my friends. They said that you would take my photographs and write pornography about me. Somehow it didn't match with what I knew about OUI, but it's no wonder I had some anxiety. After the photos were published, I was very happy. You seemed to pick just the right shots. And it was especially nice to see my face on the cover. Did you sell a lot of copies of that issue?" (We went back to our records to check, incidentally, and found that we did indeed sell a few more that month. Probably Carolyn's relatives.) Are her friends still mad she posed nude? "Are you kidding, luv? After they saw the November OUI, they all wanted your photographer's name!"

1978

You can take it easy, easier, easiest, whether you roll them large, medium or small. That's because e-z wider,® the original double-width rolling paper, now also comes in the 1 ¼-size, a little wider than single width, and in 1 ½-size, which is halfway between single and double width.

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WHO

FOUR ON THE FLOOR

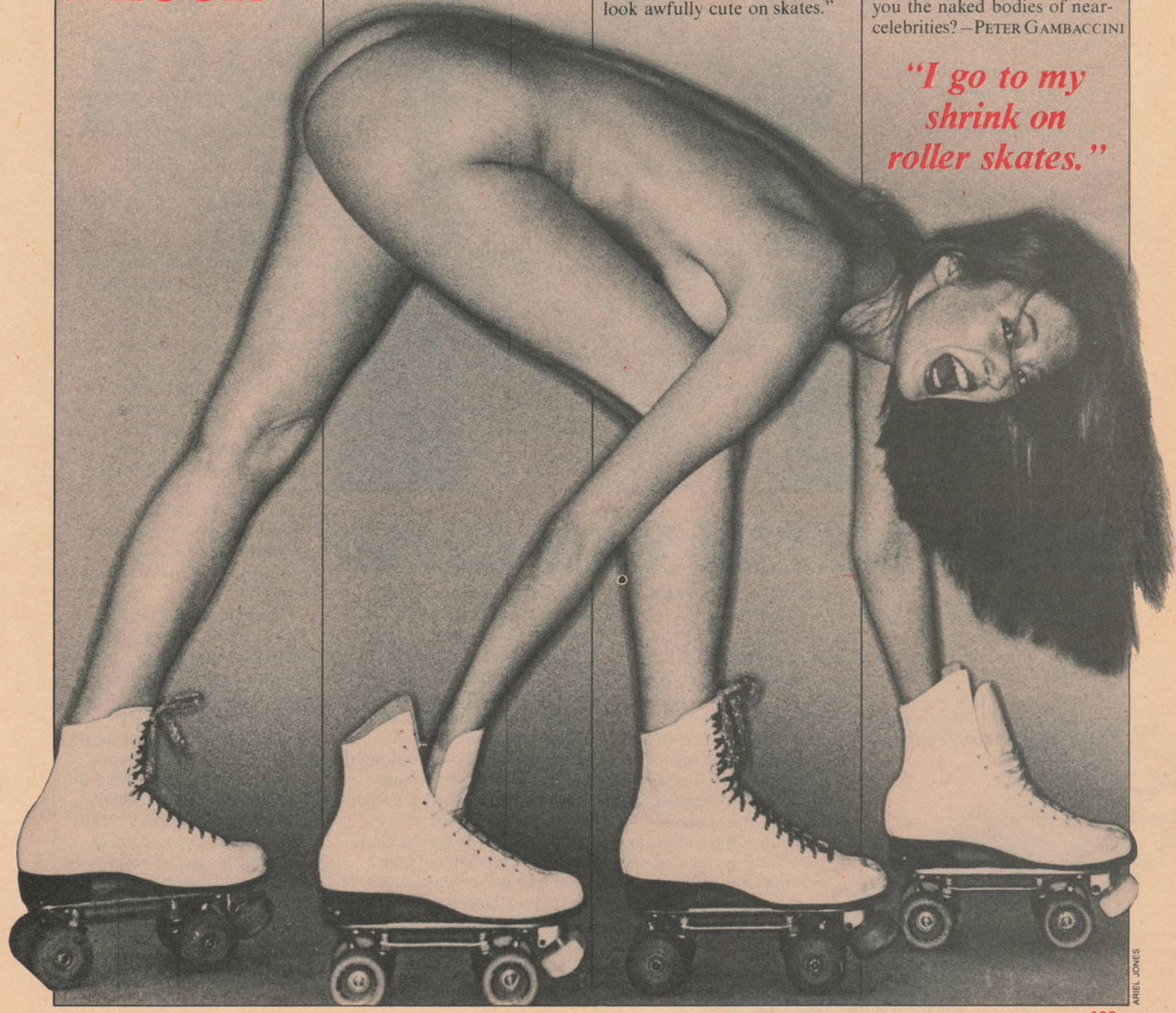
Model/photographer **Ariel Jones** has become the unofficial East Coast queen of roller disco, because "I'm the only honkie lady who does it with any degree of professionality." She's also the only lady—honkie or otherwise—to have appeared on the covers of both *Ms.* and *Playboy*. However, she admits she likes to photograph herself best: "I'm always available, no matter what mood I'm in. I'm my own best friend."

Her latest passion, to bring roller disco to exotic corners of the world, has her "dying to go to Peking and zoom down the Great Wall of China. I think **Teng Hsiao-ping** would look awfully cute on skates."

While she's stateside, stuck in traffic-snarled New York City, Ariel has good times rolling around midtown Manhattan: "I even go to my shrink on roller skates. She wonders if I have a fleeting personality."

Hmmm, isn't it wonderful how OUI continues to find engaging ways to show you the naked bodies of near-celebrities? —PETER GAMBACCINI

"I go to my shrink on roller skates."



ARIEL JONES

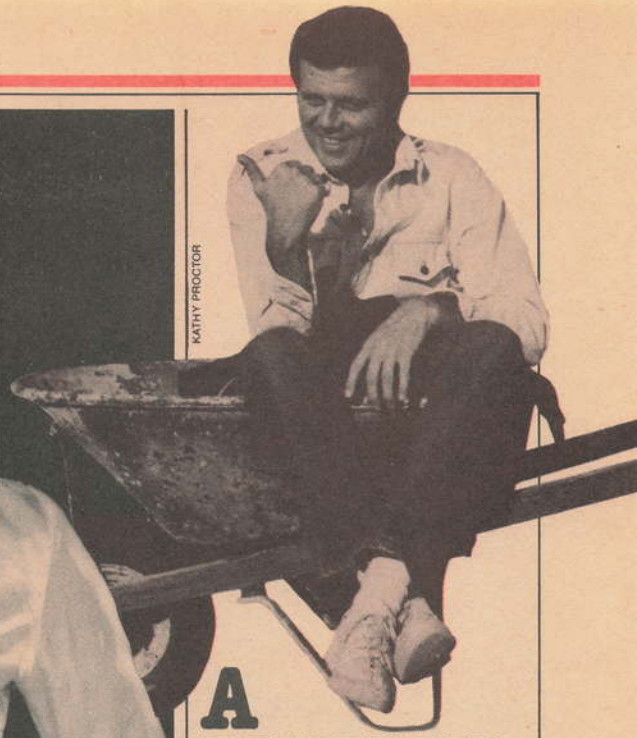
WHERE'S BEAVER?

Some people think that **Sherisse Laurence** looks a bit like **Marie Osmond**. "It's not that hard to tell us apart," says Sherisse. "She's the one who doesn't get laid."

At 24, Sherisse is a showbiz vet. She grew up in Winnipeg, and at 16 she won a Miss Teen Manitoba title. After that she organized a band and began writing her own songs. A few months ago she became cohost of the syndicated TV series *Circus*, a show that was made in Canada but has hit big in U. S. and world markets. "The show was criticized in Canada for being 'too American.'" Sherisse laughs: "They all wanted to know where the beaver was or something."

For all of her experience in clubs, Sherisse is still oddly naïve—so much so that she recently fell for one of the oldest jokes in showbiz. "It was during a big concert, and someone asked me to sing *Happy Birthday* for a Mike Hunt. I didn't realize how it sounded; so I got up onstage and said, 'Does anyone know where Mike Hunt is?' They went into hysterics. I was still lost, so I just sang the song." —C.W. METCALF

R. SCOTT HOOPER



KATHY PROCTOR

A MAN IN SEARCH OF HIS ACT

Cork Proctor does everything wrong. Las Vegas showbiz wise guys get stomach cramps, because he's also the hottest comedy star in town, and they just can't figure it. Proctor doesn't sing funny songs, fall down a lot or do impressions. He hasn't got an airplane bit or a fag bit, nor does he finish with a tear-jerking tribute to Mom, God or the V.F.W. He doesn't wear a funny hat or a rubber arrow through his head, and he isn't fat, bald or even Jewish.

What he *does* do, three times a night, is mount an otherwise empty stage and slam into sacred cows like a demented gaucho at the last roundup. He's a blazing daredevil, working with no set material, no "savers," and no net. All alone, Proctor's the Wallenda family of comedy. The fact that he works mostly ad lib excites the audiences and petrifies the bosses; hence his usual introduction: "Ladies and gentlemen, the Union Plaza Hotel *nervously* presents Cork Proctor, a man in search of his act."

—MICHAEL PRICE

TOUGH LITTLE MAN-CHILD

ALLAN TANNENBAUM

In the music business, it's pretty hard for a woman to feel comfortable within the loose, male-dominated life on the road, especially if you're barely pubescent, like 16-year-old rock singer **Rachel Sweet**. Rachel recently spent two months in England with the Stiff Records tour, whose motto, last we heard, was: "If it ain't stiff, it ain't worth a fuck."

"There were forty men and four women on the tour," says Rachel, "including such people as **Elvis Costello** and **Ian Dury**. I was shocked at some of the goings-on, but the gentlemen on the tour were forewarned that I was not interested, and anyway, my dad would have objected."

Still, Rachel's father was 3800 miles away in her hometown of Akron, Ohio; so he was not there for her run-in with **Wreckless Eric**. "We had a few fights," Rachel explains. His band is called the **Four Rough Men**, and me and my sister, **Leah**, we wanted to be Rough Men, too. Eric said in that case we had to drink the Rough Man's cocktail, which turned out to be four vodkas, two glasses of champagne and a couple of white wines. He mixed it all together with one of those little sticks. I didn't drink all of it, but enough to qualify as Honorary Rough Man." —JIM FARBER

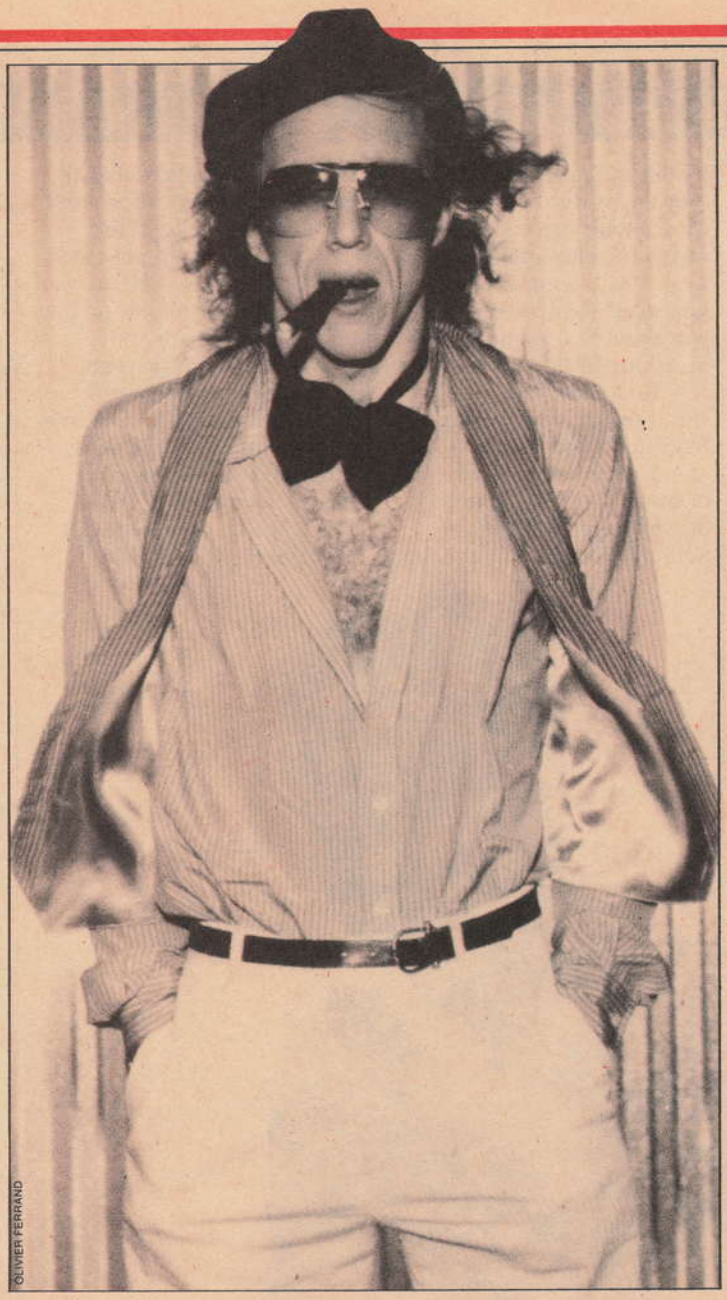
READY FOR OCCULT DISCO?

When not in a recording studio, supersmash singer-composer **Bob Welch** (of *French Kiss* and *Three Hearts* fame) is liable to be pursuing his interests in the supernatural. "I'm not interested in weirdo, frightening stuff, but more the science of the supernatural. I think what is called pseudoscience will probably be *the* science of the future." Soloist Welch, formerly of **Fleetwood Mac**, ponders this topic for a moment, then continues: "Maybe the UFO beings are sneaking in on sleeping people, just like Santa Claus, and taking blood samples."

We're not sure if he's serious, but Welch claims to be thinking about combining his interests by making a key-bending album with **Uri Geller** or putting on a music/magic show.

"Maybe I'll get into doing 'occult disco.' Who knows where that could lead? Everybody dancing two inches off the floor, maybe."

—MARIE MONEYSMITH



OLIVIER FERRAND

POODLES SCOOP

"You know those little dogs called poodles?" asks lead guitarist **Tony de Meur** of the **Fabulous Poodles**. "They're everywhere—on pins, brooches, earrings, rings—just everywhere. I mean, beetles may be big, but there aren't nearly as many around as there are poodles. Therefore, we should be bigger than **The Beatles**!"

MAUREEN DONALDSON

That hasn't exactly happened yet, but the Poodles' American debut LP, *Mirror Stars*, has recently dog paddled its way up the charts.

"We're actually all rejects from *The Dating Game*," Tony deadpans. "We felt terribly unwanted; so we decided to get together and become rock stars. Besides, it's astrologically perfect. I'm fire, **Bryn**'s water, **Bobby**'s air and **Richie** is . . . mud."

—L.E. WATSON

YOUR CANDY OR YOUR LIFE

MAUREEN DONALDSON

"I never wanted to be a cult actress," says **Jamie Lee Curtis**, a very hot cult actress. But the daughter of **Janet Leigh** and **Tony Curtis** (yep, the same) owes her new status to *Halloween*, a fright movie that's earned her "Best Actress" awards at fantasy film festivals in France and Amercia. Later this year she kinks out again in *The Fog*, a terror treat from the creators of *Halloween*. This time around, Jamie Lee plays a take-charge hitchhiker who balls her driver and then unwittingly detours him into a fog full of "shapes." The movie co-stars a leper colony, a shipwreck and the ever-buoyant **Adrienne Barbeau**.

Meanwhile, Jamie Lee wonders why she's got this culty cinema rep. She admits that she's "offbeat"—or OFFBEET, as her license plate reads. (Her first choice was GETNANY, rejected because "it was a little tacky.")

Anyhow, since *Halloween* will be re-released every October, Jamie Lee may well become the **Fay Wray** of the Eighties, forever the terror-stricken babysitter, relentlessly killing the masked maniac, only to have him jump out of another dark corner, alive, enormous, indestructible. "You can't kill the boogeyman," says Jamie Lee. "And that, for the hundred and tenth time, is what the ending of *Halloween* means to me."

—JOHN CALENDO

HOW TO INTERVIEW MUHAMMAD ALI

What can you ask **Muhammad Ali** that **Howard Cosell** hasn't already asked? When OUI sent me to interview the champ, I was damned if I knew. But I thought, Well, shit. The man is known for his verbosity, so I'll just play it by ear. Little did I know that interviewing Ali would be a lot like pissing in the wind.

OUI: Are you ready for your interview?

ALI: I don't know. I'm so tired. I'm tired of talking.

OUI: Muhammad Ali is tired of talking? How is this possible?

ALI:

OUI: Ali, Ali, are you sleeping?

ALI: Sorry, I must have fallen asleep. You were saying . . .

OUI: Why are you so tired? You haven't been boxing . . .

ALI: Boxing is not extra hard. It's the preparation for the fight and the aftereffects that are tiring. Mental tiredness can be worse than physical tiredness. I'm so popular all over the world that everybody wants to see me regarding various business deals.

OUI: What about *our* business deal? Remember I told you about that uranium field in Asbury Park, New Jersey.

ALI: No, thank you.

OUI: I realize you're tired, but can we continue?

ALI: Your interviews are a lot of work! OUI Magazine doesn't have a budget or nothing? They're using me to sell magazines and make all that extra money! They don't have nothing to pay me?

OUI: Magazines do not pay fees to interview subjects.

ALI: OUI makes money on me and I don't get any of it?

OUI: What about the publicity from our interview?

ALI: What publicity? Shit, it's a lot of work! I don't need no publicity. I'm tired. I'm busy. Don't need it. Then they're going to be selling it and making money. It's taking *my time*, answering all these questions. It's a lot of brainwork!

OUI: I understand; however, OUI readers are interested in what you have to say.

ALI: I know why I'm being interviewed for *that book*! I know people are going to read it and I know *why* they're going to read it! I know what kind of pictures my interview will promote!

OUI: That's ridiculous!

ALI: I know what you're driving at! I know why people buy OUI, *Playboy* . . .

OUI: Let me refresh your memory. Apparently you forgot. You were already interviewed for *Playboy*—twice!

ALI: I was?

OUI: Of course! Now, before you talk again about receiving money for doing this OUI interview, I will remind you that I have studied kung fu and T'ai Chi Ch'uan. Let me show you one of the ancient and lethal neck holds . . .

ALI: Ah . . . maybe a little later. OK, I decided I'll do the interview to help you. That's more than money. You don't have to pay me anything. I'll do it to help you. When are you going to do it?

OUI: The kung fu or T'ai Chi?

ALI: No, the interview.

OUI: We're doing the interview now!

ALI: We are? We're doing an *interview* now? I thought you were just asking me a lot of questions.

OUI: That's what interviews are—questions and answers.

ALI: I like your interviews/ admire your style/but you pay so cheap/I will not see you for a while!

OUI: That's funny. You aren't as dumb as you look!

ALI: If I had a lower IQ, I could enjoy this interview!

OUI: Don't you mean higher IQ?

ALI: What? Come here! Let me show you how I won my last fight with Spinks!

OUI: Some other time. I have to leave now.

—MICHAEL DELON

"We're doing it now?"

U.P.I.

MONEY Says one dropout: "I got a better education on the streets than I could ever have gotten in college. I love what I've built and I did it all myself."

(Continued from page 40)

gear—ten radios and some antennas. "I knew absolutely nothing about C.B. I wasn't a C.B. freak—I hated them. I'm into music." But he printed up some cheap leaflets and canvassed every parking lot in town. He sold out the radios in a week and made a 30 percent profit. But instead of pocketing the cash or pissing it away, he bought more C.B.s, passed out the leftover leaflets and started hawking them out of his garage.

Veselka was a shrewd merchandiser. He knew C.B. types watched a lot of TV when they weren't chattering to their "good buddies"; so he started running ads in the local television-listings guide. Then it hit—C.B. became a nationwide craze. Randy was sitting there with $10,000 worth of equipment and he sold it as fast as he could write out the receipts. C.B.ers from Corpus Christi and the surrounding towns poured into Veselka's garage. His street was snarled with traffic, and the neighbors called the cops.

"I had to get out of the garage; so I leased this total dump and hired a manager to run the shop while I was going to school," recalls Randy. "Within three months his C.B. warehouse was selling between $45,000 and $55,000 a month in gear, grossing 35 percent and netting a clean 15 percent profit. "But I plowed every nickel back in the business."

RAGS AND RICHES

Walk in the front door of Rick Pallack's two-bedroom apartment in Studio City, California, and you freak out. Where normal people would have their sofa, he's got 100 European-designer suits. A bedroom holds 300 more suits, sport coats and 100 dress shirts. The upstairs bedroom is crammed with chic men's sportswear, and the bathroom is filled up with boxed goods. In fact, practically every square inch of Pallack's 400-square-foot apartment is piled high with high fashion. Pallack sits at a small dining-room table, a phone glued to his ear, a calculator at his fingertips and a tape measure over his shoulder.

What is this—some Mafia stash for hot threads? No way. It's the brainchild of 23-year-old college dropout Rick Pallack, who figured out a way to sell French- and Italian-designer men's fashions at 30 to 50 percent less than they would fetch "over the hill" in those pricey Beverly Hills boutiques for men. The apartment is his store, and it's almost like a speakeasy; unless you know it's there and you have the address, you'll never find it. Outside, it looks like just another glittery Southern California apartment building.

That suits Rick fine. Working out of his digs, he sells to about 3000 regular customers who either hear about him via the grapevine or spot his small ads in magazines. "Hey, I keep my overhead down. The rent's only four hundred twelve dollars a month, and I sell a lot of clothes."

So much clothing, in fact, that he bought himself an unusual birthday present when he turned 22—a 40-year-old English Tudor-styled house with pool, worth a quarter of a million bucks. A year earlier, he wrote a check for a $34,000 Mercedes 450SL convertible. Last June, for his 23rd birthday, he threw a little, catered disco bash at home for about 300 of his closest chums. He claims he had to buy the home because his booming business squeezed him out of his apartment.

Not bad for a guy who moved in three years ago with about $200 and some closeout merchandise in the truck of his car. And by the time he's 25—in two years—he fully expects to be a millionaire.

Pallack wasn't always trim, tanned and cocksure. He has been scrambling on his own since 16, when his parents split. "I started working in Beverly Hills men's stores when I was twelve years old as a stockboy, a gofer. Actually, when I was ten, I was making two-toned cuff links for French-cuffed shirts, and my father sold them." At 15, he started selling clothes for a men's store and stayed there for five years.

Still, selling clothes at $2.95 an hour just wasn't generating enough cash; so Pallack started buying samples, closeouts and marked-down men's wear, and selling them out of his trunk and at swap meets. "I was working my ass off three hundred sixty-five days a year for three years. I was scrambling 'cause I had no money behind me and I didn't think I was going to make it." Essentially, he was living on an income of $400 a month and reinvesting the excess bucks into more merchandise—mostly studded jeans and patchwork shirts—in the early days.

Dealing out of his old Dodge Challenger and a $150-a-month, one-bedroom apartment and peddling $6 shirts that he bought for $2, Pallack was grossing about $2000 a month by the time he graduated from high school. But he had to plow it back into more merchandise. While he was hustling, he was dreaming of becoming a millionaire. "I didn't care how, I just wanted to make it. I never wanted to worry about making money. But I was willing to work for it, because I knew no one was going to hand it to me."

His big break came when he suddenly realized "there were plenty of stores selling discount garbage merchandise—cheap goods cheap. But nobody took Beverly Hills merchandise and offered it for less—a lot less." To get those same goods, Pallack flew to Italy, Germany and Paris in 1977, personally visiting every top designer house that sold to the Rodeo Drive shops. He says he bought their "extras," promised he wouldn't display their label, and shipped them back to his Studio City apartment. "I was selling the same suits at forty to sixty percent below what the better stores were selling them for."

Why would they sell to an upstart rookie like Pallack? "I always paid C.O.D. or receipt of goods. Those big stores don't pay [their suppliers] for sixty to a hundred twenty days."

Fast payment and increasing volume gives him some real clout with manufacturers, Pallack boasts. "I don't buy last season's goods; I don't buy closeouts anymore; I don't buy the shit. I now go to the hottest companies and I demand the best."

What's more, he claims he doesn't work as hard these days. During the week, he sells by appointment from noon to 7 P.M. ("So I can dress the men personally") and is open all day Saturday. "It's a zoo in here, a madhouse."

When Rick Pallack parties these days and bullshits with pals who have just recently picked up that degree and are now breaking into the real world, does he ever regret that he missed out on those good old brain-straining, ass-chasing, beer-guzzling, dope-smoking days? Pallack, sitting there with a Dixie cup full of Perrier, just shakes his head. "I got a better education on the streets than I could have ever gotten in college. I love what I do; I love what I've built—and I did it all myself. I've got no complaints."

Suppose you don't have a big idea—selling a popular gadget like a C.B. radio *before* it becomes hot, or running a haberdashery out of your house? Just pick somebody else's idea and copy it, advises Chase Revel, editor/publisher of *Entrepreneur* (said to be the world's most expensive magazine at $7.50 a copy).

Revel, who made a fortune by developing a faster way to lay bricks, says as long as you have the basic business skills—advertising, marketing, accounting—you can swipe somebody else's idea and often make it work.

"People who are trying their new ideas are taking big chances, because they're trying to prove that the idea that never existed before is viable when, in fact, a bad store location alone could be the real cause of ruin."

Revel says you don't need the brainstorm or the college degree to make it today. As he puts it: "You should have a creative mind, but a lot of people succeed without one. If you have determination to overcome the daily problems and you have an open mind, you'll make it." ■

THE DAY THEY STOLE THE MONA LISA

BY PAUL WHITEHEAD WITH JAN GOLAB

Leonardo da Vinci's masterpiece, the Mona Lisa, has not always smiled so smugly from her place of honor at the Louvre in Paris. In fact, the world's single most valuable work of art was stolen in 1911, and was considered missing for two years. Then the painting—or *a* Mona Lisa—was returned to the Uffizi museum in Florence by a Vincenzo Perugia, who had been employed at the Louvre. Claiming he was incensed by Napoleon's previous "theft" of the masterpiece, Perugia said he stole the painting as a patriotic gesture to his homeland. Surprisingly, the world did not question his motives, or the authenticity of the returned masterpiece, and the story of the irate Italian patriot quickly passed into the history books.

The cognoscenti of the art world, however, were highly skeptical of this explanation for La Gioconda's lengthy absence. To believe the painting could be out of sight for two years and then be returned in the same condition as it was stolen, without being ransomed or duplicated, was, to say the least, optimistic. To believe further that it was the work of one individual, and that his only motive was patriotism, was naïve at best. Even now, few historians believe that Perugia told the whole truth.

When the Mona Lisa disappeared, Paul Leprieur, the chief curator of the Louvre, suspected that a band of young "renegade" artists was

ILLUSTRATION BY SUE COE

MONA LISA Duchamp had the most radical and original mind I had ever encountered. What can I say about a man who walked his pet lobster on a leash?

responsible. Leprieur was all too familiar with this gang of self-styled bohemians; for when they were not ensconced in the cabarets and hashish dens of Paris, they could often be found loitering in the halls of the Louvre. Although they had reputations as scoundrels, they were befriended by Leprieur, who spent many hours with them discussing their radical philosophies and their involvement in a new artistic movement, which they called "avant-garde." Leprieur was so taken by their passion for great art that he even shared many secrets of the Louvre with them. Among these secrets was the knowledge that the Mona Lisa, if it were ever stolen and later recovered, could be authenticated by examining the back of the painting. Da Vinci had painted his masterpiece on a wood panel, the backside of which bore identifying stains and repairs that had never been viewed by the public.

When La Gioconda was stolen, Leprieur immediately contacted M. Drioux of the Public Prosecutor's Office and had two members of this gang arrested and held for questioning. These were Guillaume Apollinaire, the celebrated writer and critic known as "the impresario of the avant-garde," and a hotheaded although promising young Spanish painter named Pablo Picasso. Leprieur was unable to prove their complicity, however, and the two were eventually released.

Paul Whitehead, a British artist who spent the last ten years exploring this mystery, has now completed a treatise that supports Leprieur's theory. Whitehead's novel, *The Day They Stole the Mona Lisa*, contends that the mastermind of the robbery was Marcel Duchamp, perhaps the most ingenious and eccentric of the avant-garde artists. Whitehead maintains that Duchamp's gang stole the painting and kept it for two years in order to produce two master forgeries. *The Day They Stole the Mona Lisa*, a fictional account based on fact, arrives at the unsettling conclusion that the portrait now hanging in the Louvre may not be the real Mona Lisa.

The key that finally unlocked this mystery for Whitehead is a work of art by Marcel Duchamp, entitled *The Bride stripped bare by her Bachelors, even*. This work—nine feet high, six feet wide and painted on glass—is to this day one of the most curious and enigmatic works of modern art. Over the years, volumes have been written trying to explain it. It consumed Duchamp from 1912 until 1923 and features two dramatic elements: the bride (the Mona Lisa) and the bachelors (the men who stole, duplicated and resold her). Each of the principal characters in the plot is depicted in the painting, but as chessmen (chess was Duchamp's avocation). Duchamp gave each a name or occupation which summarized his role. These include Picasso (busboy), Francis Picabia (priest), Apollinaire (cavalryman) and Duchamp himself (stationmaster). Mona Lisa (the bride) is depicted as a cubist-styled vamp.

During the years that Duchamp worked on this piece, he made numerous sketches and kept lengthy notes. Although these notes seem purposely cryptic (Duchamp always wrote in riddles), they provide insight into his thoughts and motives while he was creating the piece. Paul Whitehead's close scrutiny of these historic clues convinced him that they were left purposely by Duchamp, and are a virtual blueprint to his successful plot to steal and duplicate the Mona Lisa.

As with La Gioconda, Duchamp maintained that the back of his "Large Glass," as it came to be known, was more important than the front. Was he referring to the meaning of the painting—something that has eluded critics and interpreters to this day? When his painting was dropped and shattered in 1926, the artist pieced it back together, stating that it was still not broken and probably never would be.

That is, of course, until now.

The Day They Stole the Mona Lisa is narrated by Paul Saras, a still vigorous and feisty man of 93, who has just learned of the death of his close friend and last co-conspirator, Pablo Picasso. Realizing that he is the only one alive who knows the truth, and fueled by his own sense of destiny, he begins to unfold his story. We first pick up his narrative as he is explaining how he became involved with the unique and divergent cast of characters who committed one of the greatest frauds in history.

•

I came to Paris in 1909 to complete my education in art history and to study the work of the Spanish artist Velázquez at the Bibliothèque Ste.-Geneviève. At night I would wander into Montmartre and spend my evenings in the cafés and bars, mixing with the artists and writers who had taken over the area and turned it into an artists' ghetto. These men were dedicated to a complete rethinking of the ground rules of art, a reassessment of the role of the artist in a society that was becoming more and more mechanical in nature, and a world that was growing more impersonal by the day. They felt the idea that art was "precious" did not relate to the 20th Century. The supposition that art was the privilege of the rich was abhorrent, and they were constantly seeking ways of making statements to this effect.

The great champion of this "new wave" was poet and essayist Guillaume Apollinaire, who served as spokesman for the movement through his writings and reviews in both the *Paris Journal* and *Le Matin*. His spirited oratory could also be heard echoing from cafés, gallery openings, on street corners, or anywhere he could find an audience. He became both nursemaid and godfather to the cubist movement, and it was he who invented the term *surrealism* in 1917. Apollinaire was a master of promotion who had all the right connections. He had justly earned his reputation as impresario of the avant-garde.

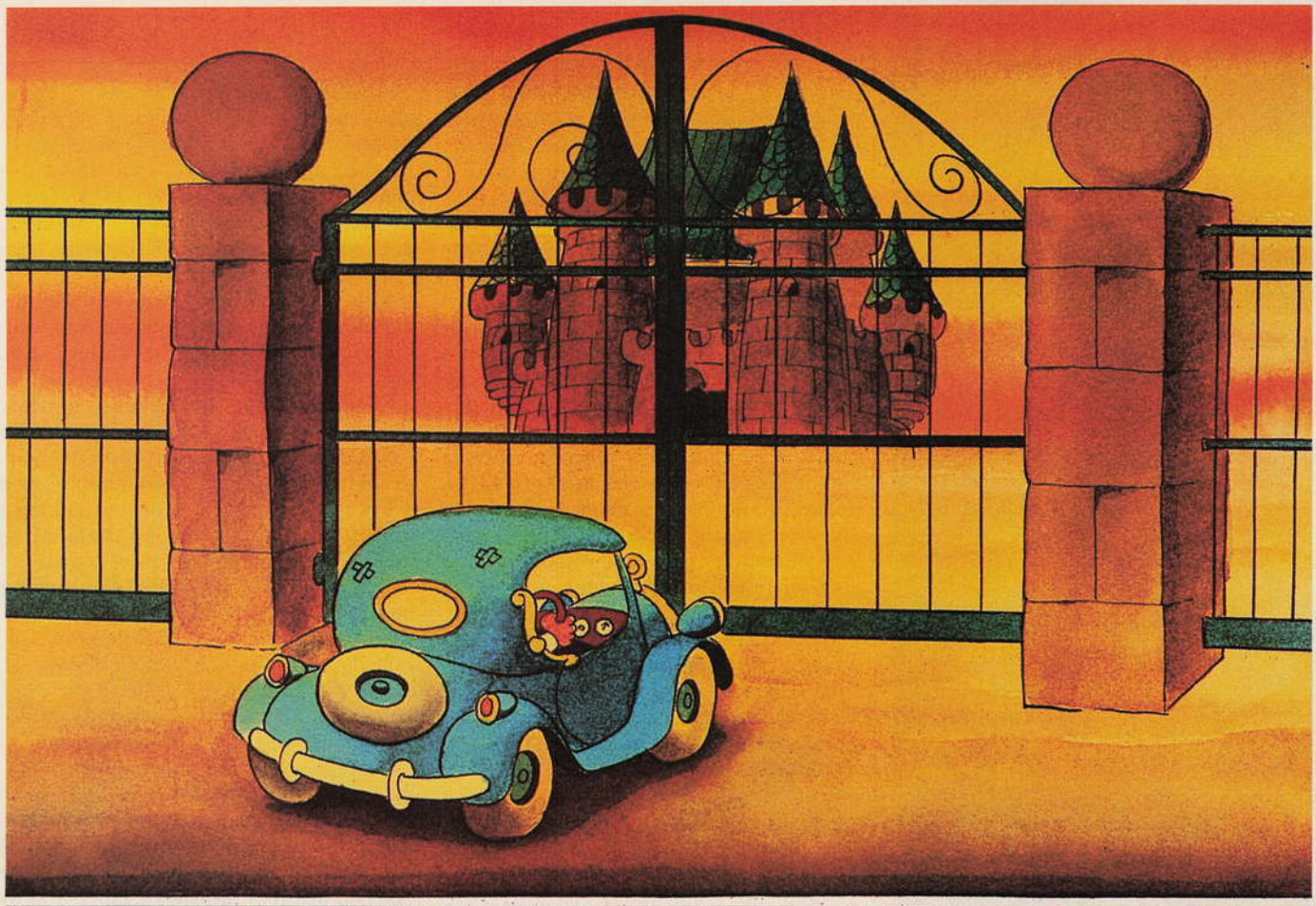
I first met him at a gathering at the home of Max Jacob, the well-known mystic, huckster and poet. Apollinaire was a large and robust man, whose passion for originality in art was matched only by a love for rich and exotic cuisine. He was also, I learned, an avid student of the occult. Over dinner he and I fell into a lengthy discussion on contemporary theories of art. After the party, we continued our exhilarating exchange while cabaret hopping, and when we found ourselves staggering after a taxi at dawn, we were still absorbed in vigorous debate.

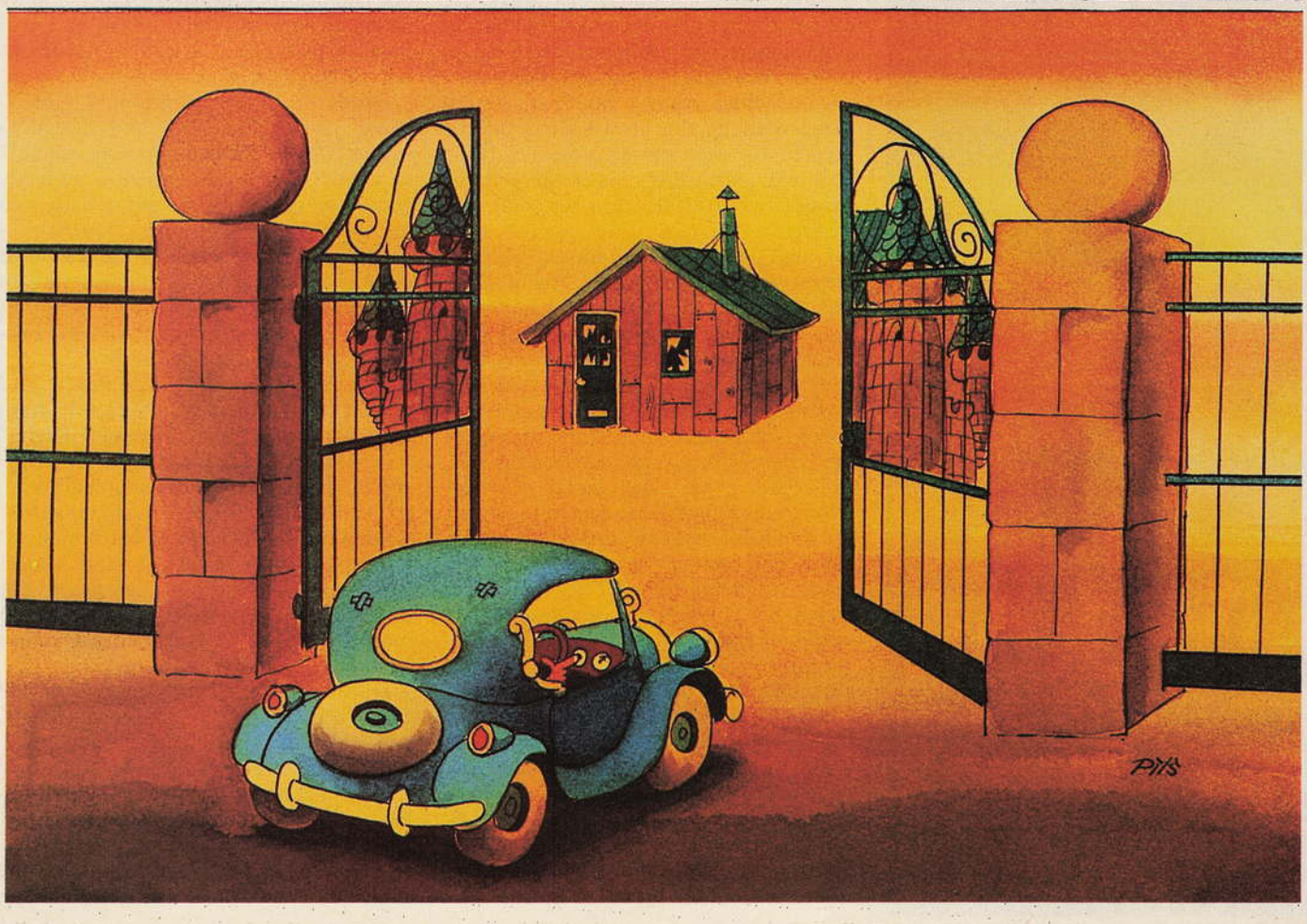
Apollinaire and I quickly became very close, and in the coming few weeks he introduced me to many of his artist friends. Of these, I became particularly friendly with Francis Picabia, Pablo Picasso and Marcel Duchamp.

Duchamp immediately struck me as being very astute and cerebral, one of that rare breed of genius with a brilliance so extreme that it was probably as much a handicap as a blessing. A man like Einstein, at least, could give his creativity some linear definition through his formulas, but Duchamp's incredible intellect had no such firm terrain upon which to rest (except, perhaps, for his chessmanship). Without question, he had the most radical and original mind I have ever encountered. What can I say about a man who was known to spend Saturday afternoons in the shopping district of Paris walking his pet lobster on a leash?

Among Duchamp's accomplishments was his creation of one of the most celebrated "modern" paintings in the western hemisphere, *Nude Descending a Staircase*. He was credited with virtually creating the Dada and surrealist movements, but he divorced himself from both of them because of his strong dislike for "movements." After 1923 he devoted much, if not all, of his time to playing chess, establishing a rare reputation on what he *failed* to produce.

Picasso, Duchamp, Apollinaire, Picabia and myself soon became our own inner circle. I hesitate to call us a "gang," but we were, I must admit, an audacious bunch. When the five of us marched on the town for the evening, maître d's and doormen

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MONA LISA

shuddered, decent ladies blanched, and the gendarmes followed us. Anything was likely to happen. No one in the Paris art world escaped our wanton and irreverent pranks.

One of my most vivid memories of this period stems from one of Picasso's openings at Vollard's gallery. It was the night I first met the notorious Mlle. Rrose.

The opening was the usual affair, with about 100 people crowded into a space that could accommodate 50, most of them fawning over the attending celebrities rather than the paintings. A huge bowl of punch was strategically placed at the far end of the gallery, so that Picasso and M. Vollard could have a chance to talk to everyone present. After all, it was a certainty that everyone would come over for a glass of punch at some time during the evening.

Picasso had indeed come a long way. He was only 19 when he first arrived in Paris from Barcelona, and he spent his first few years at the Louvre copying some of the world's most famous paintings. "Only by understanding where art has been," he once told me, "does the artist determine where art is going." Now Picasso had not only discovered where art was going, he was taking it there.

Pablo was not without his quirks. He was another genius, of course—but he was as passionate as Duchamp was cerebral, as temperamental as Duchamp was eccentric. For one thing, being a Spaniard, he felt persecuted by the always chauvinistic French. He was forever afraid of being deported, particularly when he felt the danger of an altercation with the authorities.

I had already congratulated Pablo on the show and was talking to a friend of his, Erik Satie, the composer and pianist. We were discussing how music and painting were following similar paths at the time, and how his music would be a perfect complement to Picasso's paintings. As we talked, Apollinaire entered the far end of the gallery with a young lady on his arm, and together they slowly made their way through the crowd. She seemed to be very shy, and barely spoke as she daintily shook hands with each new acquaintance. Eventually, Apollinaire steered her over to the punch bowl, where Picasso and Vollard were standing guard.

Picasso was taken by the lady. "I am always happy to make the acquaintance of a new model," he said. It was a line I had heard Pablo use frequently. Vollard, meanwhile, was trying to size her up as a potential collector. The lady was very elegant. She was wearing a blue silk dress, which hugged her figure nicely, a fur stole and a large, colorful hat with a checkered ribbon around the brim.

Apollinaire addressed Picasso: "Pablo, allow me to introduce to you a very good friend of my family, Mlle. Rrose Sélavy." Picasso, duly impressed, held the lady's hand up to his lips and gently kissed it. "With pleasure," he replied. "And what does Mlle. Rrose think of the work I am displaying here tonight?"

Mlle. Rrose fluttered her eyelids as she looked around at the boisterous and well-inebriated throng in the gallery. She turned to Apollinaire.

"Guillaume, my dear, could you please give me a hand?" She reached out for Apollinaire and proceeded, with his help, to climb onto the table—presumably to get a better view of the pictures. The crowd noticed this fine, cultured lady standing on the table, and all conversation ceased.

Rrose looked down at Picasso from her new vantage point. "Do you want to know what I think of your art, M. Picasso?" she said. "Well, this is what I think of your art, as I see it from here." Mlle. Rrose then pulled up the bottom of her dress until it was about waist high, revealing a pair of hairy legs and some rather dingy underpants. The crowd gasped. The "lady" then proceeded to squat over the punch bowl and urinate. For one long moment, the crowd fell as silent as death itself. Everyone had heard of Picasso's temper, and we all feared he would throw one of his torrid Spanish fits. Instead, he let out a boisterous roar of laughter.

Suddenly, Picasso grabbed "Mlle. Rrose" around the waist and started to wrestle with her. "Duchamp, you asshole!" he cried. "You've just ruined a perfectly good bowl of punch! I ought to make you pay for it!"

Realizing what had occurred, the crowd erupted into cacophonous howls. Picasso had been fooled by the most infamous female impersonator in Paris—his own good friend, Marcel Duchamp.

Apollinaire moved in quickly and doused both of them with the spirits from his glass. "To hell with the punch, Pablo," he yelled above the din. "With the prices you're starting to get for your paintings, you should be serving us all champagne!"

We were all privileged to watch many of the exploits of Mlle. Rrose—and Marcel Duchamp—over the next few years. But little did any of us realize that we would soon be involved in Duchamp's grandest stunt of all.

Duchamp's house in Neuilly, outside Paris, became our gang's headquarters, and we would meet there every Sunday afternoon. On one of these occasions, we were sitting around the living room, smoking a little hashish and drinking wine, while Picasso was, as usual, pouring himself large glasses of absinthe. I tried the stuff only once, which was quite enough

for me. I have to admit, I was the conservative, "balancing" force of our little group—the "voice of reason," if you will. As such, I frequently prevented this collection of outrageous characters from self-destructing while in the throes of ecstasy over one of their nefarious plots. Anyway, there we were, in various states of heightened awareness, as the late-afternoon sun streamed in through the shutters—Picasso, Duchamp, Picabia, Duchamp's half-brother Jacques Villon, Apollinaire and me.

The conversation had turned to Duchamp's favorite topic, that of "preciousness" within the art world, and its repercussions for the modern artist. Duchamp insisted that art collectors would turn their attention to the work of contemporary artists only when they could no longer find any financial benefit in collecting old masters. Somehow, Duchamp reasoned, something had to be done to discredit the concept of art for money's sake and the idea that the works of old masters were valuable assets. "I have recently found what my true purpose in life is to be," Duchamp announced, casually sliding over to the cupboard above the sink and producing a bottle of cognac. "My purpose," he continued, "is to find a solution to the curious problem of preciousness."

Then, as if he purposely wanted to delay explaining just how he intended to do this, Duchamp suddenly broke off and looked directly at me. "Paul, do you take coca?" he asked.

I told him that I had tried some of Mariani's elixir with Apollinaire one afternoon, but that I wasn't really that familiar with the drug. He produced a small vial from his jacket pocket and sprinkled a pile of white powder onto the bottom of an upturned brandy glass. He then handed me a length of glass tube, which had a hollow ball with a hole in it on the end. I looked at it curiously, not quite sure what it was, much to everyone's amusement. He saw my ignorance. "Here, let me show you," he said, and took the glass tube, put the rounded end up to one of his nostrils and then bent over the pile of powder and sniffed some of it up.

"This is the only way to take it, in its purest form. What wonders it does for the thought processes," he said, as he handed me the tube. I sniffed some of the powder. It made me sneeze violently, once again, inspiring no end of hilarity for my friends. Duchamp laughed, then sat down next to me on the couch.

"Well, Paul, what do you think of the magic cocaine powder?"

I must admit that I could not detect any perceivable change in my thought processes, or even feel a rush, as I was expecting. I looked around the room to see if I could notice any change in the way things looked. They still looked the same.

Duchamp took another sniff. "Don't expect anything to change noticeably," he said, "but your mind will become stimulated, and you will almost certainly find that you suddenly have more energy than usual." He handed me the glass tube again, and I finished the coca that was on the bottom of the glass.

Duchamp was now ready to resume his discourse on the solution to the problem of preciousness.

"We have often talked of the old masters, who were artists and thinkers like ourselves, and how they would no doubt share in our skepticism for the state of art today. How they must laugh at what we have done with their works. Most of them barely made a decent living, but today many of their paintings are considered to be worth millions. And where are those paintings? Why, in the hands of the rich as collateral and evidence of their great wealth and taste. They deal them amongst each other as one would trade race horses or real estate. It is a travesty."

"Yes, we know this," I offered. "We have discussed this many times before. But what can be done about it? Is it not the status quo?"

"Allow me to show you my solution to this problem." Duchamp walked over to the far end of the room. "It is over here."

We stood up and followed him. For the first time I felt the effects of the cocaine. I did seem to have more energy, and everything was tack-sharp about me. Duchamp was standing over two lithograph prints of the Mona Lisa, which were lying on the floor side by side. "La Gioconda," he said, "painted by one of the truly great artists of all time, Leonardo. I have been communicating with him for some time now, and let me tell you—he is not at all pleased with what has happened to his masterpiece."

"Communicating with him?" Apollinaire asked. "How do you mean?"

"I have been feeling his presence about me whenever I look at his painting," Duchamp said, "and he comes to me in my dreams and talks to me. He is not at all pleased with the station Mona Lisa has been given in life. She has become a ridiculous icon—her value, beyond the realm of feasibility. She has become priceless, and as such has been taken out of the real world and placed on a pedestal that is so high above that of mortal man that only a few of us can see her for what she is—no more or no less than a painting."

Picasso, who had been standing quietly in a corner of the room, suddenly came to life. "Bravo," he exclaimed, raising his glass of absinthe with a flourish.

Duchamp then presented us with some staggering figures. In 1911, the Mona Lisa was valued at 1 billion, 629 million dollars. It increased in value at the rate of 4 million dollars each month, 135 thousand dollars each day, 5658 dollars each hour, and an

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MONA LISA

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This situation was, we all agreed, insane. Something had to be done about it!

At first, Duchamp revealed, he had thought of damaging the painting; but then he realized that to do that to the Mona Lisa would only serve to make her *more* valuable after she was restored. He had determined that the painting would have to be stolen and kept out of sight, until the world believed that it had disappeared forever. Then, a forgery would be returned to the Louvre—a forgery so good that the experts would never be able to spot it.

"Steal the Mona Lisa?" I said. "Are you crazy? What possible advantage would that be to the memory of Leonardo? What could you do with it? You couldn't sell it; no one in his right mind would even consider such a thing."

"You miss the point," responded Duchamp. "There would be nothing to be gained at all, except a solution to the problem of preciousness. But incidentally, I can tell you right now that I know of at least three men in the world who would seriously consider buying the Mona Lisa—for a very handsome sum, I might add."

"You *are* crazy," I said. "You've been taking too much of this cocaine powder. Your thoughts and your dreams are running away with you. Why, the government would guillotine you for such a crime."

"Paul—I do not intend to get caught. You must believe me. I have thought this out to the last detail. There is no risk involved. Fate has chosen us, out of all the people of the world, to be the liberators of Leonardo's La Gioconda—to put her back where she belongs, in the realm of her true existence . . ."

"Us?" I exclaimed, suddenly realizing that he was speaking in the plural. I looked about the room at Apollinaire, Picasso and Picabia. Each of them was as dumbstruck as myself by the notion, but I noticed that unmistakable gleam in their eyes, that all too familiar diabolical glint, and I suddenly felt a rush of adrenaline in my veins. I believe I became absolutely pale with fright.

Duchamp handed me the upturned glass again, and I tried to steady my hand as I took another long sniff of cocaine. Then he turned the glass over and poured me some cognac. "Here," he said, "I believe you could also use some of this."

•

Within a few weeks, Duchamp had developed an elaborate plan for our assault on the Louvre. He had befriended a workman at the museum, a man by the name of Vincenzo Perugia, with whom he felt we could entrust a key role in the robbery—namely, that of taking the Mona Lisa off

the museum wall, removing it from the frame and delivering it to a preordained exit. According to Duchamp's plan, Apollinaire would wait outside to receive the painting; Picabia and I would execute any of a number of devious ploys to divert the guards; and Marcel, in the guise of Mlle. Rrose, would keep Chief Curator Leprieur occupied. Duchamp had not yet determined if Picasso would have a role in the heist, since he was worried that Pablo's volatile and paranoid nature could prove a dangerous liability.

Duchamp had convinced Perugia that we all belonged to a "brotherhood of Italian patriots" who, like himself, were disgusted at seeing so many Italian masterpieces housed on French soil. Marcel made certain that Perugia never learned our true identities.

What remained uncertain was what we could expect when we tried to kidnap La Gioconda. Picabia and Apollinaire believed Duchamp's scheme was far too contrived. The security of the Louvre was so lax, they argued, that a complex scheme was not necessary. Picasso and I were not convinced however; so we were engaged by Apollinaire to accompany him on a sort of dry run—ostensibly as a little experiment he was conducting for one of his columns in the French press.

It was a bleak and windy autumn day, and as I approached the pillars at the entrance of the Louvre, I found Apollinaire and Picasso standing in the shelter of the gray stone. I will never forget the image Picasso presented that day: huddled in the corner and dressed in a black coat and a long scarf that was wrapped around his neck several times. His trousers were splattered with paint, and these covered a pair of well-worn Spanish boots. As he shook my hand, vigorously, his dark eyes darted madly from side to side, and he whispered to himself in Spanish—which neither Apollinaire nor I understood. Apollinaire explained that we were waiting for another acquaintance. "A former secretary of mine," he said, "a Belgian by the name of Gery Pieret. He tells me that the Louvre has virtually no security to speak of. It is well known that the museum is protected by officials who have little or no interest in art. The guards are poorly paid, and are often found either asleep or missing from their posts. But Pieret says he wants to demonstrate today just how lax things are here at France's most prestigious art gallery."

M. Pieret was a thin and weaselly-looking man. He greeted us each warmly as Apollinaire introduced us. Pieret was wearing a seaman's coat and a floppy blue cap. The coat seemed to be several sizes too large, and it made him look as though he were concealing something underneath. "Let's go in," he said, "and see what the museums of France have to offer four hungry bachelors."

As we strolled casually through the numerous salons, Apollinaire and Picasso made complimentary or disparaging remarks about the various works of art we passed. Frequently, they would disagree over something and fly into a passionate verbal battle. These arguments would come to a halt just as quickly as they had started, as the two approached another painting—and then it would start all over again. I decided, for the time being, to stay out of these volleys.

Eventually, we entered the salon which contained the Mona Lisa. Pieret stood in the middle of the room, his hands on his hips.

"This is the Salon Carré," Pieret intoned, as though he were our tour guide, "the home of France's most precious paintings. In this gallery, you will find the work of such masters as Raphael, Rubens, Titian, Correggio and Rembrandt. And, if you glance around you, you will also notice that there is not a single guard in sight."

Indeed, he was right. In all of this huge gallery, there was no sign of a single guard.

We followed Pieret as he walked over and stood in front of La Gioconda. This was the third time I had come to admire her, and each time I felt the same feeling of desire and attachment. I could easily have fallen in love with her. She seemed continuously to be on the verge of smiling at me; yet "she" had long been deceased. I could quite imagine and understand why Napoleon had taken to standing in front of her in his bedroom and talking to her.

It was Apollinaire who, after a number of minutes, finally broke our silence.

"This really is it, isn't it?" he said. "A true masterpiece!"

"It's horseshit," scoffed Picasso. "It is just a painting, and it will rot like all other paintings."

Pieret hushed them both. "Now, will you two please stop arguing? What do you want to do, wake up the guards?"

We all laughed. Then Pieret unbuttoned his coat to reveal a folding chair, the kind with a canvas seat that artists use when painting on location. He unfolded it and placed it on the ground, right in front of the Mona Lisa. As we stared on in amazement, Pieret then took from inside his coat a shaving brush and mug, a mirror and, finally, an open razor and a towel, which he draped over his knee after putting his leg up on the chair for support. Finally he took a bottle of water out of his coat pocket.

Picasso suddenly walked away—terrified—apparently convinced that Pieret was about to damage the painting. On the contrary, Pieret simply proceeded to lather his face. When he finished, he tested the edge of the razor with his finger as he stared into the face of the Mona Lisa. I looked over my shoulder, nervously, for the sign of a guard, and to determine which way I would run in the event we were

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discovered. Apollinaire stood next to me, his chin on his hand, smiling and occasionally turning to me and arching an eyebrow, as if to say, "This is good fun, eh?" Meanwhile, Picasso stood at the other end of the salon, pretending to study another painting.

Pieret proceeded to shave himself, very slowly and deliberately, wiping the soap from his razor on the towel across his knee. After a while I began to see the point: Here we were, standing in front of the world's most precious masterpiece, watching a man shave himself with an open razor, without interruption by security. Almost as the thought crossed my mind, Pieret wiped off the last of the soap and turned around.

"Do you see? I could be a maniac, instead of a practical joker. I could have destructive thoughts in mind, as I carry my razor into the Louvre and open it in front of La Gioconda."

Picasso suddenly yelled at us from where he was standing down the hall: "Will you get that crazy man out of here before he gets us all thrown in jail?"

Apollinaire looked amused. "Don't worry, Pablo. If a guard should come along, just pretend that you're not with us. But I don't believe there is anything to worry about. You see, it is twelve-fifteen, and most of them are taking a siesta!"

We all broke up with laughter, as Picasso moved even further away from us, muttering a string of Spanish obscenities and angrily shaking his fist.

Pieret put his bottle of water to his lips. "This," he said, "could have been a bottle of acid. We could have seriously disfigured any treasure in this museum. But who wants to talk about damage and destruction? You realize, don't you, that we could probably steal anything we wanted off these walls. The guards here are so nonchalant, I might as well walk in with a wheelbarrow and load it up with as many paintings as I like."

"How long have you known about this state of affairs?" I asked.

Pieret looked puzzled. "I thought everyone knew of this, until I mentioned it to a few friends like Guillaume here. Then I began to realize that everyone was quite oblivious to the truth."

We spent the rest of the afternoon in a café, as Apollinaire went over the various details of our little adventure. Sitting there with Apollinaire was like being at the very nerve center of the Parisian art world. He was constantly interrupted by passersby, who would join us at the table for a minute or two, drop a little gossip and then move on. Apollinaire had a good word, a joke or some gossip of his own for each of them in turn. It was interesting to see how each of these "contacts" dealt with him differently, and even called him by different names. After I had known him for some time, I realized that he was in the habit of fabricating identities, and often titles, for himself. He was known as a gourmet, a master chef, an Italian count, a Polish duke, and he had even circulated a rumor that his father was a very high ranking member of the Vatican.

We were joined later by Picabia. As usual, Francis was dressed to kill, sporting an impeccable white dinner jacket, striped pants and a rakish straw hat. Picabia was known to be somewhat of a playboy in the Parisian art community. Not that anyone would dare belittle his talent: There was no question that he was a true master. But Francis indulged in many luxuries that one does not usually associate with a "struggling" artist; and while most artists are known for being serious and reflective in their demeanor, he rarely took anything very seriously. Heavyset, dark-haired and handsome, he always had a new suit of clothes and an even newer set of wisecracks.

Like myself, Picabia came from a wealthy family. He had been inadvertently steered into the arts by his father, who was an investment banker in the Bourges and an avid art collector. "When I was fourteen," Francis explained, "I began duplicating many of the master paintings my father exhibited in our home. At sixteen, I took the liberty of substituting one of my copies for my father's favorite painting—a small Rembrandt which he never failed to show to visiting guests. One evening, he was entertaining an internationally known art collector. The gentleman examined my forgery in close detail and exclaimed, 'M. Picabia, this is truly a beautiful piece of work. I clearly see here all the technical skill and sensitivity we have come to know and appreciate as Rembrandt. If you ever decide to sell this painting, please contact me before you tell anyone else!'

"Having my work mistaken for that of Rembrandt not only sealed my commitment to art, but also gave birth to a scheme that allowed me to escape a most certain and dastardly fate. You see, great lover of art that my father was, he could not accept an artist's life for his own son; he expected me to take over the family brokerage firm. Hence, while he was always generous with me, he never gave me so much money that I could fly the coop. When I came of age and determined that I should strike out on my own as an artist, I began augmenting my father's allowance by selling some of his old masters and replacing them with my copies. I sold the real paintings to shady art dealers, with whom I had overheard my father say he would never do business. Over the years, whenever I've come up short on cash, I have simply returned home for a visit and done a little

discreet trading."

I asked Francis if he weren't concerned that he would someday be caught at his little game. He only laughed. "I doubt that I ever will. The methods they use to determine whether a painting is real are so archaic. And whenever my father puts one of his paintings on the market, its authenticity is never questioned, because of his reputation. He has already sold a number of them."

How incredible, I thought. Hundreds of years from now, when M. Picabia's collection is enshrined in the salon of some museum, will anyone suspect—indeed, will anyone dare suggest—that they are all the work of *one* man, the collector's son?

I was hardly shocked by Picabia's admission. Needless to say, it was rare that an artist of our day could survive without being quick of his wits. Apollinaire, with his many high-society connections, could pluck a well-heeled pigeon with all the finesse of a seasoned pool hustler. In extremely hard times, he and Duchamp resorted to common confidence games, many of which they elevated to the level of true art. Picasso, who was never one for subtlety, was known to resort to outright *thievery* when his stomach growled at him. Fortunately, his lean days did not last very long. Even I, the conservative art historian, had my own charade for loosening money from my father's purse. I was, of course, writing the definitive book on Velázquez, and I needed funds to support my writing and my research. What father could deny his son such a noble calling?

As we whiled away the rest of the afternoon, arguing the merits and failings of the many details in our plot to kidnap the Mona Lisa, it struck me that we were, indeed, the perfect band of bachelors to abduct this waiting bride.

•

A year has passed, and Duchamp and his band have "taken" the Mona Lisa. The French press branded the theft "unimaginable," and the *New York Times* reported that "it must be a practical joke of the worst kind." But while the theft proved to be more difficult than they expected, it was keeping the smiling "bride" under wraps that became an even greater challenge to their creative ingenuity.

Curator Paul Leprieur, convinced he knows who the culprits are, has engaged M. Drioux of the Public Prosecutor's Office for their constant pursuit. Pablo Picasso and Guillaume Apollinaire have been arrested for questioning. The rest of them have been individually followed and harassed. Not only have Drioux's men tailed the artists relentlessly during their daily wanderings through Paris; they have also pursued them across Europe, following them by train, by boat and by car. They have intercepted messages, and have even infiltrated one of their clandestine rendezvous with a famous art collector. Only Marcel Duchamp's clever chess moves have kept the gang one step ahead of Drioux and Leprieur, jockeying La Gioconda from one hideout to the next, forever alert to Drioux's advances.

As we resume Paul Saras' narrative, the artists have finally completed their two forgeries. Marcel Duchamp, with the aid of his half-brother Jacques—a sculptor by profession, and master chemist and forger by avocation—has seen to it that their duplicates will pass the most stringent tests for authenticity. They have decided to convene at Picabia's apartment in Paris, to make their final and most important decision, before they arrange for the return of La Gioconda.

•

The Mona Lisas were finally completed, and we had many decisions to make as to how we would proceed. We had all arrived except for Pablo, who, it seemed, had become increasingly unraveled by the tremendous pressure that was being put on him by Leprieur. Everywhere Pablo went, he was followed. All of the major collectors of his work had been questioned, and various gallery owners had been harassed for information about him. The repeated threat of deportation, if his involvement were ever uncovered, had him on the verge of cracking. Both he and Duchamp decided that Pablo should keep away from the rest of us—and the Mona Lisas—for the duration of our little caper. After all, Picasso, with his unparalleled skill at duplicating da Vinci's work, had already quite masterfully performed his part.

When everyone had arrived, Duchamp drew the curtains and closed all the doors. From the corner of the room, he pulled a black wooden chest into the center of the floor and opened the lid. He then pulled out not one, but three Mona Lisas. He placed them next to each other against the wall. We all walked over and examined them one by one, in detail. They were indistinguishable, and each one of them, it seemed, was perfect.

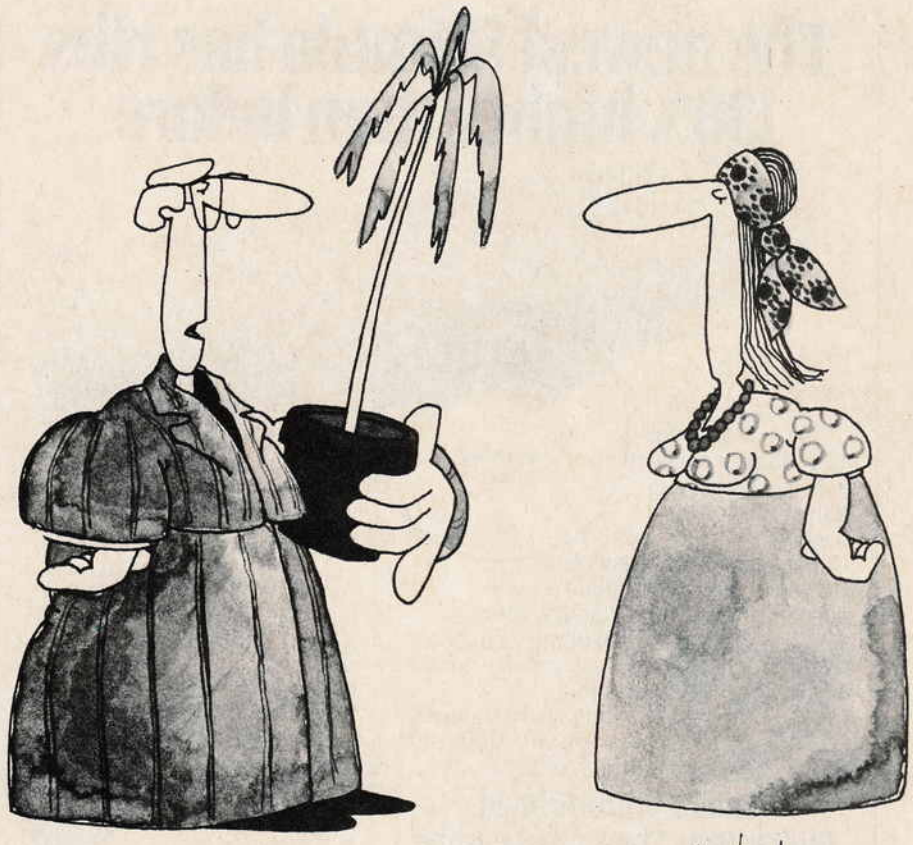
Duchamp beamed from behind the paintings. "Of course, gentlemen, if you turn them around, you will see that the back of each painting is just as identical." He was right. I turned the first two paintings around, and the similarity was astounding. Every detail—the position of every little worm hole, every stain and blemish—was exact. And each of the wooden panels appeared to be equally, very, very old.

"Which one of these is real?" I asked.

Duchamp pointed to the one on the far right. "This one here. Mind you, I only know this by the order that I took them out of the chest. I don't believe that I could tell if they were to get mixed up."

Picabia stepped forward. "Don't you think we should do something about that, Marcel?"

Duchamp nodded. "An excellent idea,



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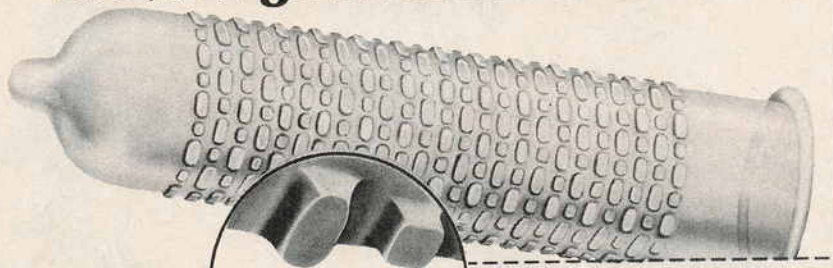

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MONA LISA

Francis." Duchamp turned around the painting on the far right, so that it was facing all of us. Then, taking a black wax crayon from his jacket pocket, he proceeded to draw a mustache and goatee on the face of the original Mona Lisa. He stood back proudly. "There, that settles it forever," he pronounced. "Now there can be no doubt which is the "real" La Gioconda.

We all broke into laughter. But when hilarity subsided, we began to look carefully at the amended Mona Lisa. It was a strange face that greeted our eyes, one that I would never erase from my mind. The mustache and beard had indeed given the Mona Lisa another face—the face of a man! We had all heard rumors that Leonardo, who was homosexual, had actually employed a male model for the portrait. Now, with the addition of the facial hair, she did become a man. I am certain Duchamp already knew this, and that his choosing of this method to mark the real painting was not so cavalier a decision as he led us to believe (Duchamp never did anything without first giving it a great deal of thought). Marcel had worked on the paintings so long that there was no mystery left for him in the image. At some point, he must have seen beyond the Mona Lisa, and she ceased to be the *femme fatale* he had known for so many years. She became an object just as open and vulnerable as anything else in the world and, hence, a candidate for a little graffiti. Duchamp's act was not meant to be malicious, or even rude; but what would happen, I thought to myself, if the Mona Lisa were returned in this condition? If every schoolboy in the world saw the Mona Lisa with a mustache, would she ever again be seen in quite the same light?

Duchamp, who no doubt knew what I was thinking, interrupted my reverie. "We have some business to attend to, gentlemen. Shall we adjourn to the next room?"

It was Apollinaire who broached the obvious question, the one that had been occupying us now for nearly two years. "So, Marcel, after all your masterful scheming, we have finally reached the moment of truth. What have you decided? Are we going to return the original, or one of our copies?"

"I have not made up my mind," Duchamp replied. "I want to be sure that I make the right decision. I can only tell you, quite categorically, that we can make a switch and no one would know the difference."

"But then there is the risk," I suggested, "that they may discover our forgery. We would then have Leprieur and his men on our heels for the rest of our lives."

Jacques Villon shook his head. He had spent the last year preparing the forgeries,

juggling the white lead content of the paints to make it true to those used in the 16th Century, and treating the wood panels so that they had "aged" to the period. "There is no way, Paul, I assure you, that they could prove either of those paintings is a forgery."

"Perhaps," said Picabia, a comic tone in his voice, "we should just paint Marcel's mustache on the original, and return her like that!" We all chuckled at the thought.

I had been right. We all knew Duchamp had seriously considered this as one possible alternative, as one way of making his "statement."

"I propose that we allow another genius to decide for us," Apollinaire suggested. He stood up and began pacing as he spoke. "One of the reasons we gathered here tonight was to hold a séance, is that not right?" Guillaume looked at each of us in turn. We had, in fact, discussed the possibility at our last meeting.

"Well, then, let the master himself tell us what he would like to see done. After all, it is still *his* painting."

I glanced over my shoulder to where the three paintings were sitting, the one to the right with its little addition. As I looked at it, a tiny ball of bluish light appeared in the middle of her forehead. It hovered there for a few seconds and then started to drift to the left side of her head. It seemed to come toward me until, halfway between the painting and where I was sitting, it popped and disappeared. I felt the hairs raise on the back of my neck, and my mouth went dry. Apollinaire was talking as all this happened, but I had not heard what he was saying. I was brought out of my daze when he asked me what I felt we should do. Without a thought, I blurted, "Of course we should do it—there is no doubt!" Even as I spoke, I could not believe what I was saying. Normally, I would have no part of such foolishness.

Hearing this from me was all the convincing they needed.

"It is settled, then," said Guillaume. "I will set everything up for us." Apollinaire arranged each of us around the table in a perfect circle. He then dimmed the lights and lit a candle.

"Are you sure you have done this before, Guillaume?" Picabia smirked.

"Why, I've had the best teacher in all of Paris—"Apollinaire replied, "none other than Max Jacob. I have served as a medium several times and, believe me, there is nothing to it. Our success depends far more on the willingness of Leonardo than on my abilities. Either he will want to speak with us, or he will not."

I looked around the table to check everyone's reactions. I detected, for the first time, a look of apprehension in Duchamp's face. Picabia, as expected, continued to make light of it with his jocular quips, and Jacques Villon was nervously twiddling his fingers. I myself was terrified and was more than ready to go running from the house.

Apollinaire sat down and explained how we would proceed. He would place himself in a deep trance, allowing the spirit of Leonardo to speak through him. Since he expected Leonardo to talk to us in Italian, he asked which of us knew the language. Much to his distress, it turned out that only he knew any of that tongue.

"This creates a problem," Apollinaire surmised. "Obviously, I cannot be the medium, because I am the only one here who can speak with Leonardo. Besides, I prefer having someone who does not know the language serve as the medium. That way, there can be no suspicions of trickery."

Apollinaire got up and began pacing around the table, in deep concentration. "I have, on occasion," he said, as he circled around us, "been able to induce a trance in a third party, allowing that person to function as a medium. I need someone, however, who has an open mind, someone who has not already formed strong beliefs about the occult, either one way or another. Someone who is not burdened by irrational opinions inspired by his own emotions."

Suddenly, Apollinaire whirled about and pointed directly at *me*. "You are our man, Paul Saras. You are the only one here who can possibly perform this function."

I cannot find words to describe the feeling of terror that gripped me. I was in a daze as Apollinaire and the others coaxed me into the chair at the head of the table, ignoring my feeble protests. Then I became emotionally limp, and began to feel some comfort in knowing that, as the medium, I would actually be spared from any conscious accounting of the experience. There was one thing, however, about which Apollinaire was wrong. Before that evening, I'd had no convictions, one way or the other, about the possibility of communicating with the dead. But now I could already feel an eerie presence, and I felt certain that contact was imminent.

Apollinaire put me through a series of mental exercises, relaxing me gradually, and then led me into a deep trance. I did not remember anything after I awoke, but I recall with crystal clarity the account my friends related to me later.

"Maestro Leonardo da Vinci," Apollinaire intoned. "Are you with us? Are you here? If you are, please speak to us."

Apollinaire began to repeat his request: "Maestro Leonardo . . ."

Before he could complete it, my eyes, I was later told, suddenly bolted open, and I spoke in Italian, in a voice that was not

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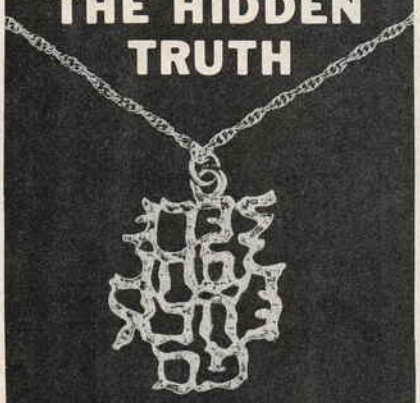

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MONA LISA

my own.

"*Sì, eccomi.*" (Yes, I am here.)

"*Bene*!" Apollinaire responded, "Then you are willing to talk to us, great master?"

"Yes," said Leonardo. "What is it you want to know?"

"Tell us first—are you happy?"

Leonardo responded, still in Italian, and Apollinaire immediately translated. "Yes, I am very happy. In this timeless existence, everything is forever good or forever unpleasant. For me, it is forever good."

"Have you been speaking to us? We have been feeling your presence around us for some time."

"Indeed," Leonardo replied, in a bemused tone, "I have been watching your activities with some interest."

"Are you pleased with what we have done?" Apollinaire asked, more than a little nervous. Duchamp sat across the table, wringing his delicate hands.

"Yes, I am. You have taken La Gioconda off her pedestal and have brought her back to life. No longer will she be the preposterous joke to every artist and imaginative person who finds enjoyment in creative pursuits. You have done me a great service. There is one thing, however, that does not please me . . ."

"And what is that, Maestro?"

"That damn mustache!" Leonardo sputtered. "Get it off my painting!"

Everyone looked at Duchamp, who suddenly turned quite pale. "Tell him," Duchamp pleaded, "that we only did it so we could identify the real painting. It was not intended to be an insult."

Even before Apollinaire completed the translation, Leonardo responded. "I know that it was not intended as an insult and, as an artist, I can even appreciate the joke. But seeing this great lady suffer the brunt of your jokes is more than I will tolerate. The great artists of the 'avant-garde'? Indeed! But then, what am I to expect from a band of hooligans such as yourselves, men of great—although I must add, sometimes questionable—talent, who spend their time carrying on like common schoolboys! Now, get that ridiculous mustache off the Mona Lisa, *immediately*!"

"But, Leonardo," Apollinaire implored, "if we remove the mustache, we won't be able to tell which is the real Mona Lisa."

"Now you've got it!" Leonardo snapped. "Is that not the whole idea?"

Apollinaire, Duchamp, Villon and Picabia sat in silence, contemplating what he had said.

Leonardo continued: "I want you to remove the mustache and beard from my painting. Then, each of you in turn, shuffle the three paintings until there is no way you can tell which is which."

Apollinaire repeated these instructions, making sure that he understood correctly. Leonardo's reply was one word, "*Sì.*"

Slowly, Duchamp stood up and walked over to the three paintings. He took his handkerchief out of his pocket and started wiping the black wax off the face of the Mona Lisa. As he did this, those remaining at the table listened as Leonardo continued to speak. His elocution became soft, almost poetic.

"Remove the mustache and beard, *per favore*, and give her a chance to know again what it is like to be as she once was, a painting. This time she will go into the world threefold . . . three times more precious . . . three times more enchanting . . . but most important . . . three times more mysterious. Let three people think that they alone possess her, but only one of them will. Do you understand?"

"*Sì*, Leonardo," Apollinaire responded.

Duchamp returned to the table, having wiped every trace of black wax off the Mona Lisa's face. He had also rearranged the order of the paintings several times. "I am satisfied there is no way I can tell which is which," he told us. "Now we must take turns to further confuse ourselves." Apollinaire was the next to get up and shuffle the paintings. Duchamp turned to Picabia. "This is the perfect solution to the problem of preciousness," he said. "What could be better than replacing the Mona Lisa with a forgery? To fix it so that even we, the thieves, do not know which is real, and which an illusion?"

"*Buonissimo*!" Leonardo exclaimed.

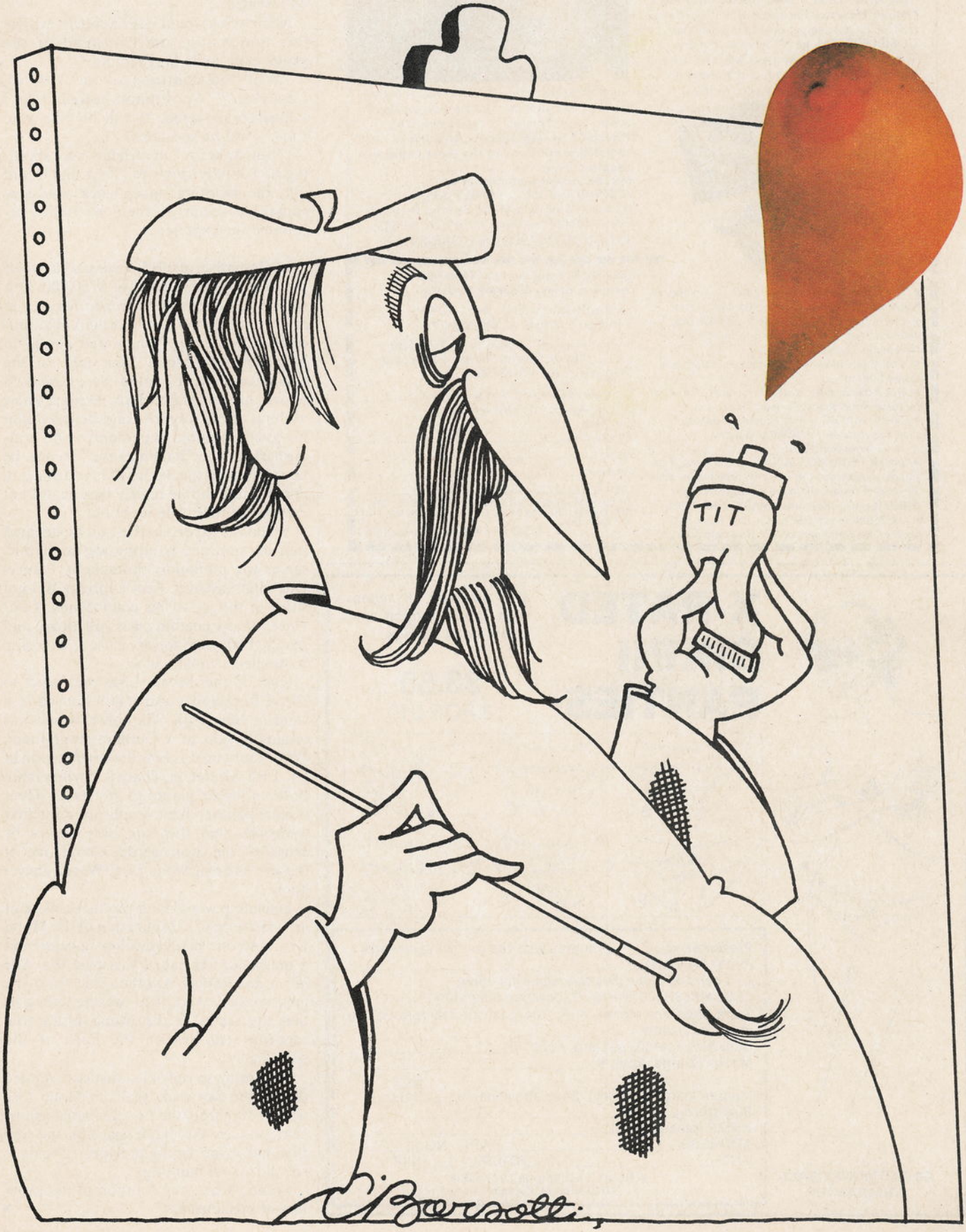
Apollinaire returned to the table. "It is your turn, Jacques." Jacques Villon walked over to the three paintings and looked at them carefully. Jacques suspected, knowing his brother all too well, that Marcel had marked the real one in some obscure way, and he looked them over very closely. He laid the three paintings face down on the floor and examined the backs. He could find nothing to distinguish one from the other. After mixing the paintings, he walked back to the table and tapped Picabia lightly on the shoulder.

Apollinaire decided to ask Leonardo one more question. He had da Vinci's attention; why not ask the one question that men for generations had sought to have answered?

"Maestro, please tell us, what is La Gioconda smiling at?"

They each held their breath, waiting for an answer.

Leonardo let out a hearty laugh. "It is not a smile, but a smirk—the smirk of a rejected woman. *Signorina* Gioconda was in love with me, but I rejected her love. As I painted her, she tried in vain to make me want her. I captured that desire, but I also captured the hurt and pride of a rejected woman. To the world it is a smile, but there is a subtle line between a smile, a smirk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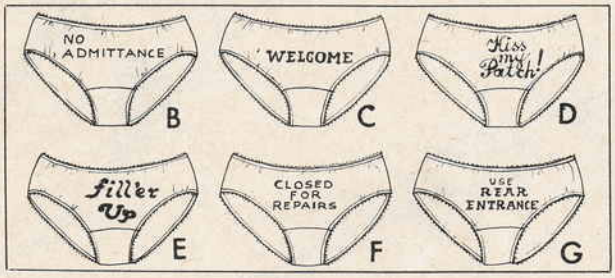

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30 DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

MONA LISA

and a simper. The real smile is below the portrait of La Gioconda. Someday it will be revealed."

Many of us would later publicly express this notion—the smirk instead of the smile—only to be laughed at.

"Will you continue to be with us, Leonardo?" Apollinaire asked. "*Si*," Leonardo answered. "I will be with you. *Ciao*." And he was gone.

"Paul, wake up," my friends were shouting as I finally came to. That night, and into the morning, much coca was consumed, as each of them excitedly recounted the experience.

•

In December of 1913, having sold two of the paintings for a total of $750,000, Duchamp arranged for Vincenzo Perugia to return the "Mona Lisa" to the Uffizi museum in Florence. Perugia had agreed to help steal the Mona Lisa only on the assurance that he would be allowed to return the painting to Italy. Perugia knew nothing of the forgeries and believed that his co-conspirators shared only in his zealousness for the "Italian cause." Hence, he never revealed the names of his partners in crime. Little did he realize that he did not even know their true identities.

When the experts at the Louvre deemed that the returned painting was authentic, there was jubilation throughout France. One man, however, Paul Leprieur, did not share in the joy of his countrymen. Convinced that something was still amiss, and that he had come so very close to exposing it, he died a broken man.

One of the Mona Lisas was sold to David Rockefeller and is still housed in a vault in New York. The other, which was originally sold to a German shipbuilder, Willy Tanhauser, is now in the collection of Dr. Carl Muller in Thalwil, Switzerland. Both of these paintings do exist. Their owners believe, due to explication by their forebears, that they are only copies by artists of the avant-garde. Could one of these be the real Mona Lisa? We may never know.

Duchamp would later produce a work of art consisting of a duplication of the Mona Lisa, with one small addition—a beard and a mustache. He called this painting, *She has a hot behind*. Another clue from the great master? And, if so, was he telling us that the secret of the Mona Lisa's true identity still lies on the back of the painting?

According to official statistics compiled during the two years that the Mona Lisa was missing from the Louvre, more visitors came to view the blank space on the wall than had come for the previous 12 years to see the actual painting.

So much for "the solution to the problem of preciousness." ■

COLLEGE FOOTBALL In the Big 10 conference every stadium seats 250,000 and the only way to get a ticket is to cut somebody's throat in the parking lot.

(Continued from page 93)

Players have the best tans in America and attract more movie stars to their games. Walter Matthau is always sitting on somebody's bench. The only conference that elected to annex sun by taking in Arizona and Arizona State.

BIG TEN CONFERENCE—An advertising man once considered promoting a Japanese product and came up with the idea: "From those wonderful people who gave you Pearl Harbor." In the same manner, this is the conference that promoted Woody Hayes. Like most Big Ten coaches, he said that if you threw a pass, two out of three results could be bad—an incompletion or an interception. Well, he might add a third bad thing: an interception with the coach hitting the interceptor and losing his job. So they don't throw. Fullback up the middle is thought to be a chancy play. Three yards and a cloud of artificial turf.

Every stadium seats 250,000, and the only way you can get a ticket is to cut somebody's throat in the parking lot. As acknowledged, worst cheerleaders, but they make great wives—cook and sew and play the church organ.

All the running backs have Polish names, and all the defensive players were born in small towns in Ohio and Michigan, and are presidents of the local chapter of the Federation of Christian Athletes. The coaches are all legends in their own minds.

It may be called the Big Ten, but it's the Big Two—Michigan and Ohio State—and the Little Eight. Michigan and Ohio State wade through easy schedules and then play to a tie, with the conference athletic directors deciding who goes on to lose in the Rose Bowl. Their idea of a high-scoring game is 3–0. All the quarterbacks are black and become defensive backs in the NFL.

People in the Big Ten genuinely believe their conference is the best, but they haven't beaten anybody but Louisville in the last decade. This conference leads the world in funny decals on helmets. If a player makes a touchdown or gets a passing grade or cuts himself shaving, he gets a decal. Lots of big necks.

WESTERN ATHLETIC CONFERENCE—Fun City. Every team throws the ball 125 times a game, and the scores end up 72–71, with the trailing team on the four-yard line driving for another touchdown. The only time they run is to get back to the huddle.

Top conference for mountain ranges. Every school is in the shadow of a hill and has its school letter carved on the mountainside. Only league that doesn't allow smoking in some stadiums. All the Mormons come here to play, and a coach may lose more players to the "mission life" than to the pros. Three players in the history of the conference have been drafted—and that was into the army. Lots of walk-ons. A guy can be in history class one week and starting tackle the next. A dozen black players, tops.

American Express doesn't put out many tour packages on this league—Ft. Collins, Provo, Laramie. One week a team can be playing in 25° below in Wyoming, and 125° above the next week in Texas. None of their teams get picked for bowls; so they started their own—the Fiesta. But Arizona State went to it every year (it was played in the Sun Devils' stadium). Then Arizona State left the conference; so the WAC came up with another bowl of its own—the Holiday Bowl. It doesn't matter. The team that goes usually loses 52–3 to a real power.

Every team averages about 17,000 in attendance and closes the town down if ABC picks one of its games for television. But it's fun. Last league to play football like it's in the backyard. Their most famous play is go to the garbage can and wait behind the light pole for a pass.

ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE—Football is only played here to keep people's minds busy until basketball season starts. They sit in the stands talking about the ACC basketball tournament and the time David Thompson jumped out of the arena. Each team takes a turn winning the football title, so nobody gets upset. The number-one team will win all 11 of its games and be rated 19th in the country and be invited to the Tangerine Bowl. The Rodney Dangerfield of college football. No respect at all. And no reason to get any.

All-conference quarterbacks have been known to give up the game after their junior year to concentrate on laboratory projects. The cheerleaders are sweet—the kind you don't want to date, but love to take home to Mother. The players wear their hair in Fifties style and love Big Macs, and the coaches are just waiting for better jobs in the SEC and Big Eight to come along.

IVY LEAGUE—Who cares? ■

Paige is a sports columnist for the Rocky Mountain News. *His "tribute" to the Denver Broncos, "Orange Madness," was the best-selling book in the history of Colorado. It also sold four copies outside the state.*

". . . and I said, 'How nice if the whole world could share our love!' and she said . . ."

LENNY AND SQUIGGY Kinky sex? I think whatever people want to do with whatever they got to do it with is OK, as long as I don't get blamed for it if there's a mess.

(Continued from page 74)
great show the first time.

OUI: So, as far as the Emmys go, you feel *Laverne and Shirley* suffers from the same unwarranted snobbishness.

LANDER: Yes. The funny thing is that Lucille Ball supposedly despises *Laverne and Shirley*. I understand she's gotten quite bitter. Maybe because she thrives on work and doesn't have a show of her own.

McKEAN: But if Laverne and Shirley are Lucy and Ethel, Lenny and Squiggy seem to have wandered off the *Honeymooners* set. They're like Ralph and Norton on the wrong sound stage. Carney was so brilliant as Norton. He affected me so much as a kid that sometimes I catch myself doing a gawky bit, and I'll go, "Oh, fuck! I'm doing Norton!" It's dangerous territory. Why do something that's been done? And done so well.

OUI: TV tends to burn up character actors very fast. Does this worry you?

LANDER: Hey, if they burn us up, you can be sure they'll turn it into a special on Joan of Arc.

McKEAN: This is TV, remember. Everything's for sale.

OUI: Then the career mortality of character actors doesn't bother you.

McKEAN: No. My heroes have never been people who had their names above the title. Of course, if I were offered a tidy sum to star in *The Phil Ochs Story*, I'd lose this guy in a second. No, seriously, if I don't become a Robert Redford, it's not the end of my life.

OUI: Do you feel locked into the characters of Lenny and Squiggy?

LANDER: No. Maybe I'm unrealistic, but I don't worry whether I'm always going to be Squiggy. I know I can do other things. It may take some legwork on the part of my agent but, like, I don't think it's a bad career move to do an album as Lenny and Squiggy, rather than as Lander and McKean.

McKEAN: McKean and Lander. Better rhythm.

LANDER: You Catholics have one-track minds.

McKEAN: We've just done a movie, called *1941*, where we had to create two new guys, soldiers. And they're funny in a Lenny-and-Squiggy way, but they're different.

LANDER: The movie comes out around Christmas.

OUI: The following questions are for Lenny and Squiggy and have been sent in by our readers. Lenny and Squiggy, America wants to know what you think of kinky sex.

SQUIGGY: Is there another kind?

LENNY: I think whatever people want to do with whatever they got to do it with is OK, as long as I don't get blamed for it if there's a mess.

SQUIGGY: Since we're on this subject, I have a question for the "wee reader." How many of you little tykes out there have ever jerked off your dog?

LENNY: Good question. Good question.

SQUIGGY: I bet there's thousands of you guys. And you've probably been told by your mothers that if you do it, you'll grow hair on your paws. Well, that's bullshit.

LENNY: Once again, this is experience talking.

OUI: Lenny and Squiggy, America wants to know where you draw the line.

SQUIGGY: I don't know. Where do you keep the paper?

LENNY: No, no—he means, what would you consider just too disgusting to do?

SQUIGGY: Are we talking about sex again?

LENNY: Anything. What makes you puke?

SQUIGGY: Women who wear scarves. This is upsetting to me.

LENNY: I draw the line at the Charleston. It turns my stomach.

OUI: Isn't there anything that really knocks your socks off?

SQUIGGY: Lack of elastic.

OUI: With most celebrities, we'd ask, "Do you sleep in the nude?" But with Lenny and Squiggy, we'd like to know: Do you sleep in your Jockey shorts?

LENNY: We refuse to answer that! Some things *are* too personal!

OUI: You don't have a stand on Jockey shorts?

LENNY: I stand on socks, if anything.

SQUIGGY: Let's be reasonable. We get dressed like anybody else. I mean, what's this "star" bullshit. "Oh, they're big stars. They probably stand on their underpants when they get home." Bullshit! We put our shirts on one sleeve at a time. We put the left sock on our left foot and our right sock on our right foot . . .

LENNY: Sometimes we get confused which sock is left, which sock is right.

SQUIGGY: But it's an honest mistake. We are no different than the most common common man.

OUI: Lenny and Squiggy, what do you think about Michael McKean and David L. Lander?

LENNY: Oh, you mean the guys who manage us? They discovered us playing in a little club in Newark and they took us to the top.

SQUIGGY: All we had to do was sign over all the money we make to them.

LENNY: And all the publishing rights and song credits.

SQUIGGY: In return, they give us two hundred dollars a week and all the beer we can drink.

OUI: Have either of you ever had any paranormal experiences?

SQUIGGY: At Paramount, nothing is normal!

LENNY: What do you mean by that question?

OUI: Well, for instance, are you in contact with the saucer people?

SQUIGGY: I met the president of Mars once. He picked me up in his ship. We went flying around for a while, and we got to talking. I told him they shouldn't call themselves "aliens." I mean, if they called themselves "friendlies," people wouldn't be so scared of them. But no, they insist on "aliens." And this was before the movie! But these people—and they *are* people—are about twenty years ahead of us on everything.

LENNY: They got radio with pictures! Not TV, but radio you can see!

SQUIGGY: And they got turtlenecks coming out of their hair. I mean, these people are way advanced.

LENNY: But I didn't understand why they took a sample of your skin.

SQUIGGY: They had to. If they went back to Mars with nothing, they couldn't take the trip off their income tax.

OUI: Back to the questions. What do you think about the advent of the nipple on TV?

LENNY: I thank my lucky stars it was advented.

SQUIGGY: I've seen the nipple on one of those Advent TVs with the giant screens. And the nipple is so much bigger!

LENNY: And yet in proportion!

OUI: Do you think that drugs are part of the good life?

SQUIGGY: I think *good* drugs are.

OUI: Lenny and Squiggy, America wants to know: What was the last book you read?

LENNY: The novelization of *Gorgo*. It was so great. It had a lot of sex scenes the movie left out.

SQUIGGY: Actually, my last book read was this little pocket Bible here. And it made me think. It uplifted me and brought me to a greater realization: If the Bible were a person, it would be Sebastian Cabot.

OUI: Here's a new one—a guy from Alhambra wants to know if you trust China.

LENNY: To do what?

SQUIGGY: I only trust Teflon. You can't break it, you can't spit in it and you can eat right out of it.

OUI: Do you have any political statements you'd like to make?

SQUIGGY: I guess I also trust Styrofoam.

Hey, Mr. Interviewer, I've been dying to ask you something, but I was afraid you'd think I was stupid. Now I'm comfortable with you, so tell me—what does "oui" mean?

LENNY: It's French for "yes," dumbbell.

SQUIGGY: Shit, I thought it was French for "naked."

LENNY: No, that's "wee wee."

SQUIGGY: Oh, right. Now I remember. ■

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a tiny streak of the harlot in her,
she's a dry stick as a rule."
—D. H. Lawrence

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MUSIC MANIPULATORS

(Continued from page 52)

In open office space where cubicles are little more than privacy screens, sound engineers are beginning to install "pink noise" devices. Pink noise is a complex sound, using unmodulated frequencies from 20 to 20,000 cycles per second, mixed so completely it has no true pitch. Created by sound generators, manufactured by GenRad, Inc., of Concord, Mass., and fed out of speakers, pink noise produces a steady hissing similar to what you hear if you turn your amplifier to top volume when no tape or record is being played.

During times of mushrooming construction costs, pink noise lets office designers eliminate interior walls and thereby cut expenses. The randomly mixed tones establish a wall of invisible sound that blocks out conversations and other distracting noises. According to Canadian researchers, it can also cause claustrophobia. Dr. Barry Truax of Simon Fraser University explains how sound waves that carry no information grow ultimately boring.

"The brain no longer pays attention," he says. "But that doesn't mean it's not affecting you. Whenever sounds carry information you can't identify, a hostile reaction results."

Canadian unions agree and are protesting pink-noise installations. They point to worker complaints of fatigue, nausea and headaches, along with surprisingly high absentee rates whenever acoustic mist has been used.

In America, however, no such protests are being raised. Says Bill Steffan, head of California's Occupational Safety and Health Administration (OSHA): "Mostly our concerns are not about the sound you can't hear, but the overwhelming level of noise in offices. We would have a hard time bringing action on the psychological damage of pink noise." American labor agrees—George H.R. Taylor, director of the AFL-CIO department of occupational safety and health, says, "There have been no studies on pink noise. People aren't stirred up about it enough. You can believe we are going to look into it further."

For manipulating workers, shoppers or anxious patients waiting to have a molar pulled, nothing yet devised can match the reputation of Muzak, that soft fog of castrated music one hears at airports, department stores and dentist offices. Industrial psychologists call it "the gentle persuader."

"It's a form of hypnotism," admits Rick Whiting, ex-sales manager of Muzak, Inc. Of *Fortune*'s top 50 industrial firms, 43 are hypnotized.

Here's how it works: During a typical day, we start out fresh and full of energy; then we fizzle out by midmorning and pick up when the lunch break beckons. The same thing happens in the afternoon, with the low point about three o'clock. Muzak counters this cycle with 15-minute segments of "progressive stimulation," subdued tone trips that cause a mind/body lift, pump more adrenaline into your bloodstream and neutralize the effects of boredom and fatigue.

Stimulating us at low points, tranquilizing us at peak hours, Muzak also programs against the days of the week. We are injected with turn-on sounds for Blue Mondays, and mellow tones for Fridays and before holidays when spirits soar. But squeezing the last drop of motivational blood from workers' veins is not Muzak's only purpose.

Studies of shopping behavior show that after 30 minutes in a supermarket or department store, for every extra minute a shopper remains, he or she will spend an extra dollar. With Muzak, that consumer will hang around an average of three minutes more. Multiply that by the many millions who shop every day and you get $100 million in extra sales attributable to Muzak.

Muzak scientists assign "frequency stimulus values" to each of their orchestrations, from which all highs and lows are removed. Their scoring system ranges from a high of plus-6 to a low of minus-3, depending on tempo, rhythm, instrumentation, orchestra size and sound intensity. Their research has shown that alternating periods of silence with the programmed sounds spurs work output even more. In factories, Muzak plays the second and fourth quarters of every hour with the first and third silent. In offices, the first and third quarters get Muzak with the second and fourth silent—all scientifically analyzed, tested and controlled.

However, its manipulative powers, like advertising's, may be overrated. Bill Steffan of California's OSHA concludes: "We've done studies on Muzak, and here's what usually happens. A work force is told it is getting Muzak to improve morale, so the workers think, 'Well, isn't that nice? They care about us.' And so, for a few months, performance levels improve. Soon, however, the stuff starts to get on a few nerves, usually the ones belonging to the most sensitive in the work situation. Then others begin to notice the attempted manipulation, the human factor sets in, and people begin to complain about Muzak. Then, in fact, performance levels start to go down."

Probably the best place to manipulate people through music is in a movie theater. Says Eddy Manson, teacher at UCLA Extension: "People pay money to have their feelings exploited. We manipulate people like crazy in films and they love it. It's a tremendous release. I can make you feel any emotion I want you to feel at any time.

It's a Machiavellian power we project gut to gut."

In films, music is crucial to the drama. Musical shorthand can set up a film's locale—like the hora for Israel, or harpsichords for the 18th Century. When first thinking about a scene, some composers brood about instruments rather than melodies. Before Lalo Schifrin (*Mission: Impossible*), for instance, ever puts a note on paper, he will visit a warehouse filled with exotic instruments from all over the world. Then he'll wander around and pluck, blow, shake, rattle, roll and beat everything in sight while searching for a sound to match those heard but dimly in his mind's ear.

To paint a scene at Big Sur, a composer may use timpani and cymbals to evoke surf and breakers while a lone flute magnifies the expanse of beach merging into the horizon. The classic technique for scaring hell out of an audience uses slow, underplayed phrases to relax tension until a shocking sight or murderous act explodes onscreen accompanied by a tone-cluster blast.

Except in the hot summer movie, *Alien*. That blockbuster's composer, Jerry Goldsmith, whose credits also include *The Omen*, *Coma* and *The Reincarnation of Peter Proud*, is at odds with those who claim manipulative powers: "Scariness has to be on the celluloid first before music can play a part.

"In *Alien*, I was trying for a more organic sound. I used the serpat [a Renaissance musical instrument], conch shells and the Australian aboriginal diggerydoo. Afterwards, these sounds were electronically processed. People think that *music* is what heightened the scene where the hatched egg burst forth from John Hurt's chest. In fact, at that moment in the film, there is *no* music. The idea of movie music, to me, is to heighten the emotional senses. Music shouldn't intrude on the scene. But in terms of manipulation, if the movie isn't scary to begin with, you won't be able to make it scary through music. Music can only make things more so—more scary, more romantic, whatever.

"One example of how I attempted to manipulate an audience with music and failed miserably was in *Patton*. I became too intellectual for my own good. I began with General Patton driving past the wounded, and I wanted to mislead the audience into thinking Patton was a wonderful man so that they would be shocked when he slapped that soldier. What actually happened, however, is that the music set up Patton as such a nice guy that when he slapped the soldier, the audience thought *that* act was OK."

About his upcoming work on *Star Trek—The Motion Picture*, Goldsmith says, "I've already incurred the wrath of the Trekkies because I'm not going to use the TV theme music. This may be the first movie where the music kills the film." ■

FAIL SOFT

(Continued from page 82)

the liquid fist of her cunt tightened around me.

Her hand disappeared beneath a pillow and emerged, trailing a thin, black cord. Crouched in her palm was a vibrator.

My back stiffened, my cock wilted. "I thought you came," I said hoarsely.

She hesitated. "I did, but I want us to come again." She placed my hand over hers, so that we both held the vibrator. It came to life with a quiet hum. I was grateful it wasn't one of those battery-operated monsters, whose growling reminds me of a hungry Veg-o-matic, ready to turn anything into a pile of julienne potatoes.

Gypsy guided the vibrator slowly down my stomach, lightly grazing my skin, while I held on, barely, to the tingling cobra in our hands. It came to rest in our tangled pubic hair. Shudders ran up my cock, pulsing deep inside of her. My entire body was alive with electric current. From somewhere deep in my spine a liquid shock erupted, and I felt the pulse of her orgasm mix with mine. My last conscious thought was that no other woman I'd known had ever thought of using a vibrator to make *me* come . . .

We slept. My dreams were of vibrator armies waving white flags, limping on high-impact plastic limbs to a signing of the treaty. I posed for a picture with a six-foot dildo, who showed me snapshots of his kids—a couple of real cute electric toothbrushes.

Next day, over breakfast, Gypsy remarked, "I'm glad you don't mind the vibrator. My ex-husband used to leave the house if I even mentioned it. He didn't understand."

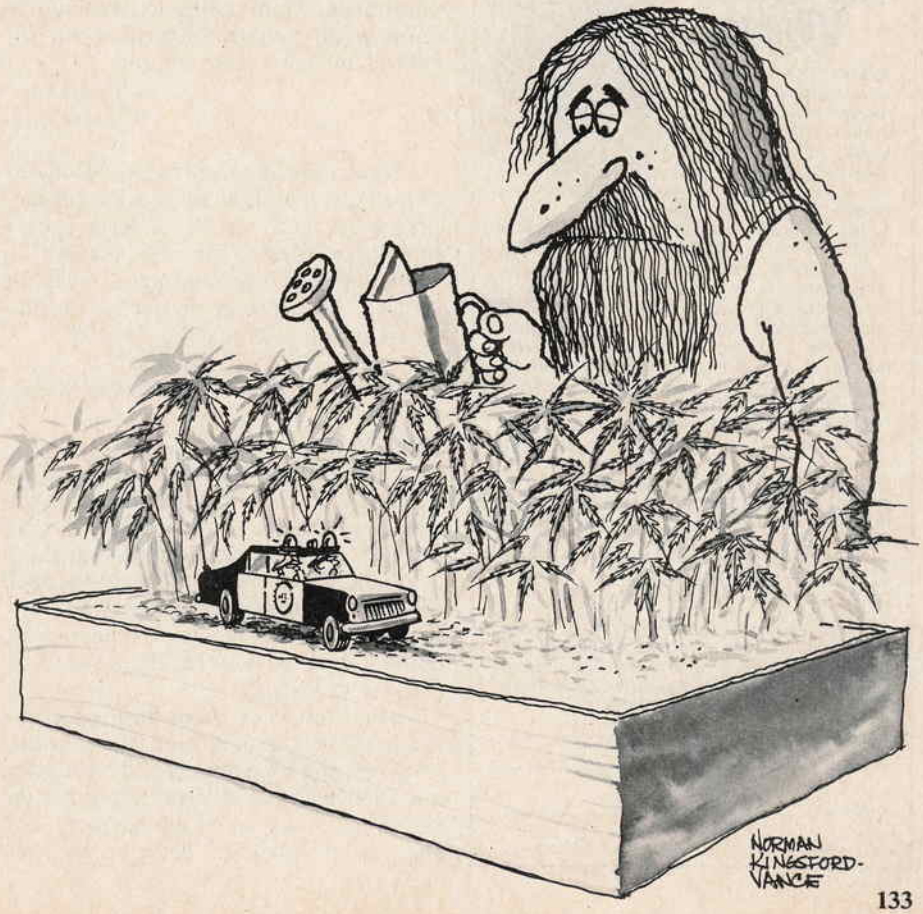
I grinned, hoping to hide my guilt. I said, "Your ex-husband, huh? What a dolt. What didn't he understand?"

"You know," she said, "if he wanted me to hum *Dixie* when I licked him off, or if he wanted me to wear red garters to bed, or even if he brought a pound of calf's liver to bed with him—he didn't think that should be threatening to me. And it wasn't. In fact, I rather enjoyed doing those things. So why did he have to be threatened by the vibrator? I only used it because it sort of evened things out."

I shrugged and said something about male ego. I didn't care why he'd gone. I was just happy he had.

Gypsy rose and moved to me. She began unbuttoning my shirt. "When I'm with you," she said, "I want to experience everything there is to be had, for both of us. And the vibrator . . . Well, it's just a little power booster. Do you mind?"

For the first time in my life I could say no to that question and not be lying. Besides, I have a fondness for red garters myself. ■



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SEX TAPES LETTERS

(Continued from page 28)

ended up staying two weeks to take care of the place, getting paid with hash, sex and food. They thought that they were getting a deal, but the way I see it, my girlfriend and I came out way ahead. I wish every vacation could be as nice as that one.

REEVA C.
Denver, Colorado

Buying a fuck is bullshit. Anyone who has to pay to fuck must not be able to get it any other way.

Before I was married I never had trouble getting a piece of ass. There are a lot of women out there who are willing to fuck and suck their brains out for free, especially if you aren't too picky about the way they look. Women need it just as badly.

WILL B.
Chicago, Illinois

I agree with the Marquis de Sade's description of women and his interpretation of their behavior and character. From social dating to sexual intercourse, women are basically prostitutes. The outlay of money is required, in some form, for their services. It can be concluded that the sexes are basically antagonistic toward one another, and that women enjoy sex hardly at all—mostly, they use it as a ploy to dominate men and to prostitute themselves.

All of my relationships with women (outside of female relatives) were acts of prostitution. From dating to cohabitation to forthright payment of cash on the barrelhead, all women are whores.

CHARLES F.
Dallas, Texas

I am an older man, retired and widowed. Since I have been alone, I have engaged prostitutes many times—at least once a month for several years. If it weren't for those women, I'd be one angry, bitchy old bastard. As it is, I am still active, healthy and a lot better off than my friends.

ROBERT S.
Michoacán, Mexico

DREAM ON

It had been a long hot ride and all 42 members of the track team were scattered about the bus in various positions of slumber. As I lay on the pulsating floorboard, my blood-engorged penis throbbed to the rhythmic rotation of the drive shaft. At that moment, it seemed as though no outlet for the passion that lay between my legs was to be had.

Then I felt it—a warm drop upon my head. At first I ignored it, but then another drop fell, and then another. I turned over, not knowing what to expect, and for the first time I saw it in all its glory and magnificent splendor. There it was, my virgin glimpse of the natural beauty of the female crotch.

Suddenly, my view was interrupted by the thrusting invasion of the track team's relay baton into her passion pit. As she built to a climax, the dripping of 'gina juice upon my face built to a steady trickle whose unbearable sensation could be compared to a Chinese water torture. Finally, the temptation of touching her vagina outweighed the risk of being discovered by the coach. I gently parted her pink lips with my quivering thumb and forefinger, and probed deeply into the warm inferno between her legs. It wasn't long before my passion partner took my head into her hands and moved my face into position below her violently throbbing snatch. Instinctively, my tongue darted in and out of her love box in harmony with the trembling of her clitoris.

As we moved closer together and the intensity of our sex play reached an unbelievable pitch, I felt her hand deftly reach for the zipper of my jeans. She wasted no time in manipulating my body so as to easily and slowly slide my pants to my ankles. Without hesitation she moved her silk-clad feet into position at the base of my perpendicular passion pole. Sensuously, she began to caress my genital region with her silk-covered arches. Feeling that my load was about to be shot from my fiery penis like molten lava from an erupting volcano, I was no longer able to control my physical actions in the presence of so many slumbering teammates. With reckless abandon, we threw caution to the wind and made passionate love which was more wonderful than I had ever imagined possible. As I reached climax, I found myself on the same pulsating floorboard, aware of the fact that I had just experienced a nocturnal emission, or the proverbial wet dream.

SCOTT B.
Vancouver, Washington

FOOD FANTASIES

I always wondered why people say that clams and oysters are aphrodisiacs. Maybe such food stimulates the sex drive—I don't know. When I think of food and sex, I think of watching a woman eat. There's nothing sexier than watching a girl's lips curl around a ripe, juicy strawberry or her tongue lick the whipped cream from warm cappuccino. To see a pretty woman eat pretty food gives me a hard-on every time. And clams to me are hardly pretty.

JUSTIN F.
Brookline, Massachusetts

Readers with similar experiences, or who simply want to sound off on related subjects, are encouraged to write OUI *Sex Tapes, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069.*

ZACHARY SWAN

(Continued from page 59)

The Ballyhoo Scam ranked as one of Swan's neatest and safest smuggles, the kind that innovator Swan has little trouble marketing to other aspiring transporters. In fact, the group that eventually "bought" the idea ensured a more efficient operation by installing one of their own men at the Riviera Beach icehouse.

Swan, meanwhile, is hard at work concocting new and better schemes. At the moment, there are two in his repertory. The first is just a stoned sketch. Swan imagines it thus: Picture JFK airport. Picture one of those revolving displays of Toyotas. Now picture a giant hourglass mounted on a pedestal. Above the oversize hourglass with its trickling white sand is the red-alert banner: TIME IS RUNNING OUT . . . ON DRUG ABUSERS. The pedestal stands on the far side of customs, presumably to warn entering aliens that hopheads and dope fiends are not welcome to these shores. But the warning has been lost on one very clever arrival. The key to this plot is a special janitor—a Swan cohort. Late at night, when the last vacationer has collected his luggage and security is lax, this man with a mop will approach the hourglass and casually wheel it across the floor to U. S. territory. Still later that night, Zachary Swan will be found at the airport hotel, merrily sifting sand granules from pure coke crystal.

Swan's second fantasy—perhaps his Swan song—provides him with a different kind of belly laugh. The hero of this scam is an old down-and-out sculptor with an alcohol problem. Once he had been famous; his pieces sold for $200,000. Now he can barely scrounge the change for Ripple. Until—miracle of miracles—the Hot Shot Gallery calls with marvelous news: An old admirer requests a piece. Top dollar, precommissioned. And the client would like it sculpted from prime Madeira wood. In Bogotá, Colombia. The sculptor is promptly flown to Bogotá and set up with wood and a chisel. Elaborate papers are signed; this is a very official operation. The piece is completed and shipped to New York. Meanwhile, a well-placed Swan informant has tipped the DEA to a big incoming coke shipment: It's concealed in a phony Madeira sculpture. DEA rips the piece apart; hacksaws and hammers reduce it to sawdust. No cocaine. And the sculptor—with Swan as business consultant—sues U. S. Customs for $200,000.

When asked, Swan emphasizes that such schemes are but the merest flights of fancy. These days he's a family man with two young children. Jail is not very conducive to fathering. And, yes, while a second book is being contemplated—*Snowblind-er*—he insists it will be comprised of only the *dimmest* recollections. ■

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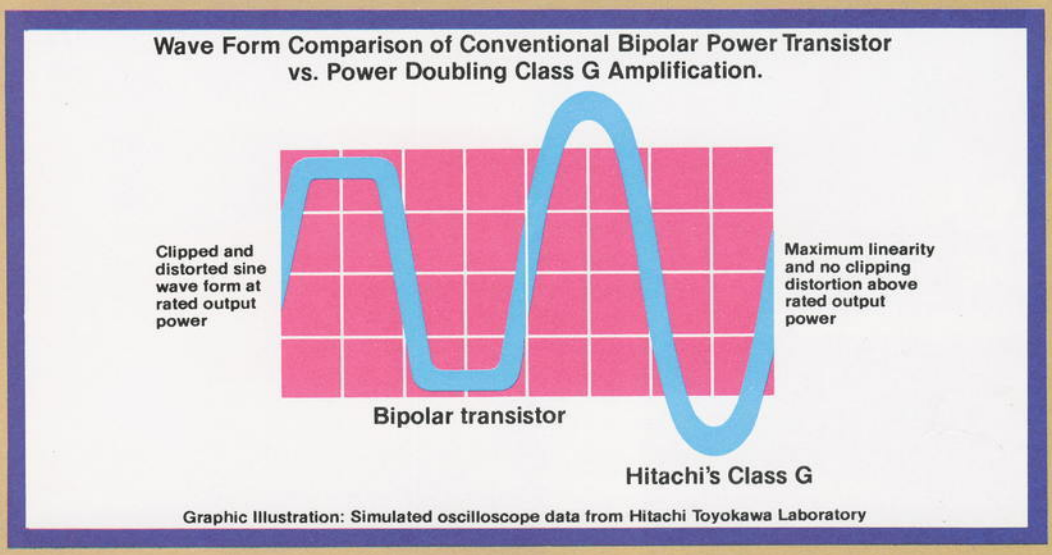
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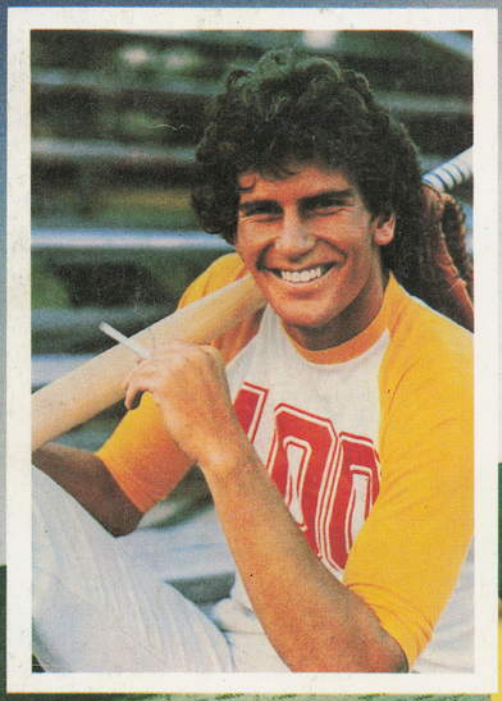

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